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J. P. McCASKEY.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler lives and nobler cares,
The Poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.

Wordsworth.

“If I can scatter flowers along the path, or put some touches of a rosy sunset into the life, of any human being; if I can sow in any human heart the seeds that awake immortal desire for the heavenly mamma,—be it by kindly word or deed, by sentiment or song,—then I feel that I have walked with God.”

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THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

It was **fifty years** ago
 In the pleasant month of May
 In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,¹
 A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, **the old nurse**, took
 The child upon her knee,
 Saying: "Here is a story-book
 Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, **wander** with me," she said,
 "Into regions yet untrod;
 And read what is still unread
 In the manuscripts of God."

And **he wandered** away and away
 With Nature, the dear old nurse,
 Who sang to him night and day
 The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever **the way** seemed long,
 Or his heart began to fail,
 She would sing a more wonderful song,
 Or tell a more marvelous tale

So she keeps him still **a child**,
 And will not let him go,
 Though at times his heart beats wild
 For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

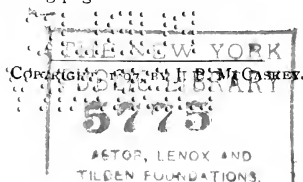
Though at times he hears in his **dreams**
 * The Ranz des Vaches² of old,
 And the rush of mountain streams
 From glaciers clear and cold.

And **the mother** at home says "Hark!
 For his voice I listen and yearn;
 It is growing late and dark,
 And my boy does not return!"

¹ Pa'-e deh-vô, his home in Switzerland, from which the large granite boulder was brought which stands, with brief inscription, at his grave in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston.

² Rôngz 'lâ Vâsh, simple melodies of the mountaineers of Switzerland, sometimes sung, but usually played on a long trumpet, known as the Alpine horn.

Teach this beautiful little poem to the average person, a class, a school, or an assembly of quick-witted people, in from thirty to sixty minutes. To do this, you must know it yourself, and teach with animation. It is a very profitable exercise, and interesting to everybody. The method of work suggested in the following pages we have found both simple and practical.



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THIS book is named in honor of Abraham Lincoln, in the desire to aid in extending and perpetuating the habit for which our best-loved President is widely known, that of committing to memory poems that he enjoyed. He was a unique man, who did many things that are unusual, but seem very human and natural for gracious and tender souls like himself. He kept intellectual company with choice, lovable spirits, because he was of their kin, and so he grew more and more like unto them, and more and more into the confidence and affections of a mighty people, until they had taken him to their heart of hearts, as no man before in our national history. He was a great man, raised up by Providence at a time when the nation sorely needed so pure a patriot, so far-sighted a leader, so wise a statesman. He was essentially religious, with a deep conviction of the abiding presence and overruling power of God; but at times a sense of the tremendous responsibility upon him made him know profoundly the meaning of his favorite poem, "Oh, Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" As the years pass his memory grows in fragrance, redolent of the sweet spirit of good-will to men. Let it be kept green in the schools by following his good example, and adopting—knowing it to be his, and speaking of it as his—this wholesome Lincoln habit of committing to memory.

"Commit to Memory" is the thought of the book--and appears upon every second page to emphasize its purpose—not everything, only a modest fraction, perhaps a fourth, or fifth, or sixth, of what is found in these pages, choosing the best, or that which is most enjoyed by those into whose hands the book may come. Know many of these things in the dark. Know them when you are apart from books, or sick, or tired, or lonely. Then go away with the poet, the hymn-writer, or the seer, with the wise and the good of the past or of our own time, and in the study of the imagination commune with them in blessed companionship. It is a great thing thus to hear what these men and women say or sing of nature, or life, or destiny. Consider also what higher life is assured to the boy or girl who begins all this in school days.

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The "Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz" is taken to illustrate a ready and simple method of learning or teaching a poem in a very short time, so as to know and place the stanzas in order or to give any stanza out of its proper order. A key-word or phrase is taken from the first line of each verse, as indicated by the heavy type in the poem on the preceding page, and numbered upon the fingers, or in the air, upon the windows of the room in the order in which they come, the pictures on the wall, the desks, the pupils themselves, anything that will serve as a mechanical aid in fixing the attention; and upon these eight words or phrases in the poem named the school is drilled rapidly, fixing the verses by quick and frequent repetition, so as to recall them promptly, when "one," "seven," "four," "two," or any other keyword may be called; then the first lines in their order and at random; then the verse, forwards and backwards in order of lines, until the entire

poem is learned, and "in the air," so that it may be recited in concert, or different verses by individuals or classes, to afford variety. Everybody is awake with pleased interest, and surprised to find himself, it may be without having looked at a book, reciting from memory a choice thing which a brief hour before was utterly unknown. Has the hour been well spent which brings gain of thought and enjoyment for a life-time?

The white pebbles that the hero of the nursery tale shrewdly put into his pocket when he heard that he and his little brothers were to be taken off into the forest and lost, and which he dropped along the way from home to guide himself and them on their return, may stand for these key-words in orderly succession.

This exercise is a fine drill in attention, without which little can be done in school or out of it. What is imperfectly remembered must be repeated accurately, read again and again, until it is "letter perfect" and one's own. An authority upon this subject says: "If the first impression is not deep, and the record has become obliterated, the remedy is not to attempt by sheer force of will to revive it, but simply to repeat the impression until it becomes indelible." Clear, sharp, definite memory work is needed. The teacher who does it, choosing the best there is in the Bible and in general literature, grows and grows day by day; his pupils grow with him, and feel the old truth, "It is good for us to be here!"

We have done this work for some years, and know how much gratification there is in it to all parties. Mnemonics is no doubt helpful to many people, but, having tried various systems, we have come to regard the matter of committing to memory as *so much work to be done*, in which advantage may be taken of any help to be had from the order of words, or phrases, or rhymes, or length of lines in the poem; or strong words, striking thoughts, or number of lines in the paragraph; always trying to project the picture of the verse or paragraph, the poem or prose, so as to look at it, see its parts, and, as it were, read it from the air. The question of the great gain which results from this work—which should be done everywhere in the schools and out of them—cannot here be discussed. Something is said as to this in *Good Memory Work* (p. 540) and *The Better Way* (549) in the present volume.

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READER AND SPEAKER.

I.—THE MARTYR AND THE CONQUEROR.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish lawgiver. After so many thousand years, the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days distinct and individual as if he had lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. Again a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people. Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men at home were striking; upon it foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms; and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impassioned natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with the mercurial in hours of defeat to the depth of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fortitude, putting caution against hope that it might not be premature, and hope against caution that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sins of his people as by fire.

At last the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out of the darkness ; and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the Promised Land. Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. . . . Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul ! Thou hast indeed entered into the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remain the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty and nights of watching ; but thou art sphered high above all darkness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, oh, weary heart !

Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well : I swear you on the altar of his memory to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. Men will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which in vanquishing him has made him a martyr and a conqueror : I swear you by the memory of this martyr to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. Men will imitate and admire his unmoved firmness, his inflexible conscience for the right ; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place : I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

2.—DOING FOR OTHERS.

Hear then my counsel ; hear the word divine :
To every man give that which most he needs ;
Do that which he can never do for you.
Thus live you like the spring that gives you water,
And like the grape that sheds for you its blood,
And like the rose that perfume sheds for you,
And like the bread that satisfies your need,
And like the clouds that pour their rain for you,
And like the sun that shines so gladly for you,
And like the earth that bears you on her bosom,
And like the dead who left their care for you.

You cannot teach the dead, nor bless the heavens,
 Nor bear the earth, nor give the sun more glory,
 Nor clouds more rain; you cannot nourish bread,
 Nor give the rose its fragrance, nor the vine
 Its sap, nor can you feed the water-springs.

And now, what were you, if none did for you
 What you ne'er did and ne'er can do for them?
 For what can you return to God for all?
 Your very spirit means His spirit—given:
 Then like that spirit, freely, purely, truly,
 Divinely, do for every one your best.
 Thus only can you live in righteousness,
 In heavenly peace, joyful, and free from care;
 Thus will you live even as His spirit lives;
 Thus will you in His very kingdom dwell.

3.—NOTHING LOST IN NATURE.

GAIL HAMILTON.

Kindness to animals is, like every other good thing, its own reward. It is homage due to Nature, and Nature takes you into the circle of her sympathies and refreshes you with balsam and opiate. We, too, delight in green meadows and blue sky. Resting with our pets on the southern slope, the heavens lean tenderly over us, and star-flowers whisper to us the brown earth's secrets. Ever wonderful and beautiful is it to see the frozen, dingy sod springing into slender grass-blades, purple violets, and snow-white daisies.

There is no foot so humble, so little beloved, so seldom listened for, that the warm earth will not feel its tread and blossom up an hundredfold to meet her child. And every dainty blossom shall be so distinctly wrought, so gracefully poised, so generously endowed, that you might suppose Nature had lavished all her love on that one fair flower.

As you lie out on the grass, watching the ever-shifting billows of the sheeny sea, that dash with soundless surge against the rough old tree-trunks, marking how the tall grasses bend to every breeze and darken to every cloud, only to arise and shine again when breeze and cloud are passed by, there comes through your charmed silence—which is but the perfect blending of a thousand happy voices—one cold and bitter voice,

“Golden to-day, to-morrow gray:
 So fades young love from life away!”

O cold, false voice, die thou back again into thine outer darkness! I know the reaper will come, and the golden grain

will bow before him, for this is Nature's law; but in its death lies the highest work of its circling life. All was fair; but this is fairest of all. It dies, indeed, but only to continue its beneficence; and with fresh beauty and new vigor it shall blossom for other springs.

Fainter, but distinctly still, comes the chilling voice,

"Though every summer green the plain,
This harvest cannot bloom again."

False still! This harvest shall bloom again in perpetual and ever-increasing loveliness. It shall leap in the grace of the lithe-limbed steed, it shall foam in the milk of gentle-hearted cows, it shall shine in the splendor of light-winged birds, it shall laugh in the baby's dimple, toss in the child's fair curls, and blush in the maiden's cheek. Nay, by some inward way, all wonder and all mystery, it shall spring again in the green pastures of the soul, blossoming in great thoughts, in kindly words, in Christian deeds, till the soul that cherished it shall seem to seeing eyes all consecrate, and the earth that flowers such growths shall be Eden, the Garden of God.

4.—CROSSING THE RUBICON.

J. S. KNOWLES.

A gentleman, Mr. Chairman, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river? Oh! but he paused upon the brink. He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin that feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut! Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it

separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No: it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused,—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder, if some Gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But no!—he cried, “The die is cast!” He plunged!—he crossed! and Rome was free no more!

5.—THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Search creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious frenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated; with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate. Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation! Who can deny that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture! At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose mysterious Providence may not have designed her! Who shall say that when in its follies or its crimes the Old World may have buried all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the New! When its temples and its trophies shall have mouldered into dust; when the glories of its name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of its achievements live only in song; philosophy will revive again in the sky of her Franklin,

and glory will rekindle at the urn of her Washington. Is this the vision of romantic fancy? Is it even improbable? Is it half so improbable as the events which, for the last twenty years, have rolled like successive tides over the surface of the European world, each erasing the impressions that preceded it?

Many I know there are, who will consider this supposition as wild and whimsical; but they have dwelt with little reflection upon the records of the past. They have but ill observed the never-ceasing progress of national rise and national ruin. They form their judgment on the deceitful stability of the present hour, never considering the innumerable monarchies and republics, in former days, apparently as permanent, their very existence become now the subject of speculation—I had almost said, of skepticism. I appeal to History! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas, Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought Persepolis, and now—

“Yon waste, where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle, where moans the gray-eyed owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode,
Where, sceptred once, an earthly god,
His power-clad arm controlled each happier clime,
Where sports the warbling muse, and fancy soars sublime.”

So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman. In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality, and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps. The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall

say, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant!

Such, sir, is the natural progress of human operations, and such the unsubstantial mockery of human pride.

6.—THE LOST AND FOUND.

HAMILTON AIDE.

Some miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
(I know not where,—but the facts have fill'd
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spill'd
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor;)—
Somewhere, then, where God's light is kill'd,

And men tear in the dark at the earth's heart-core,
These men were at work, when their axes knock'd
A hole in the passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had block'd
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is lock'd,

Till these men pick'd it! and 'gan to creep
In, on all fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof—"Here's a man asleep!"

They all push'd forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp
Fell on the upturn'd face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touch'd that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clench'd, no shadow of fear,
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year;
The spirit had fled, but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimm'd a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in—
Its memory, even, was passed away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole,

To the outer world of the short warm grass;
Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess,
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmas;

"Older than any one here, I guess!
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the chap by his comeliness!"

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay,
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around them all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchang'd clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry!
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly toss'd
Her wither'd arms in the summer sky,—

"O, Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost.
The Lord be praised! after sixty years
I see you again! The tears you cost,

"O Willie, darlin', were bitter tears!
They never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

"They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me—to explain
How ye'd a vanish'd fra sight and sound!

"O darlin', a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then! And now I'm old,
'Seems a'most as if youth were come back again,

"Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold,
And limbs as straight as ashen beams,
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

"Between us! O Willie! how strange it seems
To see ye here as I've seen ye oft,
Auver and auver again in dreams!"

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails she rock'd herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoff'd.

For surely a sight like this, **the sun**
Had rarely looked upon. **Face to face,**
The old dead love and the living one!

The dead, with its undimm'd fleshly grace,
At the end of threescore years; the quick,
Pucker'd and wither'd, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty! A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and the love that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick!

Those bodies were just of one age; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While Life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come;—(as a moment will
To all who have loved, and have parted here,
And have toil'd alone up the thorny hill;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in the vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the eternal rest they know!)
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and the winds may **rave,**
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide
The miners that evening dug one grave.

And there, while the summers and winters **glide,**
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side!

7.—ANGEL FACES.

D. M. MULOCK.

"And with the dawn those angel faces smile
That I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

I shall not paint them. God sees them, and I:
No other can, nor need. They have no form,
I may not close with human kisses warm
Their eyes which shine afar or from on high,
But never will shine nearer till I die.
How long, how long! See, I am growing old;
I have quite ceased to note in my hair's fold
The silver threads that there in ambush lie;
Some angel faces bent from heaven would pine
To trace the sharp lines graven upon mine:
What matter? in the wrinkles plough'd by care

Let age tread after, sowing immortal seeds;
 All this life's harvest yielded, wheat or weeds,
 Is reap'd, methinks: at last my little field lies bare.

But in the night time, 'twixt it and the stars,
 The angel faces still come glimmering by;
 No death-pale shadow, no averted eye,
 Marking the inevitable doom that bars
 Me from them. Not a cloud their aspect mars;
 And my sick spirit walks with them hand in hand
 By the cool waters of a pleasant land:
 Sings with them o'er again, without its jars,
 The psalm of life, that ceased as one by one
 Their voices, dropping off, left mine alone
 With dull monotonous wail to grieve the air,—
 O solitary love, that art so strong,
 I think God will have pity on thee ere long,
 And take thee where thou'lt find those angel faces fair.

8.—THE LABORER.

W. D. GALLAGHER.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form
 And likeness of thy God!—Who more?
 A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
 Of daily life, a heart as warm
 And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
 As moves the human mass among,
 As much a part of the great plan
 That with creation's dawn began
 As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high
 In station, or in wealth the chief?
 The great, who coldly pass thee by,
 With proud step and averted eye?
 Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
 What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
 A feather which thou mightest cast
 Aside, as idly as the blast
 The light leaf from the tree.

No: uncurbed passions, low desires,
 Absence of noble self-respect,
 Death, in the breast's consuming fires,

To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus checked,—

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot,
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect, and from them burst,
And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy:
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust:
Nor place—uncertain as the wind;
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then, that thy little span
Of life may be well trod.

9.—HOW HAPPY I'LL BE.

ANONYMOUS.

A little one played among the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of summer hours;
She twined the buds in a garland fair,
And bound them up in her shining hair.
"Ah me!" said she, "how happy I'll be
When ten years more have gone over me
And I am a maiden, with youth's bright glow
Flushing my cheek and lighting my brow!"

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with soft perfume;
Vases were near, of antique mold,
Beautiful pictures, rare and old,
And she, of all the loveliness there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair.
"Ah me!" sighed she, "how happy I'll be
When my heart's true love comes home to me!
Light of my life, my spirit's pride,
I count the days till thou reach my side."

A mother bent over a cradle nest,
 Where she soothed her babe to his smiling rest.
 "Sleep well," she murmured soft and low,
 And she pressed her kisses on his brow;
 "Oh, child, sweet child! how happy I'll be
 If the good God let thee stay with me
 Till later on, in life's evening hour,
 Thy strength shall be my strength and tower."

An aged one sat by the glowing hearth,
 Almost ready to leave the earth;
 Feeble and frail, the race she had run
 Had borne her along to the setting sun.
 "Ah me!" she sighed, in an undertone,
 "How happy I'll be when life is done!
 When the world fades out with its weary strife,
 And I soar away to a better life!"

'Tis thus we journey from youth to age,
 Longing to turn to another page,
 Striving to hasten the years away,
 Lighting our hearts with the future's ray;
 Hoping on earth till its visions fade,
 Wishing and waiting, through sun and shade;
 Turning, when earth's last tie is riven,
 To the beautiful rest that remains in heaven.

10.—THE CORAL GROVE.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
 Where the sea flower spreads its leaves of blue,
 That never are wet with falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
 And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
 From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow:
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and the waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air;
 There with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulce is seen
 To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter:
 There with a light and easy motion

The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea ;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone.
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own ;
And when the ship from his fury flies,
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore,
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

II.—THE WAR INEVITABLE.

PATRICK HENRY.

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope ; we are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth ; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided ; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and this House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir, it will prove a snare to your feet ; suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, and the last

arguments to which kings resort. I ask the gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held it up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, let us not deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in

our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest; there is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston: the war is inevitable, and let it come; I repeat it, sir—let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty, or give me death!

12.—THE IRISHWOMAN'S LETTER.

ANONYMOUS.

And shure, I was tould to come in till yer honor,
 To see would ye write a few lines to me Pat,
 He's gone for a soger, is Misther O'Conner,
 Wid a shripe on his arm, and a band on his hat.

And what 'ill you tell him? Shure it must be aisye
 For the likes of your honor to spake wid the pen;
 Tell him I'm well, and mavourneen Daisy,
 (The baby, yer honor,) is better again.

For when he wint off, so sick was the crayther
 She niver hilt up her blue eyes till his face;
 And, when I'd be cryin', he'd look at me wild-like,
 And ax "would I wish for the counthry's disgrace?"

So he left her in danger, and me sorely gravin',
 And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy;
 And it's often I drame of the big drums a batin',
 And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

Tell him to sınd us a bit of his money,
 For the rint and the docther's bill, due in a wake,
 And—shure there's a tear on your eyelashes, honey,
 I' faith I've no right with such fradom to spake.

I'm over much thrifling, I'll not give ye trouble,
 I'll find some one willin'— Oh, what can it be?
 What's that in the newspaper folded up double?
 Yer honor, don't hide it, but rade it to me!

Dead! Patrick O'Conner! Oh God, it's some ither.
 Shot dead! shure 'tis a wake scarce gone by,
 And the kiss on the chake of his sorrowin' mother,
 It hasn't had time yet, yer honor, to dhry.

Dead! dead! Oh God, am I crazy?
 Shure it's brakin' my heart ye are, tellin' me so,
 And what en the warld will I do wid poor Daisy?
 Oh, what can I do? and where can I go?

This room is so dark I'm not seein' yer honor;
 I think I'll go home. . . . And a sob, hard and dry,
 Rose up from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,
 But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

13.—APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

A. W. ARRINGTON.

Where is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all His children? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it. And down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar, the chorus sweeping the march of God: there He brews it, that beverage of life, the health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze

around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail-shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all chequered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths; no drunken shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair. Speak on, my friends: would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?

14.—HANNAH, THE MOTHER.

ANONYMOUS.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"Is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say.
And now I shall carry the children,—
Little Rachel and Samuel and John;
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly;
But he shook his head and smiled,
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care:
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If He lay His hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word;
Through the row of proud Pharisees list'ning,—
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

“Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,”
Said Peter, “with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?”
Then Christ said, “Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me;”
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blessed them with tenderest love;
As He said of the babes in His bosom,
“Of such are the kingdom of heaven;”
And strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her spirit was given.

15.—TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

GERALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burned like stars sublime,
Go down i' the heavens of freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em!
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness to-day—
The promised land to-morrow!

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming,
Yet life holds in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming;
And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow:
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow!

Through all the long, long night of years
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears:
But our meek sufferance endeth!
The few shall not forever sway—
The many moil in sorrow;

The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten!
For, lo! our day bursts up the skies;
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the Cross to-day,
Shall wear the Crown to-morrow!

O youth, flame-earnest, still aspire
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire
Our yearning opes the portal;
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow—
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,
The harvest reap to-morrow!

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call—
O chivalry of labor!
Triumph and toil are twins, and ay
Joy suns the clouds of sorrow,
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow!

16.—STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

A. A. PROCTER.

Strive: yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait: yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet, far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray: though the gift you ask for
 May never comfort your fears,
 May never repay your pleading,
 Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
 An answer, not that you long for,
 But choicer, will come one day;
 Your eyes are too dim to see it,
 Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

17.—OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

WILLIAM KNOX.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
 Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
 Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
 Be scattered around and together be laid;
 And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
 Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
 The mother that infant's affection who proved;
 The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
 Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
 Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
 And the memory of those who loved her, and praised,
 Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
 The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
 The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
 Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
 The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
 The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
 The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
 Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
 That withers away to let others succeed;
 So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
 To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been ;
 We see the same sights that our fathers have seen—
 We drink the same stream and we view the same sun,
 And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
 From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
 To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;
 But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold ;
 They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
 They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come ;
 They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died ; and we things that are now,
 Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
 Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
 Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 We mingle together in sunshine and rain ;
 And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
 Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

18.—THE STUDENT.

“Poor fool!” the base and soulless worldling cries,
 “To waste his strength for nought,—to blanch his cheek,
 And bring pale Death upon him in his prime.
 Why did he not to pleasure give his days,—
 His nights to rest,—and live while live he might?”
 What is't to live? To breathe the vital air,
 Consume the fruits of earth, and doze away
 Existence? Never! this is living death.
 Shall man, once formed to be creation's lord,
 Stamped with the impress of Divinity, and sealed
 With God's own signet, sink below the brute?
 Forbid it, Heaven! it cannot, must not be!

Oh! when the mighty God from nothing brought
 This universe,—when at His word the light
 Burst forth,—the sun was set in heaven,—
 And earth was clothed in beauty ; when the last,
 The noble work of all, from dust He framed
 Our bodies in His image,—when He placed

Within its temple shrine of clay, the soul,—
The immortal soul—infused by His own truth,
Did He not show, 'tis this which gives to man
His high prerogative? Why then declare
That he who thinks less of his mortal frame,
And lives a spirit, even in this world,
Lives not as well,—lives not as long, as he
Who drags out years of life, without one thought,—
One hope,—one wish beyond the present hour?

How shall we measure life? Not by the years,—
The months,—the days,—the moments that we pass
On earth. By him whose soul is raised above
Base worldly things,—whose heart is fixed in heaven,—
His life is measured by that soul's advance,—
The enlargement of its powers,—the expanded field
Wherein it ranges,—till it glows and burns
With holy joys,—with high and heavenly hopes.

When in the silent night, all earth lies hushed
In slumber,—when the glorious stars shine out,
Each star a sun,—each sun a central light
Of some fair system, ever wheeling on
In one unbroken round,—and that again
Revolving round another sun,—while all
Suns, stars, and systems, proudly roll along,
In one majestic, ever-onward course,
In space uncircumscribed and limitless,—
Oh! think you then the undebaséd soul
Can calmly give itself to sleep,—to rest?

No! in the solemn stillness of the night,
It soars from earth,—it dwells in angels' homes,—
It hears the burning song,—the glowing chant,
That fills the sky-girt vaults of heaven with joy!
It pants, it sighs, to wing its flight from earth,
To join the heavenly choirs, and be with God.

And it is joy to muse the written page,
Whereon are stamped the gushings of the soul
Of genius;—where, in never-dying light,
It glows and flashes as the lightning's glare;
Or where it burns with ray more mild, more sure,
And wins the soul, that half would turn away
From its more brilliant flashings. These are hours
Of holy joy,—of bliss, so pure, that earth
May hardly claim it. Let his lamp grow dim,
And flicker to extinction; let his cheek
Be pale as sculptured marble,—and his eye
Lose its bright lustre,—till his shrouded frame
Is laid in dust. Himself can never die!

His years, 'tis true, are few,—his life is long;
 For he has gathered many a precious gem;
 Enraptured, he has dwelt where master minds
 Have poured their own deep musings,—and his heart
 Has glowed with love to Him who framed us thus,—
 Who placed within this wondrous tegument
 The spark of pure Divinity, which shines
 With light unceasing.

19.—LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
 Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
 The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
 Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
 And lean'd in graceful attitudes, to rest.
 How strikingly the course of nature tells,
 By its light heed of human suffering,
 That it was fashion'd for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
 From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
 With his faint people, for a little rest
 Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
 To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
 The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
 That he could see his people until now.
 They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
 And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
 And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
 Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
 And the poor common words of courtesy
 Are such an empty mockery—how much
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
 He prayed for Israel—and his voice went up
 Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
 Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
 Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—

The proud, bright being who had burst away
 In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd
 In agony that would not be controll'd
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
 Was straightened for the grave; and as the folds
 Sank to their still proportions, they betray'd
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
 Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
 To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
 His helm was at his feet; his banner, soil'd
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
 Reversed, beside him; and the jewel'd hilt,
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
 Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
 Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
 A low step startled him. He grasped his blade,
 As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
 Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
 In a low tone, to his few followers,
 And left him with his dead. The king stood still
 Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
 The pall from the still features of his child,
 He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
 In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb!

My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,

As to my bosom I have tried to press thee:
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,

Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee
 And hear thy sweet '*My Father!*' from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up—
With death so like a slumber on thee;—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bow'd himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

20.—DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

REV. JOHN HOME.

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home:
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the fields some warlike lord:
But heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rushed, like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succor. I alone,
With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; and hasted to my friends;

Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
We fought—and conquered! Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore, that day, the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and, having heard
That our good king had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers;
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

21.—NOBILITY OF LABOR.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world,—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfill it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed of toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war: of thy soiled and weather-stained

garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature,—it is impiety to Heaven,—it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat—TOIL, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

22.—MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

WILLIAM BYRD.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I find
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That God or nature hath assigned;
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
 Content I live; this is my stay,—
 I seek no more than may suffice.
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
 Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.
 I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall;
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all.
 These get with toil, and keep with fear;
 Such cares my mind could never bear.
 No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to win a lover's eye,—
 To none of these I yield as thrall;
 For why, my mind despiseth all.
 Some have too much, yet still they crave;
 I little have, yet seek no more.
 They are but poor, though much they have;
 And I am rich with little store.
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.
 I laugh not at another's loss,
 I grudge not at another's gain;
 No worldly wave my mind can toss;
 I brook that is another's bane.
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
 I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw;
 For care, I care not what it is;
 I fear not fortune's fatal law;
 My mind is such as may not move
 For beauty bright, or force of love.
 I wish but what I have at will;
 I wander not to seek for more;
 I like the plain, I climb no hill;
 In greatest storms I sit on shore,
 And laugh at them that toil in vain
 To get what must be lost again.
 I kiss not where I wish to kill;
 I feign not love where most I hate;
 I break no sleep to win my will;
 I wait not at the mighty's gate.
 I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
 I feel no want, nor have too much.
 The court nor cart I like nor loathe;
 Extremes are counted worst of all;
 The golden mean betwixt them both
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;
 This is my choice; for why, I find
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.
 My wealth is health and perfect ease;
 My conscience clear my chief defence;
 I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence,
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

23.—CRIMINALITY OF DUELLING.

ELIPHALET NOTT.

Hamilton yielded to the force of an imperious custom; and yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest; and he is lost—lost to his country—lost to his family—lost to us. For this act, because he disclaimed it and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I cannot forgive. I mean not his antagonist, over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers already all that humanity can suffer. Suffers, and wherever he may fly will suffer, with the poignant recollection of having taken the life of one who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own. Had he

known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while he pointed at so incorruptible a bosom the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften; if it be not ice, it must melt. But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent I forgive him; and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

But I have said, and I repeat it, there are those whom I cannot forgive. I cannot forgive that minister at the altar, who has hitherto forborne to remonstrate on this subject. I cannot forgive that public prosecutor, who, entrusted with the duty of avenging his country's wrongs, has seen these wrongs and taken no measures to avenge them. I cannot forgive that judge upon the bench, or that governor in the chair of state, who has lightly passed over such offences. I cannot forgive the public, in whose opinion the duellist finds a sanctuary. I cannot forgive you, my brethren, who till this late hour have been silent, whilst successive murders were committed. No; I cannot forgive you, that you have not, in common with the freemen of this state, raised your voice to the powers that be, and loudly and explicitly demanded an execution of your laws; demanded this in a manner, which, if it did not reach the ear of government, would at least have reached the Heavens, and have pleaded your excuse before the God that filleth them: in whose presence, as I stand, I should not feel myself innocent of the blood which crieth against us had I been silent. But I have not been silent. Many of you who hear me are my witnesses—the walls of yonder temple, where I have heretofore addressed you, are my witnesses—how freely I have animadverted on this subject, in the presence both of those who have violated the laws, and of those whose indispensable duty it is to see the laws executed on those who violate them.

I enjoy another opportunity; and would to God, I might be permitted to approach for once the last scene of death! Would to God, I could there assemble on the one side the disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children, and on the other those who administer the justice of my country! Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects. I would entreat them, by the agonies of bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heartfelt groans; to mark the orphans' sighs and tears; and having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton—I would lift from his gaping wound his

bloody mantle—I would hold it up to Heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of God I would ask, whether at the sight of it they felt no compunction. Ye who have hearts of pity—ye who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship—who have wept, and still weep, over the mouldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this reflection.

Oh, thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son! what must be the plenitude of thy sufferings! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of consolation. But how could we comfort her whom God hath not comforted! To His throne, let us lift up our voice and weep. O God! if Thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless—if, in the fullness of Thy goodness, there be yet mercies in store for miserable mortals, pity, O pity this afflicted mother, and grant that her hapless orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a father in Thee!

24.—ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

My brave associates,—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! You have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule: we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: we serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes: they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us their protection: yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have enhanced and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain

answer this: The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them, too, we seek no change,—and, least of all, such change as they would bring us!

25.—THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

W. C. BRYANT.

A **Mighty Hand**, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
 And there alone, is Life; the Present there
 Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
 Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
 And they who strive, and they who feast, and **they**
 Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
 Woodman and delver with the spade—are **there**,
 And busy artisan beside his bench,
 And pallid student with his written roll.
 A moment on the mounting billow seen—
 The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
 There groups of revelers, whose brows are **twined**
 With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
 And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
 The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
 The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
 Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
 From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
 Up to the sight long files of armed men,
 That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
 The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
 Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
 Down go the steed and rider; the pluméd chief
 Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
 The imperial diadem goes down beside
 The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
 A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
 Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
 Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
 And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
 The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
 Borne under. Hark to that shrill sudden shout—
 The cry of an applauding multitude
 Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who **wields**

The living mass as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch,
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks,
And weeps, and 'midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid,
With hands outstretched in vain and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly: mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks, and then are seen no more.

! Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it: fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms
Swept by the torrents, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled, and never to be uttered more.

I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshipers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within

The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
 Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
 Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
 That long ago were dust ; and all around,
 Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
 Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
 Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
 O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
 And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
 Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
 A moment, and then sink away from sight.

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
 For I behold, in every one of these,
 A blighted hope, a separate history
 Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
 Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
 Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
 That sorrowfully ended ; and I think,
 How painfully must the poor heart have beat
 In bosoms without number, as the blow
 Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.
 Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
 The flood must pass, and I behold a mist
 Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
 Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers
 Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
 And reappearing, haply giving place
 To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
 Molds from the idle air : where serpents lift
 The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
 The bony arm in menace. Further on
 A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
 Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is
 Touches the Life to Come.

The Flood of Years

Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
 That dismal barrier. What is there beyond ?
 Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
 That belt of darkness still the years roll on
 More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
 They gather up again and softly bear
 All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
 And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
 Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
 The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
 Sages and saintly women who have made
 Their households happy—all are raised and borne
 By that great current in its onward sweep,
 Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
 Around green islands, fragrant with the breath

Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
 From stage to stage along the shining course
 Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
 As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
 They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
 In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
 Again are folded round the child she loved
 And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
 Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
 That overpays them! wounded hearts that bled
 Or broke are healed forever. In the room
 Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
 A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
 The heart, and never shall a tender tie
 Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
 That waits on growth and action shall proceed
 With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

26.—SOWING.

A. A. PROCTER.

Sow with a generous hand :
 Pause not for toil or pain,
 Weary not through the heat of summer,
 Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not :
 A table will be spread ;
 What matter if you are too weary
 To eat your hard-earned bread ?
 Sow while the earth is broken ;
 For the hungry must be fed.

Sow : while the seeds are lying
 In the warm earth's bosom deep,
 And your warm tears fall upon it,
 They will stir in their quiet sleep ;
 And the green blades rise the quicker,
 Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow ; for the hours are fleeting,
 And the seed must fall to-day :
 And care not what hands shall reap it,
 Or if you shall have passed away
 Before the waving cornfields
 Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow: and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You should reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

27.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

F. G. HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king!
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on;—the Turk awoke;—
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;—
“Strike, till the last armed foe expires!
Strike, for your altars and your fires!
Strike, for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!”

They fought like brave men, long and well
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered;—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein,
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;—
 Come when the blesséd seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;—
 Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;—
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine,—
 And thou art terrible;—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony, are thine!

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee;—there is no prouder grave
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

28.—THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Here are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,
 That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
 Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
 Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
 To linger here, among the flitting birds
 And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
 That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
 A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
 With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
 Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
 My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
 Back to the earliest days of liberty.

Oh Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs.
 And wavy tresses gushing from the cap

With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailéd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day

Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

29.—THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

ANONYMOUS.

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day—
So long ago expired its grief and glory—
There flourished, far away,
In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide,
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.
Disease, and pain, and death, those stern marauders,
Who mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling-place:
No fear of parting and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there—
No mourning for the lost, no anguish'd crying,
Made any face less fair.
Without the city walls death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side;
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.
Oh, happiest of all earth's favored places!
Oh, bliss to dwell therein!
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,
And fear no grave between!
To feel no death-damp, gathering cold and colder,
Disputing life's warm truth!
To live on, never lonelier or older,
Radiant in deathless youth!

And, hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
A tide of pilgrims flowed
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,
To find that blest abode,
Where never death should come between, and sever
Them from their loved apart—
Where they might work, and will, and live forever,
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived, in happiness and pleasure,
 And grew in power and pride,
 And did great deeds, and laid up stores of treasure,
 And never any died.
 And many years rolled on, and saw them striving,
 With unabated breath;
 And other years still found and left them living,
 And gave no hope of death.
 Yet listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity,
 Craving a boon like this;
 Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city
 Grew weary of their bliss.
 One and another, who had been concealing
 The pain of life's long thrall,
 Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealing
 Outside the city wall,
 Craving, with wish that brooked no more denying,
 So long had it been crossed,
 The blessed possibility of dying—
 The treasure they had lost.
 Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
 Swelled to a broader tide,
 Till none were left within the city's portals,
 And graves grew green outside.
 Would it be worth the having or the giving—
 The boon of endless breath?
 Ah, for the weariness that comes of living
 There is no cure but death.
 Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
 Were that sweet rest denied;
 And few, methinks, would care to find the city
 Where never any died!

30.—CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

It must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest well:
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!

A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior! 1841

TO THE SILENT RIVER.

River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream,

Not for this alone I love thee,
 Nor because thy waves of blue
 From celestial seas above thee
 Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
 And thy waters disappear,
 Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
 And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name reminds me
 Of three friends, all true and tried ;
 And that name, like magic, binds me
 Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !
 How like quivering flames they start,
 When I fan the living embers
 On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'Tis for this, thou Silent River !
 That my spirit leans to thee ;
 Thou hast been a generous giver,
 Take this idle song from me.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he ;
 "Have naught but the bearded grain ?
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves ;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
 The Reaper said, and smiled ;
 "Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where He was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love ;

She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist !

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time :

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,

Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

ARROW AND SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE SINGERS.

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,

And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight
 And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
 I had wished that the ebbing tide
 Would bear me away on its bosom
 O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
 And my life was full of care,
 And the burden laid upon me
 Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
 It is buried in the sea;
 And only the sorrow of others
 Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
 On its bridge with wooden piers,
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean
 Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
 Of care-encumbered men,
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
 Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
 Still passing to and fro,
 The young heart hot and restless,
 And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
 As long as the river flows,
 As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
 And its shadows shall appear,
 As the symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here.

GOD'S ACRE.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
 The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just;
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
 Comfort to those who in the grave have sown

The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
 Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again
 At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
 In the fair gardens of that second birth;
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
 With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
 This is the field and Acre of our God,
 This is the place where human harvests grow!

32.—FAMILIAR PSALMS.

PSALM I.

Blessed is the man that walketh not
 In the counsel of the ungodly,
 Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
 Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
 But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
 And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
 He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,
 That bringeth forth his fruit in his season:
 His leaf also shall not wither;
 And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
 The ungodly are not so:
 But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
 Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
 But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM VIII.

O Lord our Lord,
 How excellent is thy name in all the earth!
 Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained
 strength because of thine enemies,
 That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,

The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
 What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
 And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
 And hast crowned him with glory and honor;
 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands.
 Thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen,
 Yea, and the beasts of the field;
 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
 And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
 O Lord our Lord,
 How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
 He leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul:
 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
 I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
 Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
 Thou preparest a table before me
 In the presence of mine enemies:
 Thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over.
 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my
 And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. [life:

PSALM XXXVII.

Fret not thyself because of evil doers,
 Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.
 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
 And wither as the green herb.
 Trust in the Lord and do good;
 So shalt thou dwell in the land,
 And verily thou shalt be fed.
 Delight thyself also in the Lord;
 And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
 Commit thy ways unto the Lord;
 Trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.
 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light,
 And thy judgment as the noonday.
 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him:
 Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,

Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:
Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.
For evil doers shall be cut off:
But those that wait upon the Lord,
They shall inherit the earth.
For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.
But the meek shall inherit the earth;
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found a house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.
Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
They will be still praising thee.
Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee:
In whose heart are the ways of them.
Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well;
The rain also filleth the pools.
They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.
O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give ear, O God of Jacob.
Behold, O God our shield,
And look upon the face of thine anointed.
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For the Lord God is a sun and shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory:
No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
O Lord of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

PSALM XC.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
In all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.
 Thou turnest man to destruction ;
 And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
 For a thousand years in thy sight
 Are but as yesterday when it is past.
 And as a watch in the night.
 Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep :
 In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.
 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ;
 In the evening it is cut down and withereth.
 For we are consumed by thine anger,
 And by thy wrath are we troubled.
 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
 Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath :
 We spend our years as a tale that is told.
 The days of our years are threescore years and ten ;
 And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
 Yet is their strength labor and sorrow ;
 For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.
 Who knoweth the power of thine anger,
 Even according to thy fear so is thy wrath.
 So teach us to number our days,
 That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.
 Return, O Lord, how long ?
 And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
 O satisfy us early with thy mercy ;
 That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us
 And the years wherein we have seen evil.
 Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
 And thy glory unto their children.
 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us :
 And establish thou the work of our hands upon us ;
 Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

PSALM C.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
 Serve the Lord with gladness :
 Come before his presence with singing.
 Know ye that the Lord he is God :
 It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves ,
 We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.
 His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth ;
 In that very day his thoughts perish.
 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,
 Whose hope is in the Lord his God :
 Which made heaven, and earth,
 The sea, and all that therein is :
 Which keepeth truth for ever :
 Which executeth judgment for the oppressed :
 Which giveth food to the hungry.
 The Lord looseth the prisoners :
 The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind :
 The Lord raiseth them that are bowed down :
 The Lord loveth the righteous :
 The Lord preserveth the strangers ;
 He relieveth the fatherless and widow :
 But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.
 The Lord shall reign for ever,
 Even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.
 Praise ye the Lord.

33.—HOTSPUR AND THE FOP.

SHAKSPEARE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reaped,
 Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home.
 He was perfuméd like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose. And still he smil'd and talk'd ;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them "untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility."
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He questioned me ; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,

Answered neglectingly—I know not what—
He should or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman of guns,
And drums, and wounds (Heaven save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was spermaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity (so it was)
This villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, disjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

34.—SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS.

ELIJAH KELLOGG.

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:

“Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet has lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my

actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime.

“We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse, the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

“To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold, he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away his body, to burn it on a funeral pile and mourn over its ashes. Ay, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, ‘Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!’ And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad,

who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber flows red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn and bet his ses-terces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he has tasted flesh, but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be. If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? Oh, comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky; by the bright waters; in noble, honorable battle."

35.—POLONIUS TO LAERTES.

SHAKSPEARE.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There,—my blessing with you,
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou charac'ter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are most select and generous chief in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

36.—AMERICA UNCONQUERABLE.

WILLIAM PITT.

I cannot, my lords, I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the darkness and delusion which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation! Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this great and flourishing empire to scorn and contempt.

“But yesterday,
 And England might have stood against the world:
 Now, none so poor to do her reverence.”

The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy; and our ministers do not and dare not interpose with dignity and effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valor: I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities: and I know that the conquest of America is an impossibility.

You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain

every effort, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent; doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop were landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms—never, never, never!

37.—L'ALLEGRO.

JOHN MILTON.

Hence, loathéd Melancholy.

Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born!

In Stygian cave forlorn,

Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;

There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,

In heaven y-clept Euphrosyne,
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee

Jest, and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,

Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

And love to live in dimple sleek;

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it as ye go,

On the light fantastic toe;

And in thy right hand lead with thee

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;

And if I give thee honor due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee,

In unprovèd pleasures free;

To hear the lark begin his flight,

And singing startle the dull night

From his watch-tower in the skies,

Till the dappled dawn doth rise;

Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.

There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.

38.—ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living

and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

39.—LABOR IS WORSHIP.

MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us.
 Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
 "Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
 How through his veins goes the life-current leaping,
 How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
 Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth;
 Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
 From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round thee!
 Bravely fling off the gold chain that hath bound thee!
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee!

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
 Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

40.—RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

M. R. MITFORD.

Friends: I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom;—we are slaves!
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
 To crimson glory and undying fame;
 But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
 Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
 In that strange spell—a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them. But this very day,
 An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
 Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
 The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
 I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye—

I had a brother once—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king!—and once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
The Eternal City shall be free!

41.—BEAUTY OF THE CLOUDS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is that part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect

beauty that it is quite certain that it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should always live in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed.

God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still

small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

Stones of Venice.

42.—LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On the stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depth of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band,

Why have they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus, afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

43.—THE LONG AGO.

B. F. TAYLOR.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing.
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer,
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our loved used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
 By the fitful mirage is lifted in air,
 And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
 Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
 When the wind down the river was fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
 All the day of our life until night;
 And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing in slumber the while,
 May the "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

44.—HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if there any is,
 For gift or grace, surpassing this—
 He giveth His belovéd, sleep!

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
 The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
 He giveth His belovéd, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith all undisproved,
 A little dust to overweep,
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake.—
 He giveth His belovéd, sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
 But have no charm to wile away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber when
 He giveth His belovéd, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
 O men, with wailing in your voices!
 O delvéd gold the wailers heap!
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 And giveth His belovéd, sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap,
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 He giveth His belovéd, sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
 But angels say, and through the word
 I think their happy smile is *heard*—
 "He giveth His belovéd, sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on His love repose
 Who giveth His belovéd, sleep.

And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;
 He giveth His belovéd, sleep!"

45.—ROBIN HOOD.

JOHN KEATS.

No! those days are gone away,
 And their hours are old and gray,
 And their minutes buried all
 Under the down-trodden pall
 Of the leaves of many years:
 Many times have Winter's shears,
 Frozen North and chilly East,
 Sounded tempests to the feast
 Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
 Since men knew not rent nor leases

No! the bugle sounds no more,
 And the twanging bow no more;
 Silent is the horn so shrill,
 Past the heath and up the hill;
 There is no mid-forest laugh,
 Where lone Echo gives the half
 To some wight, amazed to hear
 Jestings, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars, to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John or Robin bold.

So it is : yet let us sing
Honor to the old bow-string !
Honor to the bugle-horn !
Honor to the woods unshorn !
Honor to the Lincoln green !
Honor to the archer keen !
Honor to light Little John,
And the horse he rode upon !
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood !
Honor to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan !
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a chorus try.

46.—LAS CASAS DISSUADING FROM BATTLE.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete? Battle! Gracious Heaven! against whom? Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries, even yet, have not excited hate! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people who never wronged the living being their Creator formed; a people who received you as cherished guests, with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes: you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonor.

Pizarro, hear me! Hear me, chieftains! And Thou, All-powerful! whose thunder can shiver into sand the adamantine rock, whose lightnings can pierce the core of the riven and quaking earth,—oh! let Thy power give effect to Thy servant's words, as Thy spirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, chieftains,—do not, I implore you,—renew the foul barbarities your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race! But hush, my sighs! fall not, ye drops of useless sorrow! heart-breaking anguish, choke not mine utterance! Oh God! Thou hast anointed Thy servant not to curse, but to bless my countrymen: yet now my blessing on their

force were blasphemy against Thy goodness. No! I curse your purpose, homicides! I curse the bond of blood, by which you are united. May fell division, infamy and rout, defeat your projects and rebuke your hopes! On you, and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood, which shall be shed this day! I leave you, and for ever! No longer shall these aged eyes be seared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests will I hide myself; with tigers and with savage beasts will I commune; and when at length we meet again, before the blessed tribunal of that Deity whose mild doctrines and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall you feel the agony and grief of soul which now tear the bosom of your weak accuser!

47.—THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

ANONYMOUS.

"I serve the strongest!" So spake Offerus,
 A mighty giant of the olden time,
 Who, striding forth from out the savage wilds
 Of Scythia, gazed down with scorn upon
 The puny Southrons. Seven full feet in height,
 With brawny shoulders, limbs of rugged strength,
 His arms with muscles knotted like tough steel,
 In one huge hand he bore a sapling pine,
 Which, with a dextrous twist, he had upturn
 From out its native earth in unknown wilds
 Where Volga's flood distils from Ural's snows.
 He used it half as weapon, half as staff,
 Or swung it, careless, with an idle touch,
 Or sent it groaning through the air to crush
 An iron helmet like a paper cap.

"Who is the strongest?" So asked Offerus;
 And each one pointed to the Emperor,
 Who, with a single nod, controlled a world,
 Who gathered treasures from a hundred lands,
 Who held within his grasp a myriad lives.
 He seemed the strongest; so great Offerus
 Bowed at his throne and followed him to war.

Full well he pleased his master; gruff, but gay,
 With frank good-nature beaming on his face,
 His massive features lighted with a smile,
 Grim, hard, but kindly. Full of merry jest,
 But ever ready for the serious work

Of war that was no playing. East and West
His name was feared; at banquet, as at fight,
Others, compared with him, were weakly boys.

One eve the Emperor pitched his tent beside
A mighty forest; one whose ancient pines
Made midnight of the noonday, night itself
Palpable darkness. But within the tent,
Where, canopied with crimson, couched on silk,
The monarch and his giant quaffed their wine,
Rang out coarse laughter, interspersed at times
With merry music, which a harper drew
From out his harp, and joined to it his voice
In bacchanalian song. But, as he sang,
It chanced, 'mid oaths and jests, that he let fall
The Devil's name, at which his half-drunk lord,
Muttering low words, with trembling finger drew
A cross upon his forehead. "How!" said Offerus,
Unto his comrades, "what new jest is this
The Prince is making now?" But he replied,
"Good giant, this I did because of one—
An Evil One—who haunts this darksome wood
With rage and fury." "Ha!" cried Offerus,
"I have a fancy for wild things, you know;
Come, let us hunt this forest." "Nay,"
In horror cried the Prince, lowering his voice
To a hoarse whisper, "Thou might'st truly fill
Thy larder, but meanwhile destroy thy soul!"
The giant's mighty laugh rang out full loud
And echoed 'mid the pine-trees; bitter scorn
Was in each note. "Ha! say you so, my lord?
Thou fearest, then! Then I at last have found
A stronger master; him I henceforth serve,
No other. Fare thee well!"

Forth at the word

The giant strode, swinging his pine-tree staff
And humming cheerily. He sought not far,
For in a desolate spot where, long before,
A thunder-bolt had cleared a little space,
Leaving but blackened stumps to mark the spot
Where once reigned forest kings, an altar stood,
Built of black cinders, plastered on each side
With noisome pitch and brimstone. On it lay
A heap of polished skulls and whitened bone,
Glistening in horrid contrast as the moon
Threw a pale glance upon the weirdsome sight.
The giant knew no fear; he strode along
Close to the altar, then drew slowly in
A mighty breath, and sent it forth again
In one long echoing call, at the same time
Brandishing high his ponderous staff in air,

He brought it down upon the blackened earth
 Until it quaked again. A second time
 He called upon the fiend, and yet once more
 The horrid echoes rang among the pines.
 Then sitting down, his back against a tree,
 He slept. At midnight came the One he called,
 Black as the night, and riding on a steed
 Moulded of night and fire. Full gaily joined
 The twain together, and went forth to seek
 Adventure.

Well great Offerus pleased
 His master, well the fiend the man.
 But so it chanced, upon a certain day,
 That on the high road they three crosses spied.
 The Devil shrank and trembled. "Come, my friend,
 Quoth he to Offerus, "Come, let us take
 This little by-path, and so pass round ;"
 But the strong giant, knowing naught of fear,
 Drew at full length his bow and straightway shot
 A yard-long arrow through the centre cross.
 "How !" quoth the fiend, "know you not, bold man,
 That yonder Mary's Son hath power great
 To save or to destroy ?" "If that be so,"
 Replied the giant, "here I quit thy side:
 I serve the strongest only." With a laugh
 Of mocking rage, the Devil fled. On rode
 The giant, asking every one he met
 For Christ, the Son of Mary. But, alas!
 The answer came from young and aged lips—
 "We know him not: seek further."

So he sought
 Still patiently, until a hermit came,
 A holy man of God, and he with voice
 Trembling with age but full of heavenly love,
 Expounded to the giant Christian faith.
 Low bowed he to the hermit, filled with awe,
 For he at last had found the perfect strength
 He had so blindly worshiped. "Good my lord,"—
 He spake right humbly—"tell me what to do
 To gain this Heaven and find this mighty King
 Who conquered Death and Hell. Him will I serve,
 No other." "Go then and pray, my son;
 Fast, weep, wear sackcloth; so shalt thou attain
 Unto this favor." Sad the giant sighed,
 "I cannot do it. Sir, I know no prayers;
 I soon should lose my mighty strength in fasts;
 If there's no other way to serve this Christ
 And gain yon Heaven, I needs must lose it all."
 "Then, foolish man !" replied the hermit, "yet
 There is one other way. Go, give thyself

To do with all thy heart some holy work.
Behold yon river! Deep the flood, and wide,
Without or bridge or ford. Go, thou art strong,
Bear weary pilgrims o'er from bank to bank;
So shalt thou serve the Master." At the word
Up rose good Offerus in his giant strength.
"Good: that shall be my labor; willingly
I'll please the Saviour thus."

So Offerus
Built for himself upon the sedgy bank
A hut of rushes. Year by year he bore
Patiently pilgrims, like some mighty beast
Of burden. But if any traveler wished
To give him money—"Nay, my friend," he said,
"No earthly gold care I to take for wage;
I labor for eternal life!"

When weary years
Had passed, and on the aged giant's head
Rested but snow-white locks, and few of those,
What time the winter blast drove snow and ice
Before it, and the raging, swollen flood
Roared past his humble dwelling, Offerus
Heard in the night a little, plaintive voice,
Call from the other side: "Oh, good, tall Offerus,
Come, carry me across!" So forth he went,
Though wearied with his toil, and wading through
He reached the other side, but none was there
That needed. Then, thinking he must have dreamt,
He slept again; but once more came the voice,
So sad and touching: "Come, good Offerus,
Dear, good, great Offerus, take me across!"
With a strong effort casting sleep aside
He crossed again, but still no pilgrim saw.
His errand bootless, he lay down and slept,
But heard again the voice—imploring, sad—
"Good giant Offerus, carry me across!"
The patient giant thought upon his Lord,
Who did so much to save a thankless world,
And, without one low murmur, grasping fast
His pine-tree staff, he plunged into the flood.
There, on the other brink, there stood a child,
A sweet, fair boy, with bowing golden curls,
In his left hand the standard of the Lamb,
And in his right a globe. Right easily
The giant placed him on his shoulder, but
Once entered in the river, that fair child
Weighed on him strangely. Fiercer grew the storm,
The ice-cold water chilled him to the heart,
And ever heavier grew the wondrous child.
Great drops of sweat stood on the giant's brow
When on the shore he gently placed the boy,

And, panting with his labor, "Little Lord,"
 He said, "I pray thee come not thus again,
 For hardly have I struggled for our lives."
 But then the little one so sweet and fair,
 Dipping with one hand in the brimming flood,
 Baptized the giant. "Fear not thou, good soul,
 Nor marvel at the trembling of thy limbs.
 Rather rejoice, for thou hast borne across
 The Saviour of the world. Thou art forgiven
 For all thy sins, and Offerus no more
 Shalt thou be called, but Christopher. Now plant
 Close by the stream thy pine-tree staff, so long
 Withered and lifeless; it shall put forth leaves,
 And bud and blossom. Such shall be the sign."
 The Christ-child vanished in a beaming light;
 But the old giant, folding each on each
 His massive hands, lifted his eyes and prayed:
 "My Master, Christ! I feel my end draws nigh.
 My limbs are weak, my strength is gone, but Thou
 Hast washed me clear—my blessed Lord and God!"
 So, on the morrow from the pine-tree staff
 Burst leaves and flowers and almonds. The third day,
 Around that hut upon the sedgy bank,
 Legions of angels stood with folded wings
 And holy, loving eyes. With songs of joy
 They bore good Christopher away, to meet
 His Lord in Paradise.

Those patient souls,
 Who, with no boast of famous words or deeds,
 Have sought no higher office than to aid
 With comfortable words and loving deeds
 Poor, weary pilgrims, find, as did this saint,
 They bore their Master, and their names shall shine
 In golden letters in the Book of Life.

48.—PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet June morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of inurder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death;—and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell?—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties!

Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons, just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken.

His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his sufferings. He trod the wine press a one. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet, he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early cravings for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing

wonders ; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light ; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun ; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon ; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning. 1882.

49.—NATIONAL SONGS.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 A world offers homage to thee.
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view ;
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white, and blue.
 When war winged its wide desolation,
 And threatened the land to deform,
 The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,
 Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm :
 With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
 When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the red, white, and blue.
 The star-spangled banner bring hither,
 O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave ;
 May the wreaths they have won never wither,
 Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 But they still to their colors prove true.
 The army and navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight—
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming ?
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
 Oh, say, does that star spangled banner yet wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On the shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
 'Tis the star spangled banner: oh, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and wild war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
 And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

NATIONAL HYMN.

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

HAIL COLUMBIA.

F. Hopkinson, 1798.

Hail Columbia! Happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes, heaven born band,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone
 Enjoyed the peace their valor won.
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
Cho.—Firm—united—let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty.
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more,
 Defend your rights, defend your shore!
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize.
 While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.—*Cho.*

Behold the chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country stands
 :| The rock on which the storm will beat, :|
 But armed in virtue, firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 When glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty:—*Cho.*

NEW HAIL COLUMBIA.

O. W. Holmes, 1882, for last two verses above.

Look our ransomed shores around,
 Peace and safety we have found!
 !: Welcome friends who once were foes, :|

To all the conquering years have gained
 A nation's rights, a race unchained!
 Children of the day new-born,
 Mindful of its glorious morn,
 Let the pledge our fathers signed
 Heart to heart forever bind!

Cho.—While the stars of heaven shall burn,
 While the ocean tides return,
 Ever may the circling sun
 Find the Many still are One!

Graven deep with edge of steel,
 Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
 :All the world their names shall read!:
 Enroll'd with His hosts that led,
 Whose blood for us—for all—was shed.
 Pay our sires their children's debt,
 Love and honor—nor forget
 Only Union's golden key
 Guards the Ark of Liberty!—*Cho.*

Hail, Columbia, strong and free,
 Firm enthroned from sea to sea!
 :Thy march triumphant still pursue!:
 With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
 And make the Western land thine own!
 Blest in Union's holy ties,
 Let our grateful song arise—
 Every voice its tribute lend—
 In the loving chorus blend!—*Cho.*

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

Though many and bright are the stars that appear
 In that flag by our country unfurled,
 And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there
 Like a rainbow adorning the world—
 Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
 By a deed that our fathers have done,
 And they're linked in as true and as holy a tie,
 In their motto of "Many in One."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
 That banner of starlight abroad,
 Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung
 As they clung to the promise of God;
 They conquered, and, dying, bequeathed to our care
 Not this boundless dominion alone,
 But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,
 And their motto of "Many in One."

Then up with our flag!—let it stream on the air;
 Though our fathers are cold in their graves

They had hands that could strike—they had souls that could dare—

And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner!—where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

AMERICA.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.
For her our prayers shall rise,
To God above the skies,
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

50.—QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Cassius. That you have wronged me, doth appear in this.
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab.

And not for justice?—What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspéd thus?—
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bay not me!
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not!

Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further!

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble! Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor?
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter
When you are waspish!

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not!

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not!

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
 For I am armed so strong in honesty,
 That they pass me by as the idle wind,
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
 For I can raise no money by vile means:
 By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
 By any indirection! I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
 Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart
 A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
 For Cassius is aweary of the world,
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother,
 Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius!

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor
 O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb,
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire:

Who much enforced shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

51.—TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

W. H. HARRISON.

Hard, hard indeed, was the contest for freedom, and the struggle for independence. The golden sun of liberty had well-nigh set in the gloom of an eternal night, ere its radiant beams illumined our western horizon. Had not the tutelar saint of Columbia hovered around the American camp, and presided over her destinies, freedom must have met with an untimely grave. Never can we sufficiently admire the wisdom of those statesmen, and the skill and bravery of those unconquerable veterans, who, by their unwearied exertions in the cabinet and in the field, achieved for us the glorious revolution. Never can we duly appreciate the merits of a Washington, who, with but a handful of undisciplined yeomanry, triumphed over a royal army, and prostrated the Lion of England at the feet of the American Eagle. His name,—so terrible to his foes, so welcome to his friends,—shall live forever upon the brightest page of the historian, and be remembered with the warmest emotions of gratitude and pleasure by those whom he has contributed to make happy, and by all mankind, when kings, and princes, and nobles, for ages, shall have sunk into their merited oblivion. Unlike them, he needs not the assistance of the sculptor or the architect to perpetuate his memory: he needs no princely dome, no monumental pile, no stately pyramid, whose towering height shall pierce the stormy clouds, and rear its lofty head to heaven, to tell posterity his fame. His deeds,

his worthy deeds alone, have rendered him immortal ! When oblivion shall have swept away thrones, kingdoms, and principalities—when every vestige of human greatness, and grandeur, and glory, shall have moldered into dust, and the last period of time become extinct—eternity itself shall catch the glowing theme, and dwell with increasing rapture on his name !

52.—LIBERTY AND UNION.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings ; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this Government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and for our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise ! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind ! When

my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States, severed, discordant, belligerent: on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured,—bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as “What is all this worth?”—nor those other words of delusion and folly, “Liberty first and Union afterwards,”—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

53.—WE SHALL MEET AND REST.

HORATIUS BONAR.

We shall meet and rest:
Where the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song;
Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed—
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan—
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done;
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds her child;
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild;

Where the hidden wound is healéd;
 Where the blighted life reblooms;
 Where the smitten heart the freshness
 Of its buoyant youth resumes;
 Where the love that here we lavish
 On the withering leaves of time,
 Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
 In an ever spring-bright clime;
 Where we find the joy of loving,
 As we never loved before;
 Loving on unchilled, unhindered,
 Loving once, for evermore.

54.—ART THOU LIVING YET?

Is there no grand, immortal sphere,
 Beyond this realm of broken ties,
 To fill the wants that mock us here,
 And dry the tears from weeping eyes;
 Where Winter melts in endless Spring.
 And June stands near with deathless flowers,
 Where we may hear the dear ones sing,
 Who loved us in this world of ours?
 I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
 With tears for one I cannot see;
 Oh, mother, art thou living yet,
 And dost thou still remember me

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,
 Thou unseen angel of my life;
 I hear thy hymns around me thrill,
 An undertone to care and strife;
 And tender eyes upon me shine,
 As from a being glorified:
 Till I am thine and thou art mine,
 And I forget that thou hast died.
 I almost lose each vain regret
 In visions of a life to be;
 Oh, mother, art thou living yet,
 And dost thou still remember me?

The Spring-times bloom, the Summers fade,
 The Winters blow along my way,
 But over every light and shade
 Thy memory lives by night and day.
 It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,
 Like some sweet song that cannot die;
 And like the murmur of the main,
 Grows deeper when the storm is nigh.

I know the brightest stars that set
 Return to bless the yearning sea;
 My mother, art thou living yet,
 And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy self comes back
 From o'er the dark and silent stream,
 Where last we watched thy silent track
 To those green hills of which we dream;
 Thy loving arms around me twine,
 My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath,
 Till thou art mine and I am thine,
 Without a thought of pain or death;
 And yet, at times, mine eyes are wet
 With tears for her I cannot see;
 Oh, mother, art thou living yet,
 And dost thou still remember me?

55.—“ROCK OF AGES.”

ANONYMOUS.

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,”
 Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
 Fell the words unconsciously
 From her girlish, gleeful tongue,
 Sung as little children sing,
 Sung as sing the birds in June;
 Fell the words like light leaves sown
 On the current of the tune—
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”
 Felt her soul no need to hide—
 Sweet the song as song could be,
 And she had no thought beside;
 All the words unheedingly
 Fell from lips untouched by care,
 Dreaming not that each might be,
 On some other lips, a prayer—
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”
 “Rock of Ages, cleft for me—”
 ’Twas a woman sung them now,
 Pleadingly and prayerfully;
 Every word her heart did know.
 Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
 Beats with weary wing the air,

Every note with sorrow stirred,
 Every syllable a prayer—
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
 Lips grown aged sung the hymn
 Trustingly and tenderly,
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
 "Let me hide myself in Thee."
 Trembling though the voice, and low,
 Rose the sweet strain peacefully
 As a river in its flow;
 Sung as only they can sing,
 Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
 Sung as only they can sing
 Who behold the promised rest.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
 Sung above a coffin-lid;
 Underneath, all restfully,
 All life's cares and sorrows hid.
 Never more, O storm-tossed soul,
 Never more from wind or tide,
 Never more from billows' roll
 Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
 Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
 Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
 Could the mute and stiffened lips,
 Move again in pleading prayer,
 Still, aye still, the words would be,
 "Let me hide myself in Thee."

56.—STUDY OF LATIN AND GREEK.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Latin and Greek are useful, as they inure children to intellectual difficulties, and make the life of a young student, what it ought to be, a life of considerable labor. We do not, of course, mean to confine this praise exclusively to the study of Latin and Greek, or to suppose that other difficulties might not be found which it would be useful to overcome; but though Latin and Greek have this merit in common with many arts and sciences, still they have it; and, if they do nothing else, they at least secure a solid and vigorous application at a period of life which materially influences all other periods. To go through the grammar of one language thoroughly is of great

use for the mastery of every other grammar; because there obtains, through all languages, a certain analogy to each other in their grammatical construction. Latin and Greek have now mixed themselves etymologically with all the languages of Modern Europe, and with none more than our own; so that we must read these two tongues for other objects than themselves.

These two ancient languages are, as mere inventions—as pieces of mechanism—incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe; their mode of signifying time and case by terminations, instead of auxiliary verbs and particles, would of itself stamp their superiority. Add to this, the copiousness of the Greek language, with the fancy, harmony, and majesty of its compounds; and there are quite sufficient reasons why the classics should be studied for the beauties of language. Compared to them merely as vehicles of thought and passion, all modern languages are dull, ill-contrived, and barbarous. That a great part of the Scriptures have come down to us in the Greek language is of itself a reason, if all others were wanting, why education should be planned so as to produce a supply of Greek scholars.

The cultivation of style is very justly made a part of education. Everything which is written is meant either to please or to instruct. The second object it is difficult to effect without attending to the first; and the cultivation of style is the acquisition of those rules and literary habits which sagacity anticipates, or experience shows to be the most effectual means of pleasing. Those works are the best which have longest stood the test of time, and pleased the greatest number of exercised minds. Whatever, therefore, our conjectures may be, we cannot be so sure that the best modern writers can afford us as good models as the ancients; we cannot be certain that they will live through the revolutions of the world, and continue to please in every climate, under every species of government, through every stage of civilization. The moderns have been well taught by their masters; but the time is hardly yet come when the necessity for such instruction no longer exists. We may still borrow descriptive power from Tacitus; dignified perspicuity from Livy; simplicity from Caesar; and from Homer some portion of that light and heat which, dispersed into ten thousand channels, has filled the world with bright images, and illustrious thoughts. Let the cultivator of modern literature addict himself to the purest models of taste which France, Italy and England could supply, he might still learn from Virgil to be majestic, and from Tibullus to be tender;

he might not yet look upon the face of nature as Theocritus saw it, nor might he reach those springs of pathos with which Euripides softened the hearts of his audience. In short, it appears to us, that there are so many excellent reasons why a certain number of scholars should be kept up in this and in every civilized country, that we should consider every system of education from which classical education is excluded, as radically erroneous and completely absurd.

57.—BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

C. E. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's
tears ;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away.
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

[around,
"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age;
For I was aye a truant bird that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gal-
lant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

'There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye,
 Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,— [ing]
 O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourn-
 Tell her the last night of my life, (for, ere the moon be risen,
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,)
 I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard or seemed to hear
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine,—
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish
 weak,

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed, and ceased to speak;
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn;
 Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine
 As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

58.—THE LOST LEADER.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Just for a handful of silver he left us;
 Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat,—
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote.
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed.
 How all our copper had gone for his service!
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
 We that had loved him so, followed him honored him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die!
 Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us, [graves!
 Burns, Shelley were with us—they watch from their
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen;
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
 We shall march prospering,—not through his presence:
 Songs may inspire us,—not from his lyre;

Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
 Blot out his name, then,—record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
 One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
 Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
 Forced praise on our part,—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad, confident morning again!
 Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly,
 Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own;
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
 Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

59.—EACH AND ALL.

R. W. EMERSON.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
 Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
 The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
 Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
 The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
 Deems not that great Napoleon
 Stops his horse and lists with delight,
 Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
 Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
 All are needed by each one;
 Nothing is fair or good alone.
 I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
 He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
 For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
 He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
 The delicate shells lay on the shore;
 The bubbles of the latest wave
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
 And the bellowing of the savage sea
 Greeted their safe escape to me.
 I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore,
 With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
 The lover watched his graceful maid,
 As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,

Not that we need beauty's best attire
 Was frozen still by the snow white choir.
 At last she came to his hermitage,
 Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
 The gay enchantment was undone,
 A gentle wife, but fairy none.
 Then I said, "I covet truth;
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
 I leave it behind with the games of youth."
 As I spoke, beneath my feet
 The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs;
 I inhaled the violet's breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard
 The roling river, the morning bird;
 Beauty through my senses stole;
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

60.—OGG, THE SON OF BEORL.

GEORGE ELIOT.

We must enter the town of St. Ogg's,—that venerable town with the red fluted roofs and the unadorned warehouse gables, where the black ships unload themselves of their burdens from the far North. It is one of those old, old towns which impress one as a continuation and outgrowth of nature, as much as the nests of the bower-birds or the winding galleries of the white ants: a town which carries the traces of its long growth and history like a million-year tree, that has sprung up and developed in the same spot between the river and the low hill, from the time when the kenian legions turned their backs on it from the sun upon their heads, and the long-haired sea-kings came up the river and looked with first eager eyes at the fatness of the land. It is a town forgotten with forgotten years." The shadow of the Saxon heronking still walks there fitfully, reviewing the course of his youth and love-time, and is met by the ghost of a heathen Dane, who was slain by the sword of an invisible angel. The town is like a white mist in the evening, and lovers in the court of the castle look on the river and the sea where he was thus

miraculously slain in the days before the old hall was built. It was the Normans who began to build that fine old hall, which is like the town, telling of the thoughts and hands of widely-sundered generations; but it is all so old that we look with loving pardon at its inconsistencies, and are well content that they who built the stone oriel, and they who built the Gothic façade and towers of finest small brickwork with the trefoil ornament, and the windows and battlements defined with stone, did not sacrilegiously pull down the ancient half-timbered body with its oak-roofed banqueting-hall.

But older even than this old hall is perhaps the bit of wall now built into the belfry of the parish church, and said to be a remnant of the original chapel dedicated to St. Ogg, the patron saint of this ancient town, of whose history I possess several manuscript versions. I incline to the briefest, since, if it should not be wholly true, it is at least likely to contain the least falsehood. "Ogg, the son of Beorl," says my private hagiographer, "was a boatman who gained a scanty living by ferrying passengers across the river Floss. And it came to pass, one evening when the winds were high, that there sat moaning by the brink of the river a woman with a child in her arms; and she was clad in rags, and had a worn and withered look, and she craved to be rowed across the river. And the men thereabout questioned her, and said, 'Wherefore dost thou desire to cross the river? Tarry till the morning, and take shelter here for the night: so shalt thou be wise, and not foolish.' Still she went on to mourn and crave. But Ogg, the son of Beorl, came up and said, 'I will ferry thee across: it is enough that thy heart needs it.' And he ferried her across. And it came to pass, when she stepped ashore, that her rags were turned into robes of flowing white, and her face became bright with exceeding beauty, and there was a glory around it, so that she shed a light on the water like the moon in its brightness. And she said,—'Ogg, the son of Beorl, thou art blessed in that thou didst not question and wrangle with the heart's need, but wast smitten with pity, and didst straightway relieve the same. And from henceforth whoso steps into thy boat shall be in no peril from the storm; and whenever it puts forth to the rescue, it shall save the lives both of men and beasts.' And when the floods came, many were saved by reason of that blessing on the boat. But when Ogg, the son of Beorl, died, behold, in the parting of his soul, the boat loosed itself from its moorings, and was floated with the ebbing tide in great swiftness to the ocean, and was seen no more. Yet it was wit-

nessed in the floods of the after-time, that at the coming on of eventide, Ogg, the son of Beorl, was always seen with his boat upon the wide-sreading waters, and the Blessed Lady sat in the prow, shedding a light around as of the moon in its brightness, so that the rowers in the gathering darkness took heart and pulled anew."

61.—OPPOSITE EXAMPLES.

HORACE MANN.

I ask the young man who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him, and mark the examples whose fortune he would covet, or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets, we meet with exhibitions of each extreme. Here, behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor threescore years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus to abuse; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobaccoist. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together. Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man;—the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a labyrinth of diseases; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, embalmed! Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands; even for murder, Cain was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the signatures of iniquity are written. How nature brands him with stigma and reproach! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her

disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, "Behold a beast!" Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons, and at the tables of the "upper ten;" but surely, to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness, look on *this* picture, and on *this*, and then say, after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.

62.—TELL ON HIS NATIVE HILLS.

J. S. KNOWLES.

Oh, with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless him that the land was free! 'Twas free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free!
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys, without asking leave!
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!

How happy was it then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!

On yonder jutting cliff, o'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And, while gust followed gust more furiously,

dead converse, and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What king's court can boast such company? What school of philosophy such wisdom?

There is Pan's pipe; there are the songs of Apollo. Seated in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages; they are ghosts. I take one down, and it speaks with me in a tongue not now heard on earth, and of men and things of which it alone possesses the knowledge.

I call myself a solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term. No man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than ever did Timour or Genghis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library, but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees.

64.—THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thought in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers;
While a single white cloud in its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold!
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It has stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it fell,
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down to the shore:
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;

65.—A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor, dry, empty thing
In holes, as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)

"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
The lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,
For the reed that grows never more again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

66.—THE TOUCHSTONE.

WM. ALLINGHAM.

A man there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a touchstone in his hand;
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
The fair to foul, the foul to fair;
Purple nor ermine did he spare,
Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far;
Our goods suffice us as they are;
We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so avail
To check this unrelenting guest,
They seized him, saying, "Let him test
How real is our jail!"

But, though they slew him with a sword,
And in the fire his touchstone burned,
Its doings could not be o'ertuned,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
They strewed its ashes on the breeze,
They little guessed each grain of these
Conveyed the perfect charm.

67.—NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now, they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes; and now, they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the Universe he acknowledged in everything around him. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former

were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where *he* walked in majesty, to remind *us* how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

68.—DIRGE.

HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

Of thy stream, Amelete, who reaches the shore,
O'er the mountains shall wearily wander no more,

But blissfully deeming his sorrows are past,
He shall gladly lie down by thy waters at last.

He shall drink of that draught of oblivion deep,
And shall fall, as at evening, serenely to sleep,

And for aye, from the regions of light and of day
He shall fade in the land of the shadow away,

Like the mist, as it melts in the blue of the sky,
Or the wave that dissolves on the shore with a sigh;

Like the dying away of the wind on the wold,
And the ending at evening a tale that is told.

And whether the spirit be only a breath
Sleeping, also, at last, in the quiet of death,

Or, whether beyond the oblivious stream,
It abandons the land of the shadow and dream,

And afar, on the peaceful Elysian plain,
Embraces the friend of its bosom again,

Still we know, as they knew,—on that rock we rest **sure**—
That 'tis better forever to strive and endure.

We will lay them to rest with their glorious mien,
And chaunt o'er the mortal, our tenderest threne,—

We will weep o'er their beauty, as mortals must weep,
Knowing we, too, shall follow and enter that sleep,

In the hope that at last, on some radiant shore,
We shall meet them again and be severed no more.

69.—THE AIR AND SEA.

M. F. MAURY.

The atmosphere forms a spherical shell, surrounding the earth to a depth unknown to us, by reason of its growing tenuity, as it is released from the pressure of its own superincumbent mass. Its upper surface cannot be nearer than fifty, and scarcely more remote than five hundred miles. It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the finest down, more impalpable than the finest gossamer, it leaves the cob-web undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion, its force is sufficient to level with the earth the most stately forests and stable buildings, to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapors from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew, when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path to give us the aurora of the morning and twilight of evening; it disperses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and the retreat of the

orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us in a moment and fail us in the twinkling of an eye, removing us in an instant from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat; but the bald earth, as it revolved on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to the full unmitigated rays of the lord of day.

The atmosphere affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames; it receives into itself that which has been polluted by use, and is thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of the fire. It is in both cases consumed, in both cases it affords the food of consumption, and in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal, which requires it for combustion, and which removes it when combustion is over. It is the girdling, encircling air that makes the whole world kin. The carbonic acid, with which element our breathing fills the air, to-morrow seeks its way round the world. The date-trees that grow round the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoanuts of Tahiti will grow rapidly upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of Florida, and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon; the giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-tree of Ceylon, and the forest, older than the flood, that lies buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the Mountains of the Moon, gave it out. The rain we see descending was thawed for us out of the icebergs which have watched the Polar Star for ages, or it came from snows that rested on the summits of the Alps, but which the lotus lilies have soaked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapor again into the ever-present air.

There are processes no less interesting going on in other parts of this magnificent field of research. Water is nature's carrier: with its currents it conveys heat away from the torrid zone and ice from the frigid; or, bottling the caloric away in the vesicles of its vapor, it first makes it impalpable, and then conveys it, by unknown paths, to the most distant parts of the earth. The materials of which the coral builds the island and the nautilus its shell are gathered by this restless leveler from mountains, rocks and valleys in all latitudes. Some it washes down from the Mountains of the Moon, or out

of the gold fields of Australia, or from the mines of Potosi, others from the battle-fields of Europe, or from the marble-quarries of Greece and Rome. These materials, thus collected and carried over falls or down rapids, are transported from river to sea, and delivered by the obedient waters to each insect and to every plant in the ocean at the right time and temperature, in proper form and in due quantity.

Treating the rocks less gently, it grinds them into dust, or pounds them into sand, or rolls and rubs them until they are fashioned into pebbles, rubble or boulders; the sand and shingle on the sea-shore are monuments of the abrading, triturating power of water. By water the soil has been brought down from the hills, and spread out into valleys, plains, and fields for man's use. Saving the rocks on which the everlasting hills are established, everything on the surface of our planet seems to have been removed from its original foundation and lodged in its present place by water. Protean in shape, benignant in office, water, whether fresh or salt, solid, fluid or gaseous, is marvelous in its powers. It is one of the chief agents in the manifold workshops in which and by which the earth has been made a habitation fit for man.

70.—SOUL SCULPTURE.

ANONYMOUS.

A block of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarotti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.

And one who stood beside him listened,
Smiling as he heard;
For "I will make an angel of it,"
Was the sculptor's word.

And mallet soon and chisel sharp
The stubborn block assailed,
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.

A brow was lifted, high and pure,
The waking eyes outshone;
And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone!

Beneath the chisel's edge, the hair
Laid out in floating rings;

And, plume by plume, was slowly freed
 The sweep of half-furled wings.
 The stately bust and graceful limbs
 Their marble fetters shed,
 And where the shapeless block had been,
 An angel stood instead!

Oh, blows that smite! Oh, hurts that pierce
 This shrinking heart of mine!
 What are ye but the Master's tools,
 Forming a work divine?

Oh, hope that crumbles at my feet!
 Oh, joy that mocks and flies!
 What are ye but the clogs that bind
 My spirit from the skies?

Sculptor of souls! I lift to Thee
 Encumbered heart and hands;
 Spare not the chisel, set me free,
 However dear the bands.

How blest, if all these seeming ills,
 Which draw my thoughts to Thee,
 Should only prove that Thou wilt make
 An angel out of me!

71.—THE REFORMER.

HORACE GREELEY.

Though the life of the Reformer may seem rugged and arduous, it were indeed hard to say considerably that any other life were worth living at all. Who can thoughtfully affirm that the career of the conquering, desolating, subjugating warrior,—of the devotee of gold, or pomp, or sensual joys; the monarch in his purple, the miser by his chest, the wassailer over his bowl,—is not a libel on humanity and an offense against God? But the earnest, unselfish Reformer,—born into a state of darkness, evil, and suffering, and honestly striving to replace these by light and purity and happiness,—he may fall and die, as so many have done before him, but he cannot fail. His vindication shall gleam from the walls of his hovel, his dungeon, his tomb; it shall shine in the radiant eyes of uncorrupted childhood, and fall in blessings from the lips of high-hearted, generous youth.

As the untimely death of the good is our strongest moral assurance of the Resurrection, so the life wearily worn out in

doubtful and perilous conflict with wrong and woe, is our most conclusive evidence that wrong and woe shall yet vanish forever. Luther, dying amid the agonizing tears and wild consternation of all Protestant Germany—Columbus, borne in regal pomp to his grave by the satellites of the royal miscreant whose ingratitude and perfidy had broken his mighty heart,—these teach us, at least, that all true greatness is ripened and tempered and proved in life-long struggle against vicious beliefs, traditions, practices, institutions; and that not to have been a Reformer is not to have truly lived.

Life is a bubble which any breath may dissolve; Wealth or Power a snow-flake, melting momentarily into the treacherous deep across whose waves we are floated on to our unseen destiny; but to have lived so that one less orphan is called to choose between starvation and infamy, to have lived so that some eyes of those whom Fame shall never know are brightened and others suffused at the name of the beloved one,—so that the few who knew him truly shall recognize him as a bright, warm, cheering presence, which was here for a season and left the world no worse for his stay in it,—this surely is to have really *lived*,—and not wholly in vain.

72.—SMALL BEGINNINGS.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone up in a genial mind, and, lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame:
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on the hill,
It shed a radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied from the heart;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
 It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
 O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
 Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

73.—SPEECH OF SEMPRONIUS.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

My voice is still for war.
 Gods! can a Roman Senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose—slavery or death?
 No! let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And, at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe; break through the thick array
 Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage
 Rise, fathers, rise; 'tis Rome demands your help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
 Or share their fate! The bones of half your Senate
 Enrich the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here, deliberating in cold debate,
 Whether to sacrifice our lives to honor,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame! Our brethren of Pharsalia
 Point to their wounds, and cry aloud, "To battle!"
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unavenged amongst us.

74.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or security to his

own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair,—is not he, our venerable colleague, near you—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit! Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by man, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty; may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will

raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated.

The declaration of Independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon,—let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment,—Independence now, and Independence forever!

75.—HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

HORACE SMITH.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with morn, to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle
 As a libation.

Ye matin worshipers! who, bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
 The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
 What numerous emblems of instructive duty
 Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
 Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
 Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
 Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
 Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
 Awed by the silence, reverently I ponder
 The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
 From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
 "Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
 Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
 Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
 Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
 "How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
 Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
 With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest
 Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure
 Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night,
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
 And second birth.

Were I, oh God! in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
 My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

76.—DREAM OF CLARENCE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Brakenbury. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. Oh, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

Br. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embarked, to cross to Burgundy;
 And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
 Who, from my cabin, tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches; whence we looked toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 Oh, then, methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
 But smothered it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. Oh, no; my dream was lengthened after life;
 Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick:
 Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
 And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud:
 "Clarence is come! false, fleeing, perjured Clarence!
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury:
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hellous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembled, awaked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,—
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me!
—I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

77.—DOUBTING.

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

I walked alone in the darkness,
One stormy night;
Behind me fast faded the city,
My home and its light.
I said, "On the earth's wide bosom
I stand all alone;
God has hidden His face; I'm forsaken—
All hope is gone!
I watch for His hand 'mid the shadows
That circle my feet;
I listen, but nothing I hear save
My own heart's wild beat.
Yet I marvel not He has left me,
Too faithless and vain,
To walk in the light of His favor
Ever again!
My heart has forgotten His mercy
Till mercy is past,
And my Lord, whom my sins have long wearied,
Leaves me at last!"

But, swift as the flash of the lightning,
Cleaving the sky,
Came a voice, through the gloom that engulfed me,
So tenderly:
"When earth and its friends all forsake thee,
Look thou above,
For the Father Eternal remembers
The child of His love.
The shadows that gather around thee
But herald the light;
Had the sun never risen to warm thee
Where, then, were thy night?
Forget not the springs in the desert,
So arid and drear;
For thee shall the wilderness blossom;
Why did'st thou fear?"

God gave thee His promise to keep thee,
 He cannot deceive ;
 He gave thee His word and His promise,
 Only believe !
 He sought thee, cast out and forsaken,
 Bidding thee 'Live !'
 He gave thee the Son of His bosom ;
 What more could He give ?"

Then swift o'er my heart in the darkness
 That stormy night,
 With the peace and the joy of believing,
 Came inward light,
 And my lips sent a prayer for forgiveness
 Up to His throne :
 "Forgive me, my Father, I measured
 Thy love by my own !"

78.—BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

On Linden when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each warrior drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
 On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
 And darker yet shall be the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds' rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet,
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

79.—THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.

Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize—
 More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast:
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed:
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side:
 But, in his duty prompt at every call.
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
 And, as a bird, each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last—faltering accents—whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray,
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:—
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

80.—DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

KATE P. OSGOOD.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
 He turned them into the river lane;
 One after another he let them pass,
 Then fastened the meadow bars again.
 Under the willows, and over the hill,
 He patiently followed their sober pace;
 The merry whistle for once was still,
 And something shadowed the sunny face.
 Only a boy! and his father had said
 He never could let his youngest go:
 Two already were lying dead,
 Under the feet of the trampling foe.
 But after the evening work was done,
 And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
 Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
 And stealthily followed the footpath damp.
 Across the clover, and through the wheat,
 With resolute heart and purpose grim,
 Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
 And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
 And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
 And now, when the cows came back at night,
 The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
 That three were lying where two had lain;
 And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
 Would never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late;
 He went for the cows when the work was done;
 But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
 He saw them coming, one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
 Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
 Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—
 But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
 The empty sleeve of army blue;
 And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
 Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
 And yield their dead unto life again:
 And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
 In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
 For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb:
 And under the silent evening skies
 Together they followed the cattle home.

81.—SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the

truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—*Paul*.

THE BEATTITUDES.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
4. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt

thou labor, and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates : For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother : that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT.

But godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil : which while some coveted after they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things ; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.—*Timothy*.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them ; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain : in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the

all instruments of music shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.—*Ecclesiastes*.

WOE FOLLOWS WICKEDNESS.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness: that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight! Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink; which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him! Therefore as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust: because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel.—*Isaiah*.

THE HOLY ONE.

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.—*Isaiah*.

THE TONGUE.

For in many things we offend all. If any man offend not in all, he is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the tongue. Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body. Behold, the ox is made to obey us, which though he be so great, and are made to obey us, yet are they turned about with a very small bit. Behold, the ass is made to obey us, which we have never the governor listeth. Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, it is a little fire, which kindleth!

And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.—*James*.

THE GREAT COMMANDMENT.

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.—*Deuteronomy*.

GOLDEN WHATSOEVER.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—*Paul*.

OF IDLE WORDS.

How can ye, being evil, speak good things? For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things. But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.—*Matthew*.

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon

it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.—*Isaiah*.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.—*Paul*.

82.—SPRING.

MARY HOWITT.

The spring—she is a blessed thing!
 She is the mother of the flowers,
 She is the mate of birds and bees,
 The partner of their revelries,
 Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The merry children, when they see
 Her coming by the budding thorn,
 They leap upon the cottage floor,
 They shout beside the cottage door,
 And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
 Peeping the withered leaves among,
 To find the earliest fragrant thing
 That dares from the cold earth to spring,
 Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
 As if they had a chase of mirth;
 The skies are blue, the air is warm,
 Our very hearts have caught the charm
 That sheds a beauty o'er the earth.

The aged man is in the field;
 The maiden 'mong her garden flowers;
 The sons of sorrow and distress
 Are wandering in forgetfulness
 Of wants that fret, and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good,
 With joys to store for future years,
 From which, in striving crowds apart,
 The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,
 May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up! let us to the fields away,
 And breathe the fresh and balmy air;
 The bird is building in the tree,
 The flower has opened to the bee,
 And health, and love, and peace are there.

83.—THE STATUE.

ANONYMOUS.

In Athens, when all learning centred there,
 Men reared a column of surpassing height
 In honor of Minerva, wise and fair,
 And on the top, that dwindled to the sight,
 A statue of the goddess was to stand,
 That wisdom might obtain in all the land.

And he who, with the beauty in his heart,
 Seeking in faultless work immortal youth,
 Would mould this statue with the finest art,
 Making the wintry marble glow with truth,
 Should gain the prize. Two sculptors sought the fame.
 The prize they craved was an enduring name.

Alcamenes soon carved his little best;
 But Phidias, beneath a dazzling thought
 That like a bright sun in a cloudless west
 Lit up his wide, great soul, with pure love wrought
 A statue, and its face of changeless stone
 With calm, far-sighted wisdom towered and shone.

Then to be judged the labors were unveiled;
 But at the marble thought, that by degrees
 Of hardship Phidias cut, the people railed.
 "The lines are coarse; the form too large," said these
 "And he who sends this rough result of haste
 Sends scorn, and offers insult to our taste."

Alcamenes' praised work was lifted high
 Upon the capital where it might stand;
 But there it seemed too small, and 'gainst the sky
 Had no proportion from the uplooking land;
 So it was lowered, and quickly put aside,
 And the scorned thought was mounted to be tried.

Surprise swept o'er the faces of the crowd,
 And changed them as a sudden breeze may change
 A field of fickle grass, and long and loud
 Their mingled shouts, to see a sight so strange.
 The statue stood completed in its place,
 Each coarse line melted to a line of grace.

So bold, great actions, that are seen too near,
Look rash and foolish to unthinking eyes;
They need the past for distance, to appear
In their true grandeur. Let us yet be wise,
And not too soon our neighbor's deed malign,
For what seems coarse is often good and fine.

84.—OLD TUBAL CAIN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear:
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that wields them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire:
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his heart's desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted aloud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest tree;
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, and hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun:
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind—
That the land was fed with the blood they shed,
And their lust for carnage blind;
And he said, "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and sword for man, whose joy
Is to slay his fellow-man."

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o'er his woe;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smouldered low;
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright, courageous eye,
 And he bared his strong arm for the work,
 While the quick flames mounted high;
 And he said, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
 And the fire sparks lit the air;
 "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made!"
 And he fashioned the first ploughshare!

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship joined their hands;
 Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the wall,
 And ploughed the willing lands;
 And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
 Our staunch good friend is he;
 And for the ploughshare and the plow
 To him our prize shall be!
 But when oppression lifts its hand,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough,
 We'll not forget the sword!"

85.—AUX ITALIENS.

R. B. LYTTON.

At Paris it was, at the opera there;
 And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
 With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
 And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
 The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;
 And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
 The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
 And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
 As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
 "*Non ti scordar di me!*"
 ("Remember me alway.")

The emperor there, in his box of state,
 Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
 The red flag wave from the city gate,
 Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain,

Well! there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;—
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years;
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);
And her warm white neck in its golden chain;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)

And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over:
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked; she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast.

I was here, and she was there:
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:—
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,
(In short, from the future back to the past,)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With the primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
 There's a moment when all would go smooth and even.
 If only the dead could find out when
 To come back and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmine flower!
 And O that music; and O the way
 That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!

86.—THE PETRIFIED FERN.

M. B. BRANCH.

In a valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
 Veining delicate and fibres tender;
 Waving when the wind crept down so low;
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
 Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
 But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
 Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
 Stately forests waved their giant branches,
 Mountains lurled their snowy avalanches,
 Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
 Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
 But the little fern was not of these,
 Did not number with the hills and trees,
 Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
 No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
 Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
 Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
 Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
 Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
 Covered it, and hid it safe away.
 Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
 Oh, the agony, oh, life's bitter cost,
 Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! there came a thoughtful man
 Searching nature's secrets far and deep;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran,
 airy pencillings, a quaint design,

Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line.
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

87.—ABOU BEN ADHEM.

LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem—(may his tribe increase!)—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. . . Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And, lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

88.—THE DRUNKARD.

J. O. ROCKWELL.

"Pray, Mr. Dram-drinker, how do you do?
What in perdition's the matter with you?
How did you come by that bruise on the head;
And why are your eyes so infernally red?
Why do you mutter that infidel hymn?
And why do you tremble in every limb?
Who has done this?—let the reason be shown,
And let the offender be pelted with stone."

And the Dram-drinker said: "If you listen to me,
You shall hear what you hear, and shall see what you see
I had a father;—the grave is his bed:
I had a mother; she sleeps with the dead.
Freely I wept when they left me alone;
But I shed all my tears on their grave and their stone.
I planted a willow, I planted a yew.

And left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew.
 Fortune was mine; and I mounted her car—
 Pleasure from virtue had beckoned me far.
 Onward I went, like an avalanche, down,
 And the sunshine of fortune was changed to a frost.
 Fortune was gone, and I took to my side
 A young, and a lovely, and beautiful bride!
 Her I entreated with coldness and scorn—
 Tarrying back till the dawn of the morn;
 Slighting her kindness, and mocking her fears—
 Casting a blight on her tenderest years!
 Sad, and neglected, and weary I left her:
 Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her;
 Till, like a star, when it falls from its pride,
 She sank on the bosom of misery, and died.
 I had a child; and it grew like the vine;
 Fair as the rose of Damascus was mine:
 Fair—and I watched o'er her innocent youth,
 As an angel from heaven would watch over truth.
 She grew like her mother in feature and form;
 Her blue eye was languid, her cheek was too warm.
 Seventeen summers had shone on her brow—
 The seventeenth winter beheld her laid low!
 Yonder they sleep in their graves, side by side—
 A father, a mother, a daughter, a bride.
 Go to your children, and tell them the tale:
 Tell them his cheek, too, was lividly pale;
 Tell them his eye was all bloodshot and cold;
 Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold;
 Tell them he passed through the world they are in
 The victim of sorrow, and misery, and sin;
 Tell them, when life's shameful conflicts were passed,
 In horror and anguish he perished at last."

89.—ELEGY ON MADAME BLAIZE.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madame Blaize;
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.
 The needy seldom passed her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.
 She strove the neighborhood to please,
 With manner wondrous winning;
 She never followed wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size,
 She never slumbered in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver
 By twenty beaux, or more;
 The king himself has followed her—
 When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all,
 Her doctors found, when she was dead—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore;
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That, had she lived a twelvemonth more—
 She had not died to-day.

90.—BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

SHAKSPEARE.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly—any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition! Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his

death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth—as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

91.—OUR DUTY TO THE REPUBLIC.

JOSEPH STORY.

The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece,

“The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,”

where sister republics, in fair procession, chanted the praises of liberty and the gods,—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has ground her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery. The fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments and dissensions. Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and the setting sun,—where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but traveled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the Senate chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold; but the people offered the tribute-money

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning,—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and to self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they have themselves created? Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the low lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North; and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? Can it be that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is: They were, but they are not? Forbid it, my countrymen! Forbid it, heaven!

92.—MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

WALTER SCOTT.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by the king's behest,

While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and towers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;

And "This to me," he said,
"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!

And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And Douglas, more, I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

And if thou said'st that I'm not peer
To any Lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou—hast—lied!"

On the Earl's cheek, the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth; "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou thence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bryde of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms,—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembles on the rise:

Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim ;
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band
 He halts and turns with clinched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shakes his gauntlet at the towers.
 "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
 But soon he reined his fury's pace :
 "A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name :
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood ;
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'T is pity of him, too," he cried ;
 "Bold he can speak, and fairly ride ;
 I warrant him a warrior tried."
 With this, his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle walls.

93.—GOD KNOWETH.

MARY A. BRIDGMAN.

I know not what shall befall me,
 God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
 And so, each step in my onward path,
 He makes new scenes to rise,
 And every joy He sends me
 Comes as a sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me,
 As I tread on another year ;
 But the past is still in God's keeping,
 The future His mercy will clear ;
 And what looks dark in the distance
 May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreariest future
 Has less bitter than I think ;
 The Lord may sweeten the waters
 Before I stoop to drink ;
 Or, if Marah must be Marah,
 He will stand beside the brink.

It may be He has waiting
 For the coming of my feet
 Some gift of such rare blessedness
 Some joy so strangely sweet,
 That my lips shall only tremble
 With the thoughts I cannot speak

O blissful, restful ignorance !
 'Tis blessed not to know,
 If it keeps me so still in those arms
 That will not let me go,
 And hushes my soul to rest
 In the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing ;
 I would not if I might ;
 I would rather walk in the dark with God,
 Than go alone in the light ;
 I would rather walk with Him by faith
 Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
 Which the future may disclose ;
 Yet I never have a sorrow
 But what the dear Lord chose ;
 So I send the coming tear back,
 With the whispered word, He knows !

94.—WORK.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works ; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature : the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose : he has found it, and will follow it. How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows !—draining off the sour, festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade ; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small !

Labor is life ; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God ; from his inmost heart awakens him to the Deity, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much

else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly, thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vortices till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone."

Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for-ever-enduring gospel: work, and therein have well-being. Man, son of earth and heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work:—and burns like a painfully smoldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy: attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity, and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with His unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and

up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdoms—up to that “agony of bloody sweat,” which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not “worship,” then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God’s eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred band of the immortals, celestial body-guard of the empire of mind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving: peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, “WITH IT, MY SON. OR UPON IT!” Thou, too, shalt return home in honor, to thy far-distant home in honor; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the eternities and deepest death-kingsdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain.

95.—WINSTANLEY.

JEAN INGELow.

Winstanley’s deed, you kindly folk,
With it I fill my lay,
And a nobler man ne’er walked the world,
Let his name be what it may.

The good ship “Snowdrop” tarried long,
Up at the vane looked he;
“Belike,” he said, for the wind had dropped,
“She lieth becalmed at sea.”

The lovely ladies flocked within,
And still would each one say,
“Good mercer, be the ships come up?”
But still he answered, “Nay.”

Then stepped two mariners down the street,
With looks of grief and fear;
“Now, if Winstanley be your name,
We bring you evil cheer!

"For the good ship Snowdrop struck,—she struck
On the rock,—the Eddystone,
And down she went with threescore men,
We two being left alone."

The Snowdrop sank at Lammas tide,
All under the yeasty spray ;
On Christmas eve the brig Content
Was also cast away.

"She was a fair ship, but all's one !
For naught could bide the shock."

"I will take horse," Winstanley said,
"And see this deadly rock."

"For never again shall bark of mine
Sail over the windy sea,
Unless, by the blessing of God, for this
Be found a remedy."

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town
All in the sleet and the snow ;
And he looked around on shore and sound,
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe,

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,
And shot up its stately head,
Reared, and fell over, and reared again :
"Tis the rock ! the rock !" he said.

Straight to the Mayor he took his way :

"Good Master Mayor," quoth he,
"I am a mercer of London town,
And owner of vessels three,—
"But for your rock of dark renown,
I had five to track the main."
"You are one of many," the old Mayor said,
"That on the rock complain."

"An ill rock, mercer ! your words ring right,
Well with my thoughts they chime,
For my two sons to the world to come
It sent before their time."

Then said he, "Nay,—I must away,
On the rock to set my feet ;
My debts are paid, my will I made,
Or ever I did thee greet."

"If I must die, then let me die
By the rock, and not elsewhere,
If I may live, O let me live
To mount my lighthouse stair."

Winstanley chose him men and gear;
He said, "My time I waste,"
For the seas ran seething up the shore,
And the wrack drave on in haste.

But twenty days he waited and more,
Pacing the strand alone,
Or ever he set his manly foot
On the rock,—the Eddystone.

Then he and the sea began their strife,
And worked with power and might;
Whatever the man reared up by day
The sea broke down by night.

He wrought at ebb with bar and beam,
He sailed to shore at flow;
And at his side, by that same tide,
Came bar and beam also.

In fine weather and foul weather
The rock his arts did flout,
Through the long days and the short days,
Till ail that year ran out.

With fine weather and foul weather
Another year came in;
"To take his wage," the workmen said,
"We almost count a sin."

Now March was gone, came April in,
And a sea-fog settled down,
And forth sailed he on a glassy sea,
He sailed from Plymouth town.

A Scottish schooner made the port,
The thirteenth day at e'en;
"As I am a man," the captain cried,
"A strange sight I have seen:

"And a strange sound heard, my masters all,
At sea, in the fog and the rain,
Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,
Then loud, then low again.

"And a stately house one instant showed,
Through a rift, on the vessel's lee;
What manner of creatures may be those
That built upon the sea?"

Then sighed the folk, "The Lord be praised!"
And they flocked to the shore again:
All over the Hoe that livelong night,
Many stood out in the rain.

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It ceased; and the red sun reared his head,
And the rolling fog did flee;
And, lo! in the offing faint and far
Winstanley's house at sea!

In fair weather with mirth and cheer
The stately tower uprose;
In foul weather, with hunger and cold,
They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,
To fire the wick afar;
And Plymouth in the silent night
Looked out, and saw her star.

Winstanley set his foot ashore:
Said he, "My work is done;
I hold it strong to last as long
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,
Borne down with ruin and rout,
Another than I shall rear it high,
And brace the girders stout.

"A better than I shall rear it high,
For now the way is plain;
And though I were dead," Winstanley said,
"The light would shine again.

"Yet were I fain still to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest night
That ever did move the deep;

"And if it stood, why then 'twere good,
Amid their tremulous stirs,
To count each stroke when the mad waves broke,
For cheers of mariners.

"But if it fell, then this were well,
That I should with it fall;
Since, for my part, I have built my heart
In the courses of its wall.

"Aye! I were fain, long to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest night
That ever did move the deep."

With that Winstanley went his way,
And left the rock renowned,
And summer and winter his pilot star
Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,
That he would put to sea,
To scan once more his lighthouse tower
On the rock o' destiny.

And the winds broke, and the storm broke,
And wrecks came plunging in ;
None in the town that night lay down
Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling graves,
And each flung up its dead ;
The seething flow was white below,
And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, gray dawn,—
Broke on the trembling town,
And men looked south to the harbor mouth,
The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth sleep,
Who made it shine afar,
And then in the night that drowned its light,
Set, with his pilot star.

Many fair tombs in the glorious glooms
At Westminster they show ;
The brave and the great lie there in state :
Winstanley lieth low.

96.—PAUL FLEMMING RESOLVES.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion ; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak,—weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees and wept. And oh ! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride, and unrequited love, were in those tears, through which he read on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription : "Look not mournfully into the past : It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present : It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright morning heaven, he said, "I WILL BE STRONG!"

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and, as they gaze upon them lying there so peacefully, with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the past shut behind him as the divine poet did the gate of paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the holy mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming, and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed: no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the present wisely, alike forgetful of the past, and careless of what the mysterious future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself!

His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable, sweet feeling rose within him. "Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he; "and be a man

among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life—

“‘Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!’

“Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history than the child’s story with which the book began.”

Hyperion.

97.—POEMS FROM LOWELL.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man’s son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man’s son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man’s son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.]

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;

A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee,

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank ... ljudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;

A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;

A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil

That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;

A heritage, it seems to be,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;

There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;

A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,

Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;

A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee

THE TOKEN.

It is a mere wild rosebud

Quite sallow now, and dry,
Yet there's something wondrous in it,
Some gleams of days gone by,

Dear sights and sounds that are to me
The very moons of memory,
And stir my heart's blood far below
Its short-lived waves of joy and woe.

Lips must fade and roses wither,
All sweet times be o'er ;
They only smile, and, murmuring "Thither !"
Stay with us no more :
And yet oftimes a look or smile,
Forgotten in a kiss's while,
Years after from the dark will start,
And flash across the trembling heart.
Earth's stablest things are shadows,
And, in the life to come,
Haply some chance-saved trifle
May tell of this old home :
As now sometimes we seem to find,
In the dark crevice of the mind,
Some relic, which, long pondered o'er,
Hints faintly at a life before.

SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.
Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.
Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine :
And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.
His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.
Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw ;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.
It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.
Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.
Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.
And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.
And, when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.
Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.
It was a sight for sin and wrong
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity.
I thought, these men will carry hence,
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth and love.
God scatters love on every side
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity !

All thoughts that mould the age begin,
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole :

In his wide brain the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray, who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes : in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
 So full of heaven to me, as when
 I saw it would pierce through pride and fear
 To the lives of coarsest men.
 It may be glorious to write
 Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
 High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
 Once in a century ;—
 But better far it is to speak
 One simple word, which now and then
 Shall waken their free nature in the weak
 And friendless sons of men ;
 To write some earnest verse or line,
 Which, seeking not the praise of art,
 Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
 In the untutored heart.
 He who doth this, in verse or prose,
 May be forgotten in his day,
 But surely shall be crowned at last with those
 Who live and speak for aye.

RHÆCUS.

God sends his teachers unto every age,
 To every clime, and every race of men,
 With revelations fitted to their growth
 And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
 Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
 Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
 The life of man, and given it to grasp
 The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
 Infolds some germs of goodness and of right ;
 Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
 The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
 Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.
 A youth named Rhæcus, wandering in the wood,
 Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,
 And feeling pity of so fair a tree,
 He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,
 And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.
 But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind
 That murmured " Rhæcus !" 'Twas as if the leaves
 Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it
 And, while he paused bewildered, yet again
 It murmured " Rhæcus !" softer than a breeze.
 He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
 What seemed the substance of a happy dream.
 Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
 Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.

It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
"Rhœcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew,
"And with it I am doomed to live and die;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life;
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,
Answered; "What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."
After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,
"I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift;
An hour before the sunset meet me here."
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak,
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And far away upon an emerald slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome whatso'er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,
Like the contented peasant of a vale,
Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them, and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,
When through the room there hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs
As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,
"By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and thrice again
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee,

And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting sun,—
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and, rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darkened well nigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!" close at hand :
Whereat he looked around him, but could see
Naught but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice, "O Rhœcus! nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or night,
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal heart :
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sent'st him back to me with bruised wings.
We spirits only show to gentle eyes ;
We ever ask an undivided love,
And he who scorns the least of Nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."

OUT OF DOORS.

'Tis good to be abroad in the sun,
His gifts abide when day is done ;
Each thing in nature from his cup
Gathers a several virtue up ;
The grace within its being's reach
Becomes the nutriment of each,
And the same life imbibed by all
Makes each most individual :
Here the twig-bending peaches seek
The glow that mantles in their cheek—
Hence comes the Indian-Summer bloom
That hazes round the basking plum,
And, from the same impartial light,
The grass sucks green, the lily white.

Away, unfruitful lore of books,
For whose vain idiom we reject
The spirit's mother-dialect,
Aliens among the birds and brooks,
Dull to interpret or believe
What gospels lost the woods retrieve,

Or what the eaves-dropping violet
 Reports from God, who walketh yet
 His garden in the hush of eve!
 Away, ye pedants city bred,
 Unwise of heart, too wise of head,
 Who handcuff Art with *thus and so*,
 And in each other's footprints tread,
 Like those who walk through drifted snow;

Who, from deep study of brick walls
 Conjecture of the water-falls,
 By six square feet of smoke-stained sky
 Compute those deeps that overlie
 The still tarn's heaven-anointed eye,
 And, in your earthen crucible,
 With chemic tests essay to spell
 How nature works in field and dell!
 Seek we where Shakspeare buried gold?
 Such hands no charmed witch-hazel hold;
 To beach and rock repeats the sea
 The mystic *Open Sesame*;
 Old Greylock's voices not in vain
 Comment on Milton's mountain strain,
 And cunningly the various wind
 Spenser's locked music can unbind.

SPHINX.

But that the soul *is* noble, we
 Could never know what nobleness had been;
 Be what ye dream! and earth shall see
 A greater greatness than she e'er hath seen.

The flower pines not to be fair,
 It never asketh to be sweet and dear,
 But gives itself to sun and air,
 And so is fresh and full from year to year.

All things are circular; the Past
 Was given us to make the Future great;
 And the void Future shall at last
 Be the strong rudder of an after fate.

The meaning of all things in *us*—
 Yea, in the lives we give our souls—doth lie;
 Make, then, their meaning glorious
 By such a life as need not fear to die!

One seed contains another seed,
 And that a third, and so for evermore;
 And promise of as great a deed
 Lies folded in the deed that went before.

God bless the Present! it is ALL;
 It has been Future, and it shall be Past;
 Awake and live! thy strength recall,
 And in one trinity unite them fast.

Action and Life—lo! here the key
 Of all on earth that seemeth dark and wrong;
 Win this—and, with it, freely ye
 May enter that bright realm for which ye long.

“GOE, LITTLE BOOKE!”

Go, little book! the world is wide,
 There's room and verge enough for thee;
 For thou hast learned that only pride
 Lacketh fit opportunity,
 Which comes unbid to modesty.

Go! win thy way with gentleness:
 I send thee forth, my first-born child,
 Quite, quite alone, to face the stress
 Of fickle skies and pathways wild,
 Where few can keep them undefiled.

Thou camest from a poet's heart,
 A warm, still home, and full of rest;
 Far from the pleasant eyes thou art
 Of those who know and love thee best,
 And by whose hearthstones thou wert blest.

Go! knock thou softly at the door
 Where any gentle spirits bin,
 Tell them thy tender feet are sore,
 Wandering so far from all thy kin,
 And ask if thou may enter in.

Beg thou a cup-full from the spring
 Of Charity, in Christ's dear name;
 Few will deny so small a thing,
 Nor ask unkindly if thou came
 Of one whose life might do thee shame.

We all are prone to go astray,
 Our hopes are bright, our lives are dim;
 But thou art pure, and if they say,
 “We know thy father, and our whim
 He pleases not,”—plead thou for him.

For many are by whom all truth
 That speaks not in their mother tongue
 Is stoned to death with hands unruth,
 Or hath its patient spirit wrung
 Cold words and colder looks among.

Yet fear thou not! for skies are fair
 To all whose souls are fair within;

Thou wilt find shelter everywhere
 With those to whom a different skin
 Is not a damning proof of sin.

But, if all others are unkind,
 There's *one* heart whither thou canst fly
 For shelter from the biting wind ;
 And, in that home of purity,
 It were no bitter thing to die.

98.—PROCRASTINATION.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
 The palm, " that all men are about to live,"
 Forever on the brink of being born ;
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
 At least their own ; their future selves applaud ;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's 'vails ;
 That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought,
 Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;

Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found;
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death;
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

99.—THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;
Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.
What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.
What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.
Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound.
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw;
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.
If I am right thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!
Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.
 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath:
 O lead me whereso'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.
 This day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
 And let thy will be done.
 To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
 One chorus let all beings raise
 All nature's incense rise.

100.—SONNETS AND SONGS.

GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.—KEATS.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
 That is the grasshopper's,—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

COME, SLEEP.—SIDNEY.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low.
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts, Despair at me doth throw;
 O make in me those civil wars to cease!
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.—KEATS.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been,
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

OZYMANDIAS.—SHELLEY.

I met a traveler from an antique land,
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

EVENING.—CROLY.

When eve is purpling cliff and cave,
 Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow!
 Not softer on the western wave
 The golden lines of sunset glow.
 Then all by chance or fate removed,
 Like spirits crowd upon the eye,—
 The few we liked, the one we loved,—
 And the whole heart is memory;
 And life is like a fading flower,
 Its beauty dying as we gaze;
 Yet as the shadows round us lower,
 Heaven pours above a brighter blaze.
 When morning sheds its gorgeous dye,
 Our hope, our heart, to earth is given;
 But dark and lonely is the eye
 That turns not, at its eve, to heaven.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.—MILTON.

When I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

WHAT BOOTS THE QUEST?—WORDSWORTH.

Alas! what boots the long, laborious quest
 Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill;
 Or pains abstruse, to elevate the will,
 And lead us on to that transcendent rest
 Where every passion shall the sway attest
 Of reason, seated on her sovereign hill?
 What is it but a vain and curious skill,
 If sapient Germany must lie depressed
 Beneath the brutal sword? Her haughty schools
 Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow say
 A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
 Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
 More for mankind at this unhappy day,
 Than all the pride of intellect and thought?

LAMENT FOR GLENCAIRN.—BURNS

Ye scattered birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal choir!
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honors of the aged year!
 A few short months, and glad and gay,
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me.
 The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee:
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me!

CORONACH.—SCOTT.

He is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain, when our need was the sorest;
 The fount, reappearing, from the rain-drops shall borow,
 But to us comes no cheering, to Duncan no morrow!
 The hand of the reaper takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper wails manhood in glory;
 The autumn winds rushing waft the leaves that are serest,
 But our flower was in flushing when blighting was nearest.—
 Fleet foot on the correi, sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray, how sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain, like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain, thou art gone and forever!

HUMAN FRAILTY.—DRUMMOND.

A good, that never satisfies the mind;
 A beauty fading like the April flowers;
 A sweet, with floods of gall that runs combined;
 A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours;
 An honor, that more fickle is than wind;
 A glory, at opinion's frown that lours;
 A treasury, which bankrupt time devours;
 A knowledge, than grave ignorance more blind;
 A vain delight our equals to command;
 A style of greatness, in effect a dream;
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land;
 A servile lot decked with a pompous name,—
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
 Till wisest Death make us our errors know.

VIRTUE.—HERBERT.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives;
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—WORDSWORTH.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did Sun more beautifully steep,
 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

LOVE.—SHAKESPEARE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments : love is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no ! it is an ever fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CROSSING THE BAR.—TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star
 And one clear call for me !
 And may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea.
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.
 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark !
 And may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark.
 For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

MILTON.—WORDSWORTH.

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour ;
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh, raise us up, return to us again !
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ;
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

BOSOM SIN. — HERBERT.

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round !
 Parents first season us ; then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,—
 Pulpits and Sundays ; sorrow, dogging sin ;
 Afflictions sorted ; anguish of all sizes ;
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in ;
 Bibles laid open ; millions of surprises ;
 Blessings beforehand ; ties of gratefulness ;
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears :
 Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom sin blows quite away.

NEVER AGAIN.—STODDARD.

There are gains for all our losses,
 There are balms for all our pain ;
 But when youth the dream departs,
 It takes something from our hearts,
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
 Under manhood's sterner reign ;
 Still we feel that something sweet
 Followed youth, with flying feet,
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
 And we sigh for it in vain ;
 We seek it everywhere,
 On the earth and in the air,
 But it never comes again !

DISAPPOINTMENT.—LOWELL.

I pray thee call not this society ;
 I asked for bread, thou givest me a stone ;
 I am an hungered, and I find not one
 To give me meat, to joy or grieve with me ;
 I find not here what I went out to see—
 Souls of true men, of women who can move
 The deeper, better part of us to love,
 Souls that can hold with mine communion free.
 Alas ! must then these hopes, these longings high,
 This yearning of the soul for brotherhood,
 And all that makes us pure, and wise, and good,
 Come, broken-hearted, home again to die ?
 No, Hope is left, and prays with bended head,
 "Give us this day, O God, our daily bread !"

CHANGE.—DRUMMOND.

Triumphant chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
 Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth,
 Books heavenly wise in sweet harmonious lays,
 Which men divine unto the world set forth ;
 States, which ambitious minds in blood do raise,
 From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange ;
 Gigantic frames, held wonders rarely strange,—
 Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.
 Nothing is constant but inconstant change :
 What's done is still undone, and, when undone,
 Into some other fashion it doth range.
 Thus goes the floating world beneath the Moon :
 Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
 Rise up, and steps unknown to Nature trace.

THE SKYLARK.—HOGG.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness
 Blest is thy dwelling place,—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth,
 O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,

Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!

SOLITUDE.—KEATS.

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory,—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span: let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human kind
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

WAGES.—TENNYSON.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just, [fly!
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

A SONG FROM THE ARCADIA.—SIDNEY.

Since Nature's works be good, and death doth serve
As Nature's work, why should we fear to die?
Since fear is vain, but when it may preserve;
Why should we fear that which we cannot fly?
Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
Disarming human minds of native might;
While each conceit an ugly figure bears,
Which were not ill, well viewed in reason's light.
Our only eyes, which dimmed with passions be,
And scarce discern the dawn of coming day,
Let them be cleared, and now begin to see,
Our life is but a step in dusty way.
Then let us hold the bliss of peaceful mind,
Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find.

EDMUND BURKE.—GOLDSMITH

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing while they thought of dining ;
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
 For a patriot, too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient ;
 Too fond of the Right to pursue the Expedient :
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

WE'RE OUT OF TUNE.—WORDSWORTH.

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We've given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 The Sea that bares her bosom to the Moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,—
 For this, for everything, we're out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

SEA SONG.—CUNNINGHAM.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast.
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 And hark, the music, mariners !
 The wind is wak'ning loud,
 The wind is wak'ning loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free ;
 The hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

HAND IN HAND.—LOWELL.

My friend, adown Life's valley, hand in hand,
 With grateful change of grave and merry speech
 Or song, our hearts unlocking each to each,
 We'll journey onward to the silent land;
 And when stern Death shall loose that loving band,
 Taking in his cold hand a hand of ours,
 The one shall strew the other's grave with flowers,
 Nor shall his heart a moment be unmanned.
 My friend and brother! if thou goest first,
 Wilt thou no more revisit me below?
 Yea, when my heart seems happy causelessly
 And swells, not dreaming why, as it would burst
 With joy unspeakable—my soul shall know
 That thou, unseen, art bending over me.

OUR LIVES SHOULD WIDEN.—LOWELL.

Why should we ever weary of this life?
 Our souls should widen ever, not contract,
 Grow stronger, and not harder, in the strife,
 Filling each moment with a noble act;
 If we live thus, of vigor all compact,
 Doing our duty to our fellow-men,
 And striving rather to exalt our race
 Than our poor selves, with earnest hand or pen,
 We shall erect our names a dwelling-place
 Which not all ages shall cast down again;
 Offspring of Time shall then be born each hour,
 Which, as of old, earth lovingly shall guard,
 To live forever in youth's perfect flower,
 And guide her future children heavenward.

WORDS.—BARBAULD.

From rosy lips we issue forth,
 From east to west, from north to south,
 Unseen, unfelt, by night, by day,
 Abroad we take our airy way.
 We fasten love, we kindle strife,
 The bitter and the sweet of life.
 Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel,
 Now smooth as oil those wounds we heal.

Not strings of pearl are valued more,
 Nor gems enchased in golden ore;
 Yet thousands of us, every day,
 Worthless and vile, are thrown away.
 Ye wise! secure with gates of brass
 The double doors through which we pass;
 For, once escaped, back to our cell
 Nor art of man can us compel.

Take joy home,
 And make a place in thy great heart for her,
 And give her time to grow, and cherish her;•
 Then will she come and oft will sing to thee,
 When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
 Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.

It is a comely fashion to be glad :
 Joy is the grace we say to God.
 There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned ?
 There is a sacrifice. Lift up thy head :
 The lovely world and the over world alike
 Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede :

"Thy Father loves thee."

—*Jean Ingelow.*

101.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM INAUGURAL ADDRESS, 1861.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose, but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came into his hands, and to transmit it unimpaired by him to his successor.

Why should there not be patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations with His eternal truth and justice be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief, and have with equal wisdom provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon the whole subject—nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time, but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have

the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power if it wanted to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulties.

In your hands, my dissatisfied countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it.

I am about to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have constantly been called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war, seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make

war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish; and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing his bread from the sweat of other men's faces.

But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both should not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's

wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY—FEBRUARY 12, 1809.

All days which are notable should be remembered. The world does well to mark its sense of the importance of such days, for one of the most fatal diseases of the mind is indifference, and hence everything which tends to rouse men out of their indifference is beneficial. The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by young or old. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. His occupation has become associated in our minds with the integrity of the life he lived. In Lincoln there was always some quality that fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart. Instances are given of his honesty, but there are tens of thousands of men as honest as he. The difference is that they are not able to concentrate the ideal of honor as he did. He reveals to us the beauty of plain backwoods honesty. He grew up away from the ethics of the colleges, but he acquired a sense of honesty as high and noble as the most refined of the teachers of ethics could comprehend.

David Swing.

MAJESTIC IN HIS INDIVIDUALITY.

Human glory is often fickle as the winds, and transient as a summer day, but Abraham Lincoln's place in history is assured. All the symbols of this world's admiration are his. He is embalmed in song; recorded in history; eulogized in panegyric; cast in bronze; sculptured in marble; painted on canvas; enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and lives in the memories of mankind. Some men are brilliant in their times, but their words and deeds are of little worth to history; but his mission was as large as his country, vast as humanity, enduring as time. No greater thought can ever enter the human mind than obedience to law and freedom for all. Some men are not honored by their contemporaries, and die neglected. Here is one more honored than any other man while living, more revered when dying, and destined to be loved to the last syllable of recorded time. He has this three-fold greatness,—great in life, great in death, great in the his-

tory of the world. Lincoln will grow upon the attention and affections of posterity, because he saved the life of the greatest nation, whose ever-widening influence is to bless humanity. Measured by this standard, Lincoln shall live in history from age to age.

Great men appear in groups, and in groups they disappear from the vision of the world ; but we do not love or hate men in groups. We speak of Gutenberg and his coadjutors, of Washington and his generals, of Lincoln and his cabinet : but when the day of judgment comes, we crown the inventor of printing ; we place the laurel on the brow of the father of his country, and the chaplet of renown upon the head of the saviour of the Republic.

Some men are great from the littleness of their surroundings ; but he only is great who is great amid greatness. Lincoln had great associates.—Seward, the sagacious diplomatist ; Chase, the eminent financier ; Stanton, the incomparable Secretary of War ; with illustrious Senators and soldiers. Neither could take his part nor fill his position. And the same law of the coming and going of great men is true of our own day. In piping times of peace, genius is not aflame, and true greatness is not apparent ; but when the crisis comes, then God lifts the curtain from obscurity, and reveals the man for the hour.

Lincoln stands forth on the page of history, unique in his character, and majestic in his individuality. Like Milton's angel, he was an original conception. He was raised up for his times. He was a leader of leaders. By instinct the common heart trusted in him. He was of the people and for the people. He had been poor and laborious ; but greatness did not change the tone of his spirit, or lessen the sympathies of his nature. His character was strangely symmetrical. He was temperate, without austerity ; brave, without rashness ; constant, without obstinacy. His love of justice was only equalled by his delight in compassion. His regard for personal honor was only excelled by love of country. His self-abnegation found its highest expression in the public good. His integrity was never questioned. His honesty was above suspicion. He was more solid than brilliant ; his judgment dominated his imagination ; his ambition was subject to his modesty, and his love of justice held the mastery over all personal considerations. Not excepting Washington, who inherited wealth and high social position, Lincoln is the fullest representative American in our national annals. He had

touched every round in the human ladder. He illustrated the possibilities of our citizenship. We are not ashamed of his humble origin. We are proud of his greatness. *J. P. Newman.*

LINCOLN, THE TENDER HEARTED.

His biography is written in blood and tears; uncounted millions arise and call him blessed; a redeemed and reunited republic is his monument. History embalms the memory of Richard the Lion-Hearted; here, too, our martyr finds royal sepulture as Lincoln the tender-hearted.

He was brave. While assassins swarmed in Washington, he went everywhere, without guard or arms. He was magnanimous. He harbored no grudge, nursed no grievance; was quick to forgive, and was anxious for reconciliation. Hear him appealing to the South: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle field and patriot grave to every loving heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

He was compassionate. With what joy he brought liberty to the enslaved. He was forgiving. In this respect he was strikingly suggestive of the Saviour. He was great. Time will but augment the greatness of his name and fame. Perhaps a greater man never ruled in this or any other nation. He was good and pure and incorruptible. He was a patriot; he loved his country; he poured out his soul unto death for it. He was human, and thus touched the chord that makes the whole world kin.

H. W. Bolton.

GREATNESS OF HIS SIMPLICITY.

He was uneducated, as that term goes to-day, and yet he gave statesmen and educators things to think about for a hundred years to come. Beneath the awkward, angular and diffident frame beat one of the noblest, largest, tenderest hearts that ever swelled in aspiration for truth, or longed to accomplish a freeman's duty. He might have lacked in that acute analysis which knows the "properties of matter," but he knew the passions, emotions, and weaknesses of men; he knew their motives. He had the genius to mine men and strike easily the rich ore of human nature. He was poor in this world's goods, and I prize gratefully a fac-simile letter

lying among the treasures of my study written by Mr. Lincoln to an old friend, requesting the favor of a small loan, as he had entered upon that campaign of his that was not done until death released the most steadfast hero of that cruel war. Men speculate as to his religion. It was the religion of the seer, the hero, the patriot, and the lover of his race and time. Amid the political idiocy of the times, the corruption in high places, the dilettante culture, the vaporings of wild and helpless theorists, in this swamp of political quagmire, O Lincoln, it is refreshing to think of thee !

H. A. Delano.

HIS CHOICE AND HIS DESTINY.

As God appeared to Solomon and Joseph in dreams to urge them to make wise choices for the power of great usefulness, so it would appear that in their waking dreams the Almighty appeared to such history-making souls as Paul and Constantine, Alfred the Great, Washington, and Lincoln. It was the commonest kind of a life this young Lincoln was living on the frontier of civilization, but out of that commonest kind of living came the uncommonest kind of character of these modern years, the sublimest liberative power in the history of freedom. Lincoln felt there, as a great awkward boy, that God and history had something for him to do. He dreamed his destiny. He chose to champion the cause of the oppressed. He vowed that when the chance came he would deal slavery a hard blow. When he came to his high office, he came with a character which had been fitting itself for its grave responsibilities. He had been making wise choices on the great questions of human rights, of national union, of constitutional freedom, of universal brotherhood.

F. M. Bristol.

LINCOLN AS CAVALIER AND PURITAN.

The virtues and traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of their first revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both, and stronger than either, took possession of the Republic bought by their common blood and fashioned in wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men free government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God. Great types like valuable plants are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical

American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing his traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in the common glory we shall win as Americans, there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

H. W. Grady.

102.—DIVIDED.

JEAN INGELow.

I.

An empty sky, a world of heather,
 Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
 We two among them wading together,
 Shaking out honey, treading perfume.
 Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
 Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
 Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
 Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.
 Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
 Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
 'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
 Lightly settle and sleepily swing.
 We two walk till the purple dieth
 And short dry grass under foot is brown,
 But one little streak at a distance lieth
 Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
 And God He knoweth how blithe we were!
 Never a voice to bid us eschew it:
 Hey the green ribbon that showeth so fair!

Hey the green ribbon ! we kneeled beside it,
 We parted the grasses dewy and sheen ;
 Drop over drop there filtered and slid
 A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
 Light was our talk as of faery bells—
 Faery wedding-bells faintly rung to us
 Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
 We lapped the grass on that youngling spring
 Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
 And said, " Let us follow its westerling."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
 Circling above us the black rooks fly
 Forward, backward ; lo, their dark shadows
 Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck, for her long grass parteth
 As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back ;
 And, lo, the sun like a lover darteth
 His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on ! we sing in the glorious weather
 Till one steps over the tiny strand,
 So narrow, in sooth, that still together,
 On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.
 On either margin, our songs all done,
 We move apart, while she singeth ever,
 Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, " Come over "—I may not follow ;
 I cry, " Return "—but he cannot come :
 We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow ;
 Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
 A little talking of outward things :
 The careless beck is a merry dancer,
 Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider ;
 " Cross to me now—for her wavelets swell ;"
 " I may not cross"—and the voice beside her
 Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path ; ah ! no returning ;
 No second crossing the ripple's flow :
 " Come to me now, for the west is burning ;
 Come ere it darkens ;"—" Ah, no ! ah, no !"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
 The beck grows wider and swift and deep;
 Passionate words as of one beseeching—
 The loud beck drowns them; we walk, and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
 A tired queen with her state oppressed,
 Low by rushes and swordgrass stooping,
 Lies she soft on the waves at rest.
 The desert heavens have felt her sadness!
 Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
 The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
 And goeth stilly as soul that fears.
 We two walk on in our grassy places
 On either marge of the moonlit flood,
 With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
 Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
 A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
 A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
 A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.
 Bare glassy slopes, where kids are tethered;
 Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined;
 Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
 Swell high in their freckled robes behind.
 A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver
 When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide:
 A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
 The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.
 Broad and white, and polished as silver,
 On she goes under fruit-laden trees;
 Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
 And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.
 Glitters the dew and shines the river,
 Up comes the lily and dries her bell;
 But two are walking apart forever,
 And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
 The river hasteth, her banks recede:
 Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
 Bear down the lily and drown the reed.
 Stately prows are rising and bowing,
 (Shouts of mariners winnow the air,)
 And level sands for banks endowing
 The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
 And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
 How hard to follow with lips that quiver,
 That moving speck on the far-off side.

Farther, farther—I see it—know it—
 My eyes brim over, it melts away:
 Only my heart to my heart shall show it
 As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
 A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
 I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
 Yea, better—e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river,
 The awful river so dread to see,
 I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth for ever
 Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

103.—THE TEACHERS OF MANKIND.

LORD BROUGHAM.

There is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with than what is termed the "march of intellect;" and here I will confess, that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect, expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy of all improvement.

The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war"—banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded and the lamentations for the slain.

Not thus the school-master, in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution; he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots all the weeds of vice.

His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a

march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable, than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won. Such men—men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind—I have found laboring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone.

I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded but enslaved Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their number everywhere abounds, and is every day increasing.

Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course, awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises, and resting from his labors, bequeathes his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating "one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy."

104.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,

By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,

And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,

Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;

'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way

To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young.

I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,

And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.
 "Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn!"
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,—
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

105.—THE BOY.

N. P. WILLIS.

There's something in a noble boy,
 A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
 With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
 His dread of books and love of fun,
 And in his clear and ready smile,
 Unshaded by a thought of guile,
 And unrepressed by sadness,
 Which brings me to my childhood back,
 As if I trod its very track
 And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,
 When every trace of thought is lost,
 And not when you would call him gay,
 That his bright presence thrills me most.
 His shout may ring upon the hill,
 His voice be echoed in the hall,
 His merry laugh like music trill,
 And I in sadness hear it all;
 For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
 I scarcely notice such things now.

But when, amid the earnest game,
 He stops, as if he music heard,
 And, heedless of his shouted name
 As of the carol of a bird,
 Stands gazing on the empty air,
 As if some dream were passing there:
 'Tis then that on his face I look—
 His beautiful but thoughtful face—
 And, like a long-forgotten book,
 Its sweet familiar meanings trace,—
 Remembering a thousand things
 Which passed me on those golden wings,
 Which time has fettered now—
 Things that came o'er me with a thrill,

And left me silent, sad, and still.
 And threw upon my brow
 A holier and a gentler cast,
 That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thoughts upon a child
 Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
 And when his pulse is beating wild,
 And life itself is in excess—
 When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
 Are all with ardor straining high—
 How in his heart will spring
 A feeling whose mysterious thrall
 Is stronger, sweeter far than all!
 And on its silent wing,
 How, with the clouds, he'll float away,
 As wandering and as lost as they!

106.—NATIONAL GLORY.

HENRY CLAY.

We are asked, "What have we gained by the war?" I have shown that we have lost nothing in rights, territory, or honor; nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country before the war, the scorn of the civilized world, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war. What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and constitution are placed on a solid basis, never to be shaken.

The glory acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land—is that nothing? True, we had our vicissitudes: there were humiliating events which the patriot cannot review without deep regret—but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favor. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea, whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, national glory, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds—to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? Whilst the Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies to her delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day will stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil. Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But, I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance.

107.—THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

 I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of skyey bowers
 Lightning, my pilot, sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls by fits;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead;
As, on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings,
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair
Is the million colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,—
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

108.—REPLY TO WALPOLE.

LORD CHATHAM.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided.

The wretch, who, after seeing the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to choose my own

language ; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modeled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply, that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator, and a villain ;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves.

I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves,—nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment ; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure : the heat that offended them, is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

109.—CUBES AND SPHERES.

O. W. HOLMES.

When we are as yet small children, there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold,—TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L, I, E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world ; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all ; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which

stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood, and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behavior, all insisting that truth must *roll*, or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.

The schoolmistress was polite enough to say that she was pleased with this, and that she would read it to her little flock the next day. But she should tell the children, she said, that there were better reasons for truth than could be found in the mere experience of its convenience, and of the inconvenience of lying.

"Autocrat."

110.—GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

W. WORDSWORTH.

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?

What is't that ails young Harry Gill?

That evermore his teeth they chatter,

Chatter, chatter, chatter still?

Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,

Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;

He has a blanket on his back,

And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and July,

'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;

The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,

His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

At night, at morning, and at noon,

'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;

Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,

His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,

And who so stout of limb as he?

His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,

His voice was like the voice of three.

Auld Goody Blake was old and poor,

Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;

And any man who passed her door,

Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,
And then her three hours' work at night!
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,
Her hut was on a cold hill-side,
And in that country coals are dear,
For they come far by wind and tide.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage,
But she, poor woman, dwelt alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer day;
Then, at her door the canty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
O! then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dread;
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scattered many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring,
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vow'd that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again!—on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake!
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried "I've caught you, then, at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm,—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter;
And blankets were about him pinned:
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say 'tis plain,
That live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
 Abed or up, to young or old;
 But ever to himself he mutters,
 "Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
 Abed or up, by night or day,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still:
 Now think, ye farmers all, I pray
 Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

III.—POEMS FROM BRYANT.

THE CROWDED STREET.

Let me move slowly through the street,
 Filled with an ever-shifting train,
 Amid the sound of steps that beat
 The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
 How fast the flitting figures come!
 The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
 Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and **some**
 Where secret tears have left their trace.
 They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
 To halls in which the feast is spread;
 To chambers where the funeral guest
 In silence sits beside the dead.
 And some to happy homes repair,
 Where children, pressing cheek to **cheek**,
 With mute caresses shall declare
 The tenderness they cannot speak.
 And some, who walk in calmness here,
 Shall shudder as they reach the door
 Where one who made their dwelling dear,
 Its flower, its light, is seen no more.
 Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
 And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
 Goest thou to build an early name,
 Or early in the task to die?
 Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
 Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
 Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
 Or melt the glittering spires in air?
 Who of this crowd to night shall tread
 The dance till daylight gleam again?
 Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
 Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
 The cold dark hours, how slow the light!
 And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
 Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
 They pass, and heed each other not.
 There is who heeds, who holds them all,
 In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life that seem
 In wayward, aimless course to tend,
 Are eddies of the mighty stream
 That rolls to its appointed end.

THE EVENING WIND.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow :
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattered high their spray
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight ;
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth,
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
 The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast :
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep :
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more ;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore ;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ? [stood
A'as ! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague
on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade,
and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill, [still,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side :
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THE PAST.

Thou unrelenting Past !
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws us to the ground,
And last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again ;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her, who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies,
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month ! in praise of thee ;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat ;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

THOSE GLORIOUS STARS.

I would not always reason. The straight path
Wearies us with its never varying lines,
And we grow melancholy. I would make
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
Patiently by the wayside, while I traced
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around me. She should be my counsellor,
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than hers,
And there are motions, in the mind of man,
That she must look upon with awe. I bow
Reverently to her dictates, but not less
Hold to the fair illusions of old time—
Illusions that shed brightness over life,
And glory over nature. Look, even now,
Where two bright planets in the twilight meet,
Upon the saffron heaven,—the imperial star

Of Jove, and she that from her radiant urn
 Pours forth the light of love. Let me believe,
 Awhile, that they are met for ends of good,
 Amid the evening glory, to confer
 Of men and their affairs, and to shed down
 Kind influence. Lo! they brighten as we gaze,
 And shake out softer fires! The great earth feels
 The gladness and the quiet of the time.
 Meekly the mighty river, that infolds
 This mighty city, smoothes his front, and far
 Glitters and burns even to the rocky base
 Of the dark heights that bound him to the west;
 And a deep murmur, from the many streets,
 Rises like a thanksgiving. Put we hence
 Dark and sad thoughts awhile—there's time for them
 Hereafter—on the morrow we will meet,
 With melancholy looks, to tell our griefs,
 And make each other wretched; this calm hour,
 This balmy, blessed evening, we will give
 To cheerful hopes and dreams of happy days,
 Born of the meeting of those glorious stars.

Emblems of power and beauty! well may they
 Shine brightest on our borders, and withdraw
 Towards the great Pacific, marking out
 The path of empire. Thus, in our own land,
 Ere long, the better Genius of our race
 Shall sit him down beneath the farthest west,
 By the shore of that calm ocean, and look back
 On realms made happy.

112.—TAULER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Tauler, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
 Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
 Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;
 As one who, wandering in a starless night,
 Feels momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,
 And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
 Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same
 Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
 Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
 Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!
 Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
 Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then as he mused, he heard along his path
 A sound as of an old man's staff among

The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said,
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid

His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not His life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to His will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not; this I know,—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps His Divinity. So where I go
He goes: and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:
"My prayer is answered. God has sent the man
Long sought, to teach me by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
 The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
 A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
 Which tracing backward till its airy lines
 Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
 O'er broad facade and lofty pediment,
 O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
 Up the stone lace-work chiseled by the wise
 Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
 In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,
 Jeweled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
 Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,
 "The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.
 As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
 The dark triangle of its shade alone
 When the clear day is shining on its top,
 So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
 Is but the shadow of God's providence,
 By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
 And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

113.—IF I WERE A VOICE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
 That could travel the wide world through,
 I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
 And speak to men with a gentle might,
 And tell them to be true.

I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea
 Wherever a human heart might be,
 Telling a tale, or singing a song,
 In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
 I'd fly on the wings of air;
 The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
 And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
 To save them from despair.

I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
 And drop like the happy sunlight down
 Into the hearts of suffering men,
 And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
 I'd seek the kings of earth;
 I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
 And whisper words that should guide them right,—
 Lessons of priceless worth.

I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard,—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty!"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.

I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice,—
If I were a voice, an immortal voice.

114.—THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Will anybody deny that the Government at Washington, as regards its own people, is the strongest Government in the world at this hour? And for this simple reason: because it is based on the will, and the good will, of an instructed people. Look at its power! I am not now discussing why it is, or the cause which is developing this power; but power is the thing which men regard in these old countries, and which they ascribe mainly to European institutions; but look at the power which the United States have developed! They have brought more men into the field, they have built more ships for their navy, they have shown greater resources than any nation in Europe at this moment is capable of. Look, also, at the quiet which has prevailed at their elections, at which you may see far less disorder than you have seen lately in three of the smallest boroughs in England. Look at their industry. Notwithstanding this terrific struggle, their agriculture, their manufactures and commerce proceed with an uninterrupted success. They are ruled by a President, chosen, it is true, not from some worn-out royal or noble blood, but from the people, and the one whose truthfulness and spotless honor have claimed him universal praise; and now the country that has been vilified through half the organs of the press in England during the last three years, and was pointed out, too, as an example to be shunned by many of your statesmen, that country, now in mortal strife, affords a haven and a home for multitudes flying from the burdens and the neglect of the old governments of Europe; and, when this mortal strife is over—when peace is

restored, when slavery is destroyed, when the Union is cemented afresh, then Europe and England may learn that an instructed democracy is the surest foundation of government, and that education and freedom are the only sources of true greatness and true happiness among any people. 1863.

115.—BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

'Twas on a summer evening,
 Old Kasper's work was done,
 And he, before his cottage door,
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green,
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 In playing there, had found;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about;
 And often when I go to plow,
 The plowshare turns them out!
 For many thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin, he cries;
 While little Wilhelmine looks up,
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kasper cried,
 "Who put the French to rout,
 But what they kill'd each other for,
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory.

- "My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream, hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So, with his wife and child, he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.
 "With fire and sword, the country round
 Was wasted, far and wide;
 And many a nursing mother then,
 And new-born baby died;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.
 "They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.
 "Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won
 And our young prince, Eugene."
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory.
 "And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 "But what good came of it, at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I can not tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

116.—THE PASSAGE.

UHLAND.

Many a year is in its grave
 Since I crossed this restless wave,
 And the evening fair as ever,
 Shines on ruin, rock, and river.
 Then, in this same boat, beside,
 Sat two comrades, true and tried;
 One with all a father's truth,
 One with all the fire of youth.
 One on earth in silence wrought,
 And his grave in silence sought;
 But the younger, brighter form,
 Passed in battle and in storm

So, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those days of yore—
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee!—
Take, I give it willingly—
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

117.—SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS.

USES OF POETRY AND ART.

If we wish men to practise virtue, it is worth while trying to make them love virtue, and feel it an object in itself, and not a tax paid for leave to pursue other objects. It is worth training them to feel not only actual wrong and meanness, but the absence of noble aims and endeavors, as not merely blamable but also degrading; to have a feeling of the miserable smallness of mere self in the face of this great Universe, of the collective mass of our fellow creatures—in the face of past history and of the indefinite future; the poorness and insignificance of human life, if it is to be all spent in making things comfortable for ourselves and our kin, and raising ourselves and them a step or two on the social ladder. Now, of this elevated tone of mind the great source of inspiration is Poetry, and all literature so far as it is poetical and artistic. We may imbibe exalted feelings from Plato, or Demosthenes, or Tacitus, but it is in so far as those great men are not solely philosophers, or orators, or historians, but poets and artists. Nor is it only loftiness, only the heroic feelings, that are bred by poetic cultivation. Its power is as great in calming the soul as in elevating it—in fostering the milder emotions, as the more exalted. It brings home to us all those aspects of life which take hold of our nature on its unselfish side, and lead us to identify our joy and grief with the good or ill of the system of which we form a part, and all those solemn or pensive feelings which, without having any direct application to conduct, incline us to take life seriously, and predispose us to the recep

tion of any thing which comes before us in the shape of duty. Who does not feel a better man after a course of Dante, or of Wordsworth, or after brooding over Gray's Elegy, or Shelley's Hymn to Intellectual Beauty?

John Stuart Mill.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

If the choice were necessary, I would, sir, prefer my blindness to yours. Yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience: mine keeps from my view only the colored surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there, besides, which I would not willingly see! how many which I must see, against my will! and how few which I feel any anxiety to see! There is, as the apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me, then, be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as, in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the light of the Divine presence more clearly shines: then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong, and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see.

BOOKS AND READING.

All readers are not critical. There are still some who are willing to be pleased, and thankful for being pleased, and who do not think it necessary that they should be able to *parse* their pleasure, like a lesson, and give a rule or a reason why they are pleased, or why they ought not to be pleased. There are still readers who have never read an Essay upon Taste—and if they take my advice they never will, for they can no more improve their taste by so doing than they could improve their appetite or their digestion by studying a cookery book. Young readers, you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor incrustated by the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you. Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that

self government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue—and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title page! Throw it into the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend!—young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase! *Robert Southey.*

WORDSWORTH ON POETRY.

Aristotle has said that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing. It is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion—truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of Man and Nature. The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, that “he looks before and after.” He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs; in spite of things silently gone out of

mind, and things violently destroyed ; the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole Earth and over all time. The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere ; though the eyes and senses of men are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of Man. If the time should ever come when what is now called science shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.

USE AND WORTH OF KNOWLEDGE.

Men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite ; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight ; sometimes for ornament and reputation ; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction ; and most times for lucre and profession ; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men : as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit ; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect ; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon ; or a fort or commanding ground, for strife and contention ; or a shop, for profit or sale ; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.

We see how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter ; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have decayed and been demolished ? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years ; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but lose of the life and truth. But the images of men's wit and knowledge remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions

and opinions in succeeding ages. So that, if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!

Francis Bacon.

MEMORY AND THE MUSES.

Time and education beget experience; experience begets memory; memory begets judgment and fancy; judgment begets the strength and structure, and fancy begets the ornaments, of a poem. The ancients therefore fabled not absurdly in making Memory the mother of the Muses. For memory is the world, though not really, yet so as in a looking glass, in which the judgment, the severer sister, busieth herself in a grave and rigid examination of all the parts of Nature, and in registering by letters their order, causes, uses, differences and resemblances; whereby the fancy, when any work of art is to be performed, finds her materials at hand and prepared for use, and needs no more than a swift motion over them, that what she wants, and is there to be had, may not lie too long unespied. That which giveth a poem the true and natural color consisteth in two things, which are, *to know well*, that is, to have images of Nature in the memory distinct and clear, and *to know much*. A sign of the first is perspicuity, propriety and decency, which delights all sorts of men, either by instructing the ignorant or soothing the learned in their knowledge. A sign of the latter is novelty of expression, and pleaseth by excitation of the mind, for novelty causeth admiration, and admiration curiosity, which is a delightful appetite of knowledge.

Thomas Hobbes.

REFLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

For myself, if things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too well known. The feast of fancy will be over with the feeling of independence. It is a bitter thought: but, if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me. What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself. Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is

one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy—the honored? I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be.

OF STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business: for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and

digested ; that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man, and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Francis Bacon.

THE LORD HELPETH MAN AND BEAST..

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander, the Macedonian, came to a people in Africa who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him dates, figs, and bread. At the close of their conversation two citizens entered as into their court of justice. The plaintiff said, "I bought of this man a piece of land, and, as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I bargained only for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it, and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it." The defendant answered, "I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively." The chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright ; then, after some reflection, said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?" "Yes !" "And thou," addressing the other, "a daughter?" "Yes !" "Well then, let them be married, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage portion." Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence unjust?" the chief asked him. "O, no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me." "And how, then," rejoined the chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?" "To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both parties into custody, and have seized the treasure for the king's use." "For the king's use !" exclaimed the chief,

greatly astonished. "Does the sun shine on that country?" "O, yes!" "Does it rain there?" "Assuredly." "Wonderful! but are there tame animals in the country that live on the grass and green herbs?" "Very many, and of many kinds." "Ay, that must be the cause," said the chief, "for the sake of those innocent animals, the All gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country." *Coleridge.*

SENSUAL DELIGHTS LOWEST.

In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are the sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination, and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connection and symmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order and truth. Hence I regard our schools and universities not only as nurseries of men for the service of Church and State, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

LIFE BEFORE THE FLOOD.

I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world, that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How could these seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly and been at a loss to resolve it, but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's milk, and a dozen good-sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute;

we settle the point ; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt ; I bring home the prey ; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent ; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipped through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow.

William Cowper.

118.—THE CHARMER.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Socrates.—However, you and Simmias appear to me as if you wished to sift this subject more thoroughly, and to be afraid, like children, lest, on the soul's departure from the body, winds should blow it away. **

Upon this Cebes said, "Endeavor to teach us better, Socrates. ** Perhaps there is a childish spirit in our breast, that has such a dread. Let us endeavor to persuade him not to be afraid of death, as of hobgoblins."

"But you must *charm* him every day," said Socrates, "until you have quieted his fears."

"But whence, O Socrates," he said, "can we procure a skillful charmer for such a case, now *you* are about to leave us?"

"Greece is wide, Cebes," he replied ; "and in it surely there are skillful men, and there are also many barbarous nations, all of which you should search, seeking such a charmer, sparing neither money nor toil, as there is nothing on which you can more reasonably spend your money."—*Plato.*

"We need that Charmer, for our hearts are sore
With longing for the things that may not be ;
Faint for the friends that shall return no more ;
Dark with distrust, or wrung with agony.

"What is this life ? and what to us is death ?
Whence came we ? whither go ? and where are those
Who, in a moment stricken from our side,
Passed to that land of shadow and repose ?

"Are they all dust ? and dust must we become ?
Or are they living in some unknown clime ?
Shall we regain them in that far-off home,
And live anew beyond the waves of time ?

"O man divine ! on thee our souls have hung ;
Thou wert our teacher in these questions high ;
But, ah, this day divides thee from our side,
And veils in dust thy kindly-guiding eye.

"Where is that Charmer whom thou bid'st us seek?
 On what far shores may his sweet voice be heard?
 When shall these questions of our yearning souls
 Be answered by the bright eternal word?"

So spake the youth of Athens, weeping round,
 When Socrates lay calmly down to die;
 So spake the sage, prophetic of the hour
 When earth's fair Morning Star should rise on high.

They found him not, those youths of soul divine,
 Long seeking, wandering, watching on life's shore—
 Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light,
 Death came and found them—doubting as before.

But years passed on; and lo! the Charmer came—
 Pure, simple, sweet, as comes the silver dew;
 And the world knew him not—he walked alone,
 Encircled only by his trusting few.

Like the Athenian sage rejected, scorned,
 Betrayed, condemned, his day of doom drew nigh;
 He drew his faithful few more closely round,
 And told them that *his* hour was come to die.

"Let not your heart be troubled," then he said;
 "My Father's house hath mansions large and fair;
 I go before you to prepare your place;
 I will return to take you with me there."

And since that hour the awful foe is charmed,
 And life and death are glorified and fair.
 Whither he went we know—the way we know—
 And with firm step press on to meet him *there*.

119.—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
 And every loved spot that my infancy knew!
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well:
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
 For often at noon, when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell!
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
 As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
 Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
 And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well:
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, that hangs in the well.

120.—TRUE SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

EDWARD HITCHCOCK.

I am far from maintaining that science is a sufficient guide
 to religion. On the other hand, if left to itself, as I fully admit,

It leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.

Nor do I maintain that scientific truth, even when properly
 appreciated, will compare at all, in its influence upon the human
 mind, with those peculiar and higher truths disclosed by Reve-
 lation. All I contend for is, that scientific truth, illustrating
 as it does the Divine character, plans and government, ought
 to fan and feed the flame of true piety in the heart of its culti-
 vators. He, therefore, who knows the most of science, ought
 most powerfully to feel this religious influence. He is not con-
 fined, like the great mass of men, to the outer court of Nature's
 magnificent temple; but he is admitted to the interior, and
 allowed to trace its long halls, aisles and galleries, and gaze
 upon its lofty domes and arches; nay, as a priest, he enters the
penetralia, the holy of holies, where sacred fire is always burn-
 ing upon the altars; where hovers the glorious Shekinah; and
 where, from a full orchestra, the anthem of praise is ever
 ascending. Petrified, indeed, must be his heart, if it catches
 none of the inspiration of such a spot. He ought to go forth
 from it among his fellow-men, with radiant glory on his face,
 like Moses from the holy mount. He who sees most of God
 in His works ought to show the stamp of Divinity upon his
 character, and lead an eminently holy life.

Yet it is only a few gifted and adventurous minds that are able, from some advanced mountain-top, to catch a glimpse of the entire stream of truth, formed by the harmonious union of all principles, and flowing on majestically into the boundless ocean of all knowledge, the Infinite Mind. But when the Christian philosopher shall be permitted to resume the study of science in a future world, with powers of investigation enlarged and clarified, and all obstacles removed, he will be able to trace onward the various ramifications of truth, till they unite into higher and higher principles, and become one in that centre of centres, the Divine Mind. That is the ocean from which all truth originally sprang, and to which it ultimately returns. To trace out the shores of that shoreless Sea, to measure its measureless extent, and to fathom its unfathomable depths, will be the noble and the joyous work of eternal ages. And yet eternal ages may pass by, and see the work only begun!

121.—MILITARY SUPREMACY DANGEROUS.

HENRY CLAY.

Recall to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

Gone glimmering through the mist of things that were,
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour.

And how lost they their liberties? If we could transport ourselves to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and mingling in the throng should ask a Grecian if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain covered with glory—some Philip or Alexander—would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim: “No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal.” If a Roman citizen had been asked if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; and Cæsar passed the Rubicon.

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit not only of our country but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest, portion of it is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of Legitimacy is ~~sub-~~

pended over the world, save only one bright spot, **which breaks** out from the political hemisphere of the West, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden the human heart.

Observe that, by the downfall of liberty here, all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. 'To us belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character, the liberty of our country. Do we expect to execute this high trust by trampling down the law, justice, the Constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition? Let us beware, then, how we give our fatal sanction to military insubordination. Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and we must avoid the mistakes which these nations made, if we would escape the rock on which they met their doom.

122.—ROLL-CALL.

N. G. SHEPHERD.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;

"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,

From the lips of the soldier who stood near--

And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—

This time no answer followed the call;

Only his rear man had seen him fall,

Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,

These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,

As plain to be read as open books,

While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood.

And down in the corn where the poppies grew

Were redder stains than the poppies knew;

And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side

That day, in the face of a murderous fire

That swept them down in its terrible ire;

And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came

Two stalwart soldiers into the line,

Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,

Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"
 "Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied,
 They were brothers, these two; the sad winds sighed,
 And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.
 "Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
 "Deane carried our Regiment's colors," he said;
 "Where our Ensign was shot, I left him dead,
 Just after the enemy wavered and broke.
 "Close to the roadside his body lies;
 I paused a moment and gave him drink;
 He murmured his mother's name, I think,
 And Death came with it and closed his eyes."
 'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
 For that company's roll, when called at night,
 Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
 Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"

123.—BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

LORD BYRON.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell.
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
 Did ye not hear it?—No! 'Twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!
 Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And tremblings and distresses,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who would guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn should rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,

Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come! they come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
 The morn, the marshaling in arms—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent.

124.—THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

E. C. HOWARTH.

Thou wilt never grow old,
 Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth.
 My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
 In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.
 O holy and fair! I rejoice thou art there,
 In that kingdom of light with its cities of gold,
 Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
 Thou wilt never grow old, love,
 Never grow old!

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin
 Haunting my footsteps wherever I go ;
 Life is a warfare my title to win ;
 Well will it be if it end not in woe.
 Pray for me, sweet: I am laden with care ;
 Dark are my garments with mildew and mold :
 Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
 And wilt never grow old, love,
 Never grow old!

Now canst thou hear from thy home in the skies
 All the fond words I am whispering to thee?
 Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes
 That greeted me oft ere thy spirit was free?

So I believe, though the shadows of time
 Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold:
Thou wilt still love me, and—pleasure sublime!—
 Thou wilt never grow old, love,
 Never grow old!

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,
 Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven:
Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day
 Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted in heaven.
O holy and fair! I rejoice thou art there,
 In that kingdom of light with its cities of gold,
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
 Thou wilt never grow old, love,
 Never grow old!

125.—OUR HONORED DEAD.

H. W. BEECHER.

How bright are the honors which await those who, with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have endured all things that they might save their native land from division and from the power of corruption. The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. There is to be, ere long, in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes. Tablets shall preserve their names. Pious love shall renew their inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army, of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism? Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son; but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed,

appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he was yours: now he is ours. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected, and it shall by-and-by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and suffering. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Oh, mother of lost children! sit not in darkness, nor sorrow whom a nation honors. Oh, mourners of the early dead, they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives. And when a few more days shall have cleared the perils from around the nation's brow, and she shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.

126.—THE DRUMMER BOY.

CRIMEAN WAR.

"Captain Grey, the men were sayin'
 Ye would want a drummer lad,
 So I've brought you my boy Sandie,
 Though my heart is wofu' sad;
 But nae bread is left to feed us,
 And nae siller to buy more,
 For the gudeman sleeps forever
 Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, make your manners quickly,
 Play your blithest measure true—
 Gie us 'Flowers of Edinboro,'
 While yon fifer plays it too.

Captain, heard ye e'er a player
Beat in truer time than he?"

"Nay, in truth! brave Sandie Murray
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I gie ye thanks—but, Captain, maybe
Ye will hae a kindly care

For the friendless, lonely laddie,

When the battle wark is sair:

For Sandie's aye been gude and gentle,

And I've nothing else to love,

Nothing—but the grave off yonder,

And the Father up above."

Then her rough hand gently laying

On the curl-encircled head,

She blessed her boy. The tent was silent,

Not another word was said;

For Captain Grey was sadly dreaming

Of a benison long ago

Breathed above his head then golden,

Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mother.

I'll come back some summer day;

Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers

Ever: do they, Captain Grey?

One more kiss—watch for me, mother,

You will know 'tis surely me

Coming home—for you will hear me

Playing soft the reveille."

* * * * *

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly

Seemed to blink in strange affright,

As the scudding clouds before them

Shadowed faces dead and white;

And the night wind softly whispered,

When low moans its light wing bore—

Moans that ferried spirits over

Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless

Might go plashing down in blood,

Or a helpless hand lie grasping

Death and daisies from the sod—

Captain Grey walked swiftly onward,

While a faintly-beaten drum

Quickened heart and step together:

"Sandie Murray! See, I come!

"Is it thus I find you, laddie?

Wounded, lonely, lying here,

Playing thus the reveille?

See—the morning is not near."

A moment paused the drummer boy,
And lifted up his drooping head:
"Oh, Captain Grey, the light is coming;
'Tis morning, and my prayers are said.
"Morning! See, the plains grow brighter—
Morning—and I'm going home;
That is why I play the measure.
Mother will not see me come;
But you'll tell her, won't you, Captain—"
Hush! the boy has spoken true;
To him the day has dawned forever,
Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

127.—THE STREAM OF LIFE.

BISHOP HEBER.

Life bears us on like the current of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of the earth and its inhabitants; and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.

And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days, when the days which have gone by have so strangely and so uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience that the

Or shall we not rather lay aside
 every worldly and every sin which doth most easily beset us,
 and henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who
 have no certain inheritance but in the hope of a better world,
 and so we know even that world would be worse than hopeless if
 we were not for Him who died for man's redemption, and for
 the interest that we have obtained in His mercies?

128.—INDIAN NAMES.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Ye say they all have passed away,
 That noble race and brave ;
 That their light canoes have vanished
 From off the crested wave ;
 That 'mid the forests where they roamed,
 There rings no hunter's shout ;
 But their names are on your waters,
 Ye may not wash them out.

They're where Ontario's billow
 Like ocean's surge is curled,
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
 The echo of the world.
 Where red Missouri bringeth
 Rich tribute from the West,
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
 That clustered o'er the vale,
 Have fled away like withered leaves
 Before the autumn gale ;
 But their memory liveth on your hills,
 Their baptism on your shore,
 Your everlasting rivers speak
 Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Upon her lordly crown,
 And broad Ohio bears it
 Amid his young renown ;
 Connecticut has wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves ;
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Will not its hills its lingering voice
 Whisper to rocky heart ;

And Alleghany graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart;
 Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
 Doth seal the sacred trust;
 Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren
 The insects of an hour,
 Crushed like the noteless worm amid
 The regions of their power;
 Ye drive them from their fathers' land,
 Ye break of faith the seal;
 But can ye from the court of Heaven
 Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,
 With toilsome step and slow,
 On through the trackless desert pass,
 A caravan of woe;
 Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf?
 His sleepless vision dim?
 Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
 From that far land to Him?

129.—THE BOYS.

O. W. HOLMES.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
 If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
 Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
 Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
 He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
 "Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
 Where snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
 Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!

We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
 And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
 Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
 That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
 It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
 "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
 That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
 There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make me
 laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
 Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
 And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!
 So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
 That could harness a team with a logical chain;
 When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
 We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
 Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
 But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
 Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
 The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
 And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
 Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
 Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
 The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
 And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
 Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

Harvard Class of 1829.

130.—EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

ANONYMOUS.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
 The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
 And we, O Lord! have wandered from thy fold;
 But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
 Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
 Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
 But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
 Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
 Their pitiful complaints,—O, rest is sweet
 When evening brings us home!

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts;
 Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
 Search for Thy coming;—when the light departs
 At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us ; we have wandered far ;—
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are,
At evening, bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken.
O, thou dear Shepherd ! leave us not to sicken
In the waste night ; our tardy footsteps quicken ;
At evening, bring us home.

131.—CHARLES LAMB.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Since my father's death our family have resided in London. I am in practice as a surgeon there. My mother died two years after we left Widford. I set out one morning to walk ; I reached Widford about eleven in the forenoon ; after a slight breakfast at my inn—where I was mortified to perceive the old landlord did not know me again—I rambled over all my accustomed haunts.

Our old house was vacant, and to be sold. I entered, unmolested, into the room that had been my bedchamber. I kneeled down on the spot where my little bed had stood ; I felt like a child, I prayed like one ; it seemed as though old times were to return again ; I looked round involuntarily, expecting to see some face I knew ; but all was naked and mute. The bed was gone. My little pane of painted window, through which I loved to look at the sun when I awoke on a fine summer's morning, was taken out, and had been replaced by one of common glass. I visited, by turns, every chamber ; they were all desolate and unfurnished, one excepted, in which the owner had left a harpsichord, probably to be sold : I touched the keys—I played old Scottish tunes which had delighted me when a child. Past associations revived with the music, blended with a sense of unreality, which at last became too powerful : I rushed out of the room to give vent to my feelings.

I wandered, scarce knowing where, into an old wood that stands at the back of the house ; we called it the Wilderness. A well known form was missing, that used to meet me in this place—it was thine, Ben Moxam—the kindest, gentlest, politest of human beings, yet was he nothing higher than a gardener in the family. Honest creature ! thou didst never pass me in my childish rambles without a soft speech and a smile. I remember thy good natured face. But there is one

thing for which I can never forgive thee, Ben Moxam—that thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot to lop away the hanging branches of the old fir-trees: I remember them sweeping the ground. In this Wilderness I found myself, after a ten years' absence. Its stately fir trees were yet standing, with all their luxuriant company of underwood: the squirrel was there, and the melancholy cooings of the wood pigeon; all was as I had left it. My heart softened at the sight; it seemed as though my character had been suffering a change since I forsook these shades.

My parents were both dead; I had no counsellor left, no experience of age to direct me, no sweet voice of reproof. The Lord had taken away my friends, and I knew not where He had hid them. I paced round the Wilderness, seeking a comforter. I prayed that I might be restored to that state of innocence in which I had wandered in those shades. Methought my request was heard, for it seemed as though the stains of manhood were passing from me, and I were relapsing into the purity and simplicity of childhood. I was content to be moulded into a perfect child. I stood still, as in a trance. I dreamed that I was enjoying a personal intercourse with my heavenly Father, and, extravagantly, put off the shoes from my feet, for the place where I stood, I thought, was holy ground.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

I continued in the churchyard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralizing on them with that kind of levity which will not infrequently spring up in the mind, in the midst of deep melancholy. I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said jestingly, Where be the bad people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children, what cemeteries are appointed for these? do they meet in this consecrated ground? or is it but a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors, which thus tricks out the best of us—when dead, who, in their lifetime, discharged the duties of life, perhaps, but lamely? Their failings, with their transgressions, now sleep with them in the grave. Man was not perfect, indeed. It is a trait of human nature, for which I love it.

I had not observed, till now, a little group assembled at the entrance to the churchyard: it was a company of children, and a young man, dressed in black, sitting on the ground. He seemed to be asking them questions of their learning; and one little dirty boy was clambering up his knees to kiss him.

As I drew near them, I thought I discerned in the stranger a mild benignity of countenance which I had somewhere seen before : I gazed at him more attentively. It was Allan Clare ! sitting on the grave of his sister. I threw my arms about his neck. I exclaimed, "Allan !" He turned his eyes upon me ; he knew me : we both wept aloud. It seemed as though the interval since we parted had been as nothing ; I cried out, "Come, and tell me all about these things." I drew him away from his little friends, took him to my inn, secured a room where we might be private, ordered some fresh wine ; scarce knowing what I did, I danced for joy. Allan was quite overcome, and, taking me by the hand, he said, "This repays me for all."

It was a proud day for me : I had found the friend whom I had thought dead : Earth seemed to me no longer valuable than as it contained him, and existence a blessing no longer than while I should live to be his comforter. I began, at leisure, to survey him with more attention. Time and grief had left few traces of that fine enthusiasm which once burned in his countenance : his eyes had lost their original fire, but they retained an uncommon sweetness, and, whenever they were turned upon me, their smile pierced to my heart. "Allan, I fear you have been a sufferer?" He replied not, and I could not press him further. I could not recall the dead to life again.

So we told old stories, and repeated old poetry, and sang old songs as if nothing had happened. We sat till very late. I forgot that I had purposed returning to town that evening : to Allan all places were alike : I grew noisy, he grew cheerful : Allan's old manners, old enthusiasm, were returning upon him : we laughed, we wept, we mingled our tears, and talked extravagantly. Allan was my chamber fellow that night ; and we lay awake planning schemes of living together under the same roof, entering upon similar pursuits,—praising God that we had met.

ON RISING WITH THE LARK.

At what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night-gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalist enough to determine. But, for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take ten or half after ten (el-ven, of course, during this Christmas solstice) to be the earliest hour at which he can begin to think

of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say, for to do it in earnest requires another half-hour's good consideration.

Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gauds, abroad in the world, in summer time especially, some hours before what we have assigned ; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances, which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as it is called) to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches ; Nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveller.

WE CHERISH DREAMS.

We have shaken hands with the world's business ; we have done with it ; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up ? we have neither suit to solicit nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth Act. We have nothing further here to expect, but in a short time a sick-bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as night affords. We are already half acquainted with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed grey before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are superannuated.

In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at Court. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony, to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark compan-

ionship. Therefore we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world, and we think we know already how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us, have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something, but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purpose of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

THE DEATH OF COLERIDGE.

When I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he had long been on the confines of the next world; that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve. But, since, I feel how great a part he was of me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. He was a Grecian (or in the first form) at Christ's Hospital, where I was Deputy Grecian, and the same subordination and deference to him I have preserved through a life long acquaintance. Great in his writings, he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved that old maxim, that we should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to "dewy eve," nor cease till far midnight; yet who ever would interrupt him? who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse, fetched from Helicon or Zion? He had the tact of making the unintelligible seem plain. Many who read the abstruser parts of his *Friend* would complain that his works did not answer to his spoken wisdom. They were identical. But he had a tone in oral delivery which seemed to convey sense to those who were otherwise imperfect recipients. He was my fifty years old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably can the world see it again. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.

BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Charles Lamb was born in 1775. He went to the charity school of Christ's Hospital until fifteen years old. He and the poet Coleridge met here, and became fast friends for life. He was a small, delicate boy, and it seemed that he never could fight

his way among hundreds of strong, hearty lads ; but his sweet, affectionate temper won him the good-will of all. His life was saddened by a great trouble. His sister, Mary Lamb, had attacks of insanity, and once, in one of these fits, she seized a knife and pierced her mother to the heart. Charles placed her in an asylum until she got well again, and then promised to take care of her for the rest of her life. His income was only five hundred dollars a year ; he took his sister to his home, and, although but twenty-two years of age, gave up all thoughts of marriage and devoted himself to his duty. Mary's dreadful illness used to come on very often in her life, but she always knew when the fits were near ; and then Charles would get leave of absence from the office for *a day's pleasure*, and with his sister's hand clasped in his, they would go off together, both of them in tears, to the asylum near London, where Mary was left until she was well enough to go back to her brother's house. What sadder story, or what more heroic life ! The most famous authors of that day were Lamb's intimate friends ; he was very modest and hesitated in his speech ; and at their evening parties Lamb used to stammer out his puns and witty sayings to the great delight of all around. His writings are an odd mixture of wisdom and fun. He is best known as the author of the "Essays of Elia," which is thought by many to be one of the best things in the language. He and his sister wrote a book known as the "Tales of Shakespeare." He died at Edmonton in 1834, in the fifty ninth year of his age.

132.—ARBOR DAY.

PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

Come, let us plant the apple tree !
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As round the sleeping infant's feet
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet :
 So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in the apple tree ?
 Boughs, which the breath of summer days
 Soothe then into leafy sprays ;
 Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast

Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest,
 We plant upon the sunny lea
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in the apple tree ?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
 To load the May wind's restless wings,
 When from the orchard-row he pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors ;
 A world of blossoms for the bee ;
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room ;
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
 We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in the apple tree ?
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June
 And redden in the August noon,
 And drop, when gentle airs come by,
 That fan the blue September sky ;
 While children, wild with noisy glee,
 Shall scent their fragrance as they pass,
 And search for them the tufted grass
 At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
 The winter stars are quivering bright,
 And winds go howling through the night,
 Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
 And guests in prouder homes shall see,
 Heaped with the orange and the grape,
 As fair as they in tint and shape,
 The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
 Where men shall wonder at the view,
 And ask in what fair groves they grew ;
 And they who roam beyond the sea
 Shall look, and think of childhood's day,
 And long hours passed in summer play
 In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,

The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower ;
 The years shall come and pass, but we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The summer's song, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree !
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Their shadows on the sward below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still ?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this fair apple tree ?

" Who planted this old apple tree ?"
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man will say,
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them :
 " A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times ;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple tree."

FIELD LILIES.

Lily bells ! lily bells ! swinging and ringing
 Sweet golden bells on the still summer air,
 Are ye calling the birds to their matins of singing,
 Summoning Nature to worship and prayer ?

Lily bells ! lily bells ! daintily swaying,
 Poising your petals like butterflies' wings,
 As the breeze murmurs round you, pray, what is he saying ?
 Is he whispering love-words and soft, pretty things ?

Lily bells ! lily bells ! 'mid the long grasses
 Gleaming like sunbeams in still shady bower,
 Have you stolen your gold from the sun as he passes ?
 Are ye guarding your treasure in bud and in flower ?

Lily bells ! lily bells ! bowing and bending,
 Are ye nodding a welcome to me as I go ?
 Do ye know that my heart bears a love never-ending
 For bright golden lily-bells all in a row ?

Lily bells ! lily bells ! down in the meadows,
 As I see your fair forms 'mid the mosses and brake,
 My heart wanders back to the past, with its shadows,
 To Christ, and the wise, loving words that He spake.

"Consider the lilies"—yes, this was His teaching,
 "The modest field lilies that toil not nor spin,
 Yet even to them is my loving care reaching,
 My heart takes the feeblest and lowliest in."

Lily bells ! lily bells ! waving and swinging,
 If Jesus, my Master, can watch over you,
 I'll go to Him daily, with gladness and singing,
 Believing He'll love me and care for me too.

Lily bells ! lily bells ! bending and swaying,
 Ring out your sweet peals on the still summer air ;
 I would ye might lure all to trusting and praying,
 And teach them sweet lessons of God's loving care.

THE GARDENER'S BURIAL.

This is the grave prepared : set down the bier.
 Mother, a faithful son we bring thee here,
 In loving ease to lie beneath thy breast,
 Which many a year with loving toil he drest ;
 His was the eldest craft, the simpl skill
 That Adam plied, ere good was known by ill.
 The throstle's song at dawn his spirit tuned ;
 He set his seeds in hope, he grafted, pruned,
 Weeded, and mowed, and, with a true son's care,
 Wrought thee a mantle of embroidery rare.

The snowdrop and the winter aconite
 Came to his call ere frosts had ceased to bite,
 He bade the crocus flame as with a charm ;
 The nestling violets bloomed, and feared no harm,
 Knowing that for their sakes a champion meek
 Did bloodless battle with the winter bleak ;
 But when the wealthier months with largess came,
 His blazoned beds put heraldry to shame,
 And on the summer air such perfume cast
 As Saba or the Spice Isles ne'er surpassed.

The birds all loved him, for he would not shoot
 Even the wingèd thieves that stole his fruit :
 And he loved them, the little fearless wren,
 The red-breasts, curious in the ways of men,
 The pilgrim swallow, and the dearer guest
 That sets beneath our eaves her plastered nest ;
 The merry white-throat, bursting with his song,
 Fluttered within his reach, and feared no wrong ;
 And the mute fly-catcher forgot her dread,
 And took her prey beside his stooping head.

Receive him, Mother Earth : his work is done.
 Blameless he lived, and did offence to none ;
 Blameless he died, forbidding us to throw

Flowers in his grave, because he loved them so :
 But bloom among the grasses on his mound,—
 He would not have them stifle underground.
 We that have loved must leave him : Mother, keep
 A faithful watch about him in his sleep.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
 And colored with the heaven's own blue,
 That openest when the quiet light
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night.
 Thou comest not when violets lean
 O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
 Or columbines, in purple dressed,
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.
 Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are flown
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The aged year is near his end.
 Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye,
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
 A flower from its cerulean wall.
 I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,
 May look to Heaven as I depart.

A FOREST HYMN.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the grey old trunks that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only the crowd, the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least,

Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music—thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me—the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
 Forever. Written on thy works I read
 The lesson of thine own eternity.
 Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
 One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her far beginning lies
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself
 Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
 From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart and heed not space or time:
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
 Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
 In the white lily's breezy tent,

His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows in the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,

Who from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

Thou art the type of those meek charities
Which make up half the nobleness of life,
Those cheap delights the wise
Pluck from the dusty wayside of earth's strife ;
Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes,
Love's smallest coin, which yet to some may give
The morsel that may keep alive
A starving heart, and teach it to behold
Some glimpse of God where all before was cold.

Thy wingéd seeds, whereof the winds take care,
Are like the words of poet and of sage

Which through the free heaven fare,
And, now unheeded, in another age
Take root, and to the gladdened future bear
That witness which the present would not heed,
Bringing forth many a thought and deed,
And, planted safely in the eternal sky,
Bloom into stars which earth is guided by.

Full of deep love thou art, yet not more full
Than all thy common brethren of the ground,

Wherein, were we not dull,
Some words of highest wisdom might be found ;
Yet earnest faith from day to day may cull
Some syllables, which, rightly joined, can make
A spell to soothe life's bitterest ache,
And ope heaven's portals, which are near us still
Yea, nearer ever than the gates of ill

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
 Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

But let me read thy lesson right or no,
 Of one good gift from thee my heart is sure ;
 Old I shall never grow
 While thou each year dost come to keep me pure
 With legends of my childhood ; ah, we owe
 Well more than half life's holiness to these
 Nature's first lowly influences,
 At thought of which the heart's glad doors burst ope,
 In dreariest days, to welcome peace and hope.

PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree
 Plants a hope.
 Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope ;
 Leaves unfold into horizons free.
 So man's life must climb
 From the clods of time
 Unto heavens sublime.
 Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
 What the glory of thy boughs shall be ?

He who plants a tree
 Plants a joy ;
 Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
 Every day a fresh reality.
 Beautiful and strong,
 To whose shelter throng
 Creatures blithe with song.
 If thou could'st but know, thou happy tree,
 Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee.

He who plants a tree
 He plants peace.
 Under its green curtains jargons cease,
 Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly ;
 Shadows soft with sleep
 Down tired eyelids creep,
 Balm of slumber deep.
 Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
 Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
 He plants youth ;
 Vigor won for centuries, in sooth ;
 Life of time, that hints eternity !
 Boughs their strength uprear,
 New shoots every year
 On old growths appear.
 Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
 Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
 He plants love ;
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers he may not live to see,
 Gifts that grow are best ;
 Hands that bless are blest ;
 Plant : life does the rest !
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
 And his work its own reward shall be.

AUTUMN VOICES.

When I was in the wood to-day
 The golden leaves were falling round me,
 And I thought I heard soft voices say
 Words that with sad enchantment bound me.
 "O dying year ! O flying year !
 O days of dimness, nights of sorrow !
 O lessening light ! O lengthening night !
 O morn forlorn and hopeless morrow !"
 No bodies visible had these
 Whose voice I heard so sadly calling ;
 They were the spirits of the trees
 Lamenting o'er the bright leaves falling.
 Prisoners in naked trunks they lie,
 In leafless boughs have lodging slender ;
 But soon as spring is in the sky
 They deck again the woods with splendor.
 The light leaves rustled on the ground,
 Wind-stirred, and when again I hearkened,
 Hushed were those voices : wide around
 Night fell, and all the ways were darkened.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come ! ye have called me long ;
 I come o'er the mountains, with light and song
 Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ;
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
 And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
 From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
 When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
 They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
 The waters are sparkling in grove and glen !
 Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth !
 Their light stems thrill in the wildwood strains,
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree !

Touch not a single bough !

In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot ;

There, woodman, let it stand ;

Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea—

And would'st thou hack it down ?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke !

Cut not its earth-bound ties !

O spare that aged oak,

Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
 I sought its grateful shade ;
 In all their gushing joy.
 Here, too, my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here ;
 My father pressed my hand—
 Forgive the foolish tear ;
 But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend ;
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree ! the storm still brave !
 And, woodman, leave the spot ;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

THE OAK TREE.

Sing for the oak tree, the monarch of the wood !
 Sing for the oak, that groweth green and good !
 That groweth broad and branching within the forest shade ;
 That groweth now, and still shall grow when we are lowly laid !

The oak tree was an acorn once, and fell upon the earth ;
 And sun and shower nourished it, and gave the oak tree birth ;
 The little sprouting oak tree ! two leaves it had at first,
 Till sun and shower nourished it, then out the branches burst.

The winds came and the rain fell ; the gusty tempest blew ;
 All, all, were friends to the oak tree, and stronger yet it grew.
 The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble grew and gray ;
 But the oak was still a thriving tree, and strengthened every day.

Four centuries grows the oak tree, nor does its verdure fail ;
 Its heart is like the iron-wood, its bark like plaited mail.
 Now cut us down the oak tree, the monarch of the wood ;
 And of its timber stout and strong we'll build a vessel good.

The oak tree of the forest both east and west shall fly ;
 And the blessings of a thousand lands upon our ship shall lie.
 She shall not be a man-of-war, nor a pirate shall she be ;
 But a noble Christian merchant ship, to sail upon the sea.

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

From out his hive there came a bee ;
 "Has spring-time come or not?" said he.
 Alone within a garden bed
 A small, pale snowdrop raised its head.

"'Tis March, this tells me," said the bee ;
 "The hive is still the place for me ;

The day is chill, although 'tis sunny,
And icy cold this snowdrop honey."

Again came humming forth the bee,
"What month is with us now?" said he.
Gay crocus-blossoms, blue and white
And yellow, opened to the light.

"It must be April," said the bee,
"And April's scarce the month for me.
I'll taste these flowers (the day is sunny),
And wait before I gather honey."

Once more came out the waiting bee.
"'Tis come; I smell the spring!" said he.
The violets were all in bloom;
The lilac tossed a purple plume.

The daffodil wore a yellow crown;
The cherry tree a snow-white gown;
And by the brookside, wet with dew;
The early wild wake-robins grew.

"It is the May-time," said the bee;
"The queen of all the months for me;
The flowers are here, the sky is sunny,
'Tis now the time to gather honey."

TREE PLANTING.

A boy strolled through a dusty road,
"What can I do?" said he,
"What little errand for the world?"
"I know—I'll plant a tree."

The nursling was taken by mother earth,
Who fed it with all things good:
Sparkling water from mountain springs,
And many a subtle food

Drawn from her own wide reaching veins,
From the treasures of the sky;
Far spread its branches in affluent grace;
So the steady years went by.

The boy who planted the little tree,
By a kindly purpose led,
One desolate, dreadful winter day
In the brother-war fell dead.

But the gentle thought at the great elm's root
Burst forth with the spring's warm breath,
And softly the fluttering foliage sang,
"Love cannot suffer death."

The elm's vast shadow far and cool
 Fell o'er the dusty way,
 Blessing the toilers at their rest,
 The children at their play.

And panting horses felt the air
 Grow sudden full of balm ;
 Great oxen with their weary loads
 Caught there a sudden calm.

So little acts of kindliness
 Spread every branch and root,
 And never guesses he who plants
 The wonders of the fruit.

I often think if blessed eyes
 The old home scenes can see,
 That heaven's joy is heightened by
 The planting of the tree.

THE TREES AND THE MASTER. *

Into the woods my Master went,
 Clean forspent—forspent,
 Into the woods my Master came—
 Forspent with love and shame.
 But the olives they were not blind to Him ;
 The little gray leaves were kind to Him ;
 The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
 When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went—
 And He was well content ;
 Out of the woods my Master came—
 Content with death and shame.
 When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
 From under the trees they drew Him last,
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
 When out of the woods He came.

WAITING TO GROW.

Little white snowdrop, just waking up,
 Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup !
 Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
 Waiting to grow !

And think what hosts of queer little seeds—
 Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and weeds—
 Are under the leaves and under the snow,
 Waiting to grow !

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
 Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
 Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
 Waiting to grow !

* From Poems of Sidney Lanier, copyright 1884, 1901, by Mary D. Lanier, published by Charles Scribner's Sons

Only a month or a few weeks more,
 Will they have to wait behind that door;
 Listen and watch, for they are below—
 Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small, or hidden so well,
 That God will not find it, and very soon tell
 His sun where to shine, and his rain where to go,
 To help them grow!

ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

Doth thy heart stir within thee at the sight
 Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough?
 Doth their sweet household smile waft back the glow
 Of childhood's morn—the wondering, fresh delight
 In earth's new coloring, then all strangely bright,
 A joy of fairyland? Doth some old nook,
 Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
 Rise on thy soul, with faint-streaked blossoms white
 Showered o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,
 And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
 And the bee's dreary chime? O gentle friend!
 The world's cold breath, not time's, this life bereaves
 Of vernal gifts: Time hallows what he leaves,
 And will for us endear spring memories to the end.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,
 Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
 For every want of ours;
 For luxury, medicine and toil
 And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine,
 Requireth none to grow,
 Nor doth it need the lotus flower
 To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
 The nightly dews might fall,
 And the herb that keepeth life in man
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
 All dyed with rainbow light;
 All fashioned with supremest grace;
 Upspringing day and night?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him !

IN PRAISE OF TREES.

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine ; the Cedar proud and tall ;
The vine-propp Elme ; the Poplar never dry ;
The builder Oake, sole king of forests all ;
The Aspine good for staves ; the Cypresse funerall.

The Laurell, meed of mightie conquerors
And poets sage ; the Firre that weepeth still ;
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours ;
The Eugh, obedient to the bender's will ;
The Birch, for shafts ; the Sallow for the mill ;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound ;
The warlike Beech ; the Ash for nothing ill ;
The fruitfull Olive ; and the Platane round ;
The carver Holme ; the Maple seldom inward sound.

Faerie Queen

TONGUES IN TREES.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say :
' This is no flattery ; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity. * *

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

I would not change it.

"As You Like It."

APRIL TIME.

April is here !

There's a song in the maple, thrilling and new ;
There's a flash of wings of heaven's own hue ;
There's a veil of green on the nearer hills ;
There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills ;
There are stars in the meadow dropped here and there ;
There's a breath of arbutus in the air ;
There's a dash of rain, as if flung in jest ;
There's an arch of color spanning the west ;

April is here !

FALL FASHIONS.

The maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green,
She knew that she had grown, of late, too shabby to be seen !
The oak and beech and chestnut then deplored their shabbiness,
And all except the hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.
" For fashion-plates we'll take the flowers," the rustling maple said ;
" And like the tulip I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red !"
" The cheerful sunflower suits me best," the lightsome beech replied ;
" The marigold my choice shall be," the chestnut spoke with pride.
The sturdy old oak took time to think, " I hate such glaring hues ;
The gillyflower, so dark and rich, I for my model choose."
So every tree in all the grove, except the hemlock sad,
According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.
And here they stand through all the soft and bright October days ;
They wish'd to be like flowers, indeed they look like huge bouquets.

133.—THE VICTIM.

ANONYMOUS.

" Hand me the bowl, ye jovial band,"

He said—" 'twill rouse my mirth ;"

But conscience seized his trembling hand,

And dashed the cup to earth.

He looked around, he blushed, he laughed,

He sipped the sparkling wave ;

In it he read—" who drinks this draught,

Shall dig a murderer's grave !"

He started up, like one from sleep,

And trembled for his life ;

He gazed, and saw—his children weep,

He saw his weeping wife.

In his deep dream he had not felt
Their agonies and fears;
But now he saw them as they knelt,
To plead with prayers and tears.
But the foul fiend her hateful spell
Threw o'er his wildered mind;
He saw in every hope a hell,
He was to reason blind.
He grasped the bowl, to seek relief;
No more his conscience said:
His bosom friend was sunk in grief,
His children begged for bread.
Through haunts of horror and of strife,
He passed down life's dark tide;
He cursed his beggared babes and wife—
He cursed his God—and died!

134.—REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

EPES SARGENT.

Ill does it become *me*, O Senators of Rome!—ill does it become Regulus,—after having so often stood in this venerable assembly, clothed with the supreme dignity of the Republic, to stand before you a captive, the captive of Carthage! Though outwardly I am free,—though no fetters encumber the limbs, or gall the flesh,—yet the heaviest of chains,—the pledge of a Roman Consul,—makes me the bondsman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise to return to them in the event of the failure of this their embassy. My life is at their mercy. My honor is my own;—a possession which no reverse of fortune can jeopard; a flame which imprisonment cannot stifle, time cannot dim, death cannot extinguish.

Of the train of disasters which followed close on the unexampled successes of our arms,—of the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our soldiery, and consigned me, your General, wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keeping,—I will not speak. For five years, a rigorous captivity has been my portion. For five years, the society of family and friends, the dear amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the sight of country, have been to me a recollection and a dream,—no more! But during that period Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has recovered under Metellus what under Regulus she lost. She has routed armies. She has taken unnumbered prisoners.

She has struck terror to the hearts of the Carthaginians; who have now sent me hither, with their ambassadors, to sue for peace, and to propose that, in exchange for me, your former Consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up. You have heard the ambassadors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror—I know not what—impending over myself, should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and children, threatened with widowhood and orphanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet on the very threshold of the Senate chamber.—Conscript Fathers! Shall not Regulus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the ambassadors brandish before our eyes?—With one voice you answer, No!—Countrymen! Friends! For all that I have suffered—for all that I may have to suffer—I am repaid in the compensation of this moment! Unfortunate you may deem me; but, oh, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful! May the thanks I cannot utter bring down blessings from the gods on you and Rome!

Conscript Fathers, there is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace. Reject the overtures of Carthage! Reject them wholly and unconditionally! What! Give back to her a thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return this one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame,—this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze, can ever restore to health and vigor? It must not—it shall not be! Oh! were Regulus what he once was, before captivity had unstrung his sinews and enervated his limbs, he might pause,—he might proudly think he were well worth a thousand of the foe;—he might say, "Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!" But now—alas! now 'tis gone,—that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed, to penetrate a phalanx or guide a pursuit. His very armor would be a burthen now. His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield. But, if he cannot *live*, he can at least *die*, for his country! Do not deny him this supreme consolation. Consider: Every indignity, every torture, which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a

trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regulus, their fellow-soldier and their leader. They will forget his defeats. They will regard only his services to the Republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily,—every well-fought field, won by his blood and theirs,—will flash on their remembrance, and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regulus, though dead, fight as he never fought before against the foe.

Conscript Fathers, there is another theme. My family—forgive the thought! To you, and to Rome, I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name,—no testament but my example.

Ambassadors of Carthage, I have spoken; though not as you expected. I am your captive. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find, to Roman hearts, country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom.

Sargent's Standard Speaker.

135.—HAMLET TO THE PLAYERS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing termagant; it out-Herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action: with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing,—whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot

but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of **which one must**,
in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh,
there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others
praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that neither
having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian,
Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have
thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not
made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is
set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves
laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh
too ; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of
the play be then to be considered: that's villainous ; and
shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go,
make ready.

136.—THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

W. H. VENABLE.

The weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on :
And not a sound was heard around,—
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he :
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy :

"Another round, another round
Of labor thrown away,
Another chain of toil and pain,
Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail is constant zeal,
Love's sacrifice is lost,
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn,
Each evening, into dross.

"I squander on a barren field
My strength, my life, my all :
The seeds I sow will never grow,
They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands
His aching brow he pressed ;
And o'er his frame ere long there came
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
But started back aghast,—
The room, by strange and sudden **change**,
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a Senate-hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wildered teacher thought he **knew**
The speaker's voice and look,
"And for his name," said he, "the **same**
Is in my record-book."

The stately Senate-hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely **wrought**:
"I whipped that boy to-day."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon.
What saw the teacher then?
In classic gloom of alcoved room
An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad!" the teacher said,
Filled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold his name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher now descried;
A mother's face illumed the place
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!
This matron, well I know,
Was but a wild and careless child,
Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children **speaks**
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again, and lo,
The school-house, rude and old;
Upon the wall did darkness fall,
The evening air was cold.

"A dream!" the sleeper waking said,
 Then paced along the floor,
 And, whistling slow and soft and low,
 He locked the school-house door.
 And, walking home, his heart was full
 Of peace and trust and praise;
 And singing slow and soft and low,
 Said, "After many days."

137.—COWPER'S GRAVE.

E. B. BROWNING.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,
 It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying;
 Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish,
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.
 O poets! from a maniac's tongue, was poured the deathless singing;
 O Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging;
 O man! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned only while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling.
 And now what time ye all may read thro' dimming tears his story,
 How dis-ord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory;
 And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights
 Departed,
 He wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted.
 He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
 And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
 Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;
 Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken!

138.—SHEPHERD GIRL OF DOMREMY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of
 The poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine,
 The poor Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests
 of Judæa, suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety,
 out of their religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral soli-
 tude, and hurled into the van of armies, and to the more peril-
 ous position of the right hand of kings?

The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an
 heroic and glorious act, such as no man could deny. But so
 of the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by
 her friends and her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to

the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes.

The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for thy side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood.

Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee. Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will not obey the summons. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl, that gave up all for her country,—thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life: to *do*,—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*,—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thine own; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. “Life,” thou saidst, “is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.”

This pure creature,—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious,—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death;

she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints,—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for her; but, on the contrary, that she was for them; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea. until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for her. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

139.—WAR.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

To Rome a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear;
 "To arms! to arms! sir consul; Lars Porsena is here."

On the low hills to westward the consul fixed his eye,
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust ride fast along the sky.

The consul's brow was sad, and the consul's speech was low,
 And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.

"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
 And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the town?"

Then out spoke brave Horatius, the captain of the gate:

"To every man upon this earth, death cometh soon or late.

Hew down the bridge, sir consul, with all the speed ye may;
 I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.

"In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped by three.

Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spoke Scurius Lartius,—a Rannian proud was he:

"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee."

And out spoke strong Herminius,—of Titian blood was he:

"I will stand on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."

"Heroes!" cried the consul, "as thou sayest so let it be."

And straight against that great array forth went the dauntless three.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noontday light, like a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded a peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread, opposed the dauntless three.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fail!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,—Herminius darted back :
And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once
But with a crash like thunder fell every loosened beam, [more.
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the stream :
And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken, when first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard, and tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free ;
And, whirling down in fierce career, rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind,—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face ;
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus naught spake he :
But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! Father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed the good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise, stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
Rome shouted, and e'en Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing, and he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows,
And oft they thought him sinking, but still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing-place ;
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus: "will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day, we should have sacked the town."
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, "and bring him safe to
For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before." [shore,

And now he feels the bottom; now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back; but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them—
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade—
 Noble six hundred.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

Hark ! the rattling roll of the musketeers,
 And the ruffled drums and the rallying cheers,
 And the rifles burn with a keen desire
 Like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire,
 And the singing shot and the shrieking shell,
 And the splintered fire of the shattered hell,
 And the great white breaths of the cannon smoke
 As the growling guns by batteries spoke ;
 And the ragged gaps in the walls of blue
 Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
 That the colonel builds with a breath again,
 As he cleaves the din with his " Close up, men !"
 And the groan torn out from the blacken'd lips,
 And the prayer doled slow with the crimson drips,
 And the beaming look in the dying eye
 As under the clouds the stars go by,
 " But his soul marched on," the captain said,
 " For the Boy in Blue can never be dead !"

And the troopers sit in their saddles all
 Like statues carved in an ancient hall,
 And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks,
 And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks,
 And the fingers work of the sabre hand—
 Oh, to bid them live, and to make them grand !
 And the bugle sounds to the charge at last,
 And away they plunge, and the front is passed !
 And the jackets blue grow red as they ride,
 And the scabbards too that clank by their side,
 And the dead soldiers deaden the strokes iron-shod

As they gallop right on o'er the plashy red sod—
 Right into the cloud all spectral and dim,
 Right up to the guns black-throated and grim
 Right down on the hedges bordered with steel,
 Right through the dense columns, then "Right about wheel!"
 Hurra! A new swath through the harvest again!
 Hurra for the flag! To the battle, Amen,

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on life's parade shall meet
 The brave and daring few.
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And Glory guards with solemn round
 The bivouac of the dead.
 No answer of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind,
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind:
 No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms:
 No braying horn or screaming fife
 At dawn shall call to arms.
 Their shivered swords are red with rust;
 Their plumed heads are bowed;
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
 Is now their martial shroud.
 The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
 The trumpet's stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade
 The din and shout, are past.
 Like the dread northern hurricane
 That sweeps the broad plateau,
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
 Came down the serried foe.
 Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
 To meet them on the plain:
 And long the pitying sky hath wept
 Above our gallant slain.
 Sons of our consecrated ground,
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger steps and tongues resound
 Along the sleepless air.
 Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Shall be your fitter grave;
 She claims from war his richest spoil—
 The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field ;
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
 On many a bloody shield.
 The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles sadly on them here,
 And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
 The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
 Dear as the blood you gave ;
 No impious footsteps here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave.
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
 In deathless songs shall tell,
 When many a vanquished age hath flown,
 The story how ye fell.
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor time's remorseless doom,
 Shall dim one ray of holy light
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeams' misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
 With smile that well her pain dissembles,
 The while beneath her drooping lash
 One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,—
 Though heaven alone records the tear,
 And fame shall never know her story,
 Her heart has shed a drop as dear
 As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
 'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
 And bravely speaks the cheering word,—
 What though her heart be rent asunder,
 Doomed nightly, in her dreams, to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle,
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
 While to her breast her son she presses,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she presses ;
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor.

DIRGE FOR THE SOLDIER.

Close his eyes ; his work is done.
 What to him is friend or foe-man,
 Rise of moon, or set of sun,
 Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?
 Lay him low ; lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow !
 What cares he ? He cannot know.
 Lay him low !

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn right,—
 Sleep forever and forever.
 Lay him low; lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? He cannot know.
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum, and fire the volley;
 What to him are all our wars,—
 What but death-bemocking folly?
 Lay him low; lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? He cannot know;
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the hand that made him;
 Mortal love sweeps idly by;
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low; lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow!
 What cares he? He cannot know.
 Lay him low!

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
 The work of the reaper is done,
 And the golden woodlands redden
 In the blood of the dying sun.
 At the cottage door the grandsire
 Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,
 While a gentle wind of twilight
 Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
 A fair young head is prest,
 In the first wild passion of sorrow,
 Against his aged breast.
 And far from over the distance
 The faltering echoes come,
 Of the flying blast of trumpet
 And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire spake in a whisper,
 "The end no man can see;
 But we give him to his country,
 And we give our prayers to Thee." . .

The violet stars the meadows,
 The rose-buds fringe the door,
 And over the grassy orchard
 The pink-white blossoms pour;
 But the grandsire's chair is empty,
 The cottage is dark and still;
 There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
 And a new one under the hill.
 And a pallid, tearless woman
 By the cold hearth sits, alone,
 And the old clock in the corner
 Ticks on with a steady drone.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

The Son of God goes forth to war, a kingly crown to gain;
 His blood red banner streams afar: Who follows in His train?
 Who best can drink his cup of woe, triumphant over pain;
 Who patient bears his cross below, he follows in His train.
 The martyr first, whose eagle eye could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky, and called on Him to save:
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, in midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train?
 A glorious band, the chosen few, on whom the Spirit came:
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, and mocked the
 cross and flame:
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, the lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who follows in their
 [train!]
 A noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice, in robes of light arrayed:
 They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n thro' peril toil and pain:
 O God! to us may grace be given to follow in their train!

THE SCOURGE OF WAR.

Hark! the cry of Death is ringing
 Wildly from the reeking plain;
 Guilty glory, too, is flinging
 Proudly forth her vaunting strain;
 Thousands on the field are lying,
 Slaughtered in the ruthless strife;
 Wildly mingled, dead and dying
 Show the waste of human life.
 Christian, can you idly slumber,
 While this work of death goes on?
 Can you idly sit and number
 Fellow beings, one by one,
 On the field of battle falling,
 Sinking to a bloody grave?
 Up! the God of Peace is calling,—
 Sternly calling you to save!

Listen to the supplications
 Of the widowed ones of earth ;
 Listen to the cry of nations,
 Ringing loudly, wildly forth,—
 Nations bruised and crushed forever
 By the iron heel of war.
 God of Mercy, wilt thou never
 Send deliverance from afar ?
 Yes, a light is faintly gleaming
 Through the cloud that hovers o'er ;
 Soon the radiance of its beaming,
 Full upon our land will pour.
 'Tis the light that tells the dawning
 Of the bright Millennial Day,
 Heralding its blessed morning
 With its peace-bestowing ray.
 God shall spread abroad His banner,—
 Sign of universal peace ;
 And the earth shall shout Hosanna,
 And the reign of blood shall cease.
 Man no more shall seek dominion
 Through a sea of human gore ;
 War shall spread its gloomy pinion
 O'er the peaceful earth no more.

140.—THE IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

O. M. MITCHELL.

Light traverses space at the rate of twelve million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires three years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times farther distant. The great telescope of Lord Ross pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and, having resolved the nebulae of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points, glittering through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their enormous magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them—it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

“God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying, ‘Come up hither, and I will show thee the glory of my house.’ And to His angels who stood about His throne,

he said, 'Take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostril; but touch not his human heart—the heart that fears, and hopes, and trembles.' A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Some time on the mighty angel's wings, they fled through Saharas of darkness, wildernesses of death. At length from a distance not counted, save in the arithmetic of heaven, light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame, as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on, in their terrible speed, to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them. In a moment, the blazing of suns around them—a moment, the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again, on the right hand and the left, appeared more constellations. At last the man sank down, crying, 'Angel, I can go no farther; let me lie down in the grave, and hide myself from the infinitude of the Universe, for end there is none.' 'End is there none?' demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around there came a choral shout, 'End there is none!' 'End is there none?' demanded the angel, again, 'and is it this that awes thy soul? I answer, End there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also there is no beginning!'"

141.—THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

EDWARD EVERETT.

White man, there is an eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life.] In these woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide, unrestrained, in my bark canoe. By those dashing water-falls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger! the land is mine. I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did.

The stranger came, a timid suppliant—few and feeble—and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm him—

self at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children;—and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, "It is mine." There is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west?—the fierce Mohawk—the man-eater—is my foe. Shall I fly to the east?—the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee.

Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction: for that alone I thank thee. And now take heed to thy steps: the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle past thee; when thou liest down by night, my knife is at thy throat. The noon-day sun shall not discover thy enemy; and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror; and I will reap in blood. Thou shalt sow the earth with corn; and I will strew it with ashes. Thou shalt go forth with the sickle; and I will follow after with the scalping-knife. Thou shalt build; and I will burn;—till the white man or the Indian perish from the land.

142.—DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

LORD BYRON.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsnate by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

143.—THE BIRDS.

THE BOBOLINK.

Anacreon of the meadow,
 Drunk with the joy of spring!
 Beneath the tall pine's joyful shadow
 I lie and drink thy jargoning;
 My soul is full with melodies,
 One drop would overflow it,
 And send the tears into mine eyes—
 But what car'st thou to know it?
 Thy heart is free as mountain air,
 And of thy lays thou hast no care,
 Scattering them gaily everywhere,
 Happy, unconscious poet!

Upon a tuft of meadow grass,
 While thy loved one tends the nest,
 Thou swayest as the breezes pass,
 Unburthening thine o'erfull breast
 Of the crowded songs that fill it,
 Just as joy may choose to will it.
 Lord of thy love and liberty,
 The blithest bird of merry May,
 Thou turnest thy bright eyes on me,
 That say as plain as eye can say—
 "Here sit we, here in the summer weather,
 I and my modest mate together;
 Whatever your wise thoughts may be,
 Under that gloomy old pine tree,
 We do not value them a feather."

Now, leaving earth and me behind,
 Thou beatest up against the wind,
 Or, floating slowly down before it,
 Above thy grass-bid nest thou flutterest
 And thy bridal love-song utterest,
 Raining showers of music o'er it,
 Weary never, still thou trillest,
 Spring-glad some lays,

As of moss-rimmed water brooks
 Murmuring through pebbly nooks
 In quiet summer days.
 My heart with happiness thou fillest,
 I seem again to be a boy
 Watching thee, gay, blithesome lover,
 O'er the bending grass-tops hover,
 Quivering thy wings for joy.

There's something in the apple blossom,
 The greening grass and bobolink's song,
 That wakes again within my bosom
 Feelings which have slumbered long.
 As long, long years ago I wandered,
 I seem to wander even yet,
 The hours the idle school-boy squandered,
 The man would die ere he'd forget.
 O hours that frosty eld deemed wasted,
 Nodding his gray head toward my books,
 I dearer prize the lore I tasted
 With you among the trees and brooks,
 Than all that I have gained since then
 From learned books or study-withered men!

Dear hours! which now again I over-live,
 Hearing and seeing with the ears and eyes
 Of childhood, ye were bees, that to the hive
 Of my young heart came laden with rich prize,
 Gathered in fields and woods and sunny dells, to be
 My spirit's food in days more wintery.
 Yea, yet again ye come! ye come!
 And, like a child once more at home
 After long sojourning in alien climes,
 I lie upon my mother's breast,
 Feeling the blessedness of rest,
 And dwelling in the light of other times.

TO A ROBIN.

Young warbler of the spring!
 Scarce hath the earth put on her robe of green,
 And the glad breeze swept o'er the vernal scene,
 Ere thou dost sweetly sing.

How many years thy song
 Hath poured its music on my slumbering hours,
 When morn's first breath is seen to stir the flowers,
 Bearing their sweets along!

Ah! now thy strain I hear,
 Among thy mates, poured from thy warbling throat,
 Filling each grove with thy gay, cheerful note,
 Spring's feathered pioneer.

I love to hear thee sing,
When summer groves are glistening in the dew,
And see, in morning's mingling gray and blue,
Thy brown and glossy wing.

And when the crimson glows,
Gayly, along the soft and mellow west,
Thou teachest to thy young, within their nest.
Thy song at evening's close.

Ah ! it were vain to search
Where thou from winter's cold wilt find a home ;
But glad I see thee to my elm-tree come,
And near my window perch.

There is that to thee given,
That teacheth me to hymn my Maker's praise,
And my faint soul from cares of earth to raise,
To the pure joys of heaven.

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging ;
Brave little fellow ! the skies may be dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark ! how the music leaps out of his throat !
Hark ! was there ever so merry a note ?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying :

“ Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know ;
Hark ! while I sing you a message of cheer !
Summer is coming ! and spring-time is here !

“ Little white snow-drop, I pray you arise ;
Bright yellow crocus ! come, open your eyes ;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold ;
Daffodils ! daffodils ! say, do you hear ?—
Summer is coming ! and springtime is here !”

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

What do the robins whisper about
From their homes in the elms and birches ?
I've tried to study the riddle out,
But still in my mind is many a doubt,
In spite of deep researches.

While all the world is in silence deep,
In the twilight of early dawning
They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,
As if they were talking in their sleep,
At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps they tell secrets that should not be heard
 By mortals listening and prying ;
 Perhaps we might learn from some whispered word
 The best way to bring up a little bird,
 Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be they gossip from nest to nest,
 Hidden and leaf-enfolded ;
 For do we not often hear it confessed,
 When a long-kept secret at last is guessed,
 That " a little bird has told it ?"

What do the robins whisper about
 In the twilight of early dawning ?
 Listen, and tell me, if you find it out,
 What 'tis the robins whisper about
 At three o'clock in the morning ?

THE BROKEN WING.

In front of my pew sits a maiden-
 A little brown wing in her hat,
 With its touches of tropical azure,
 And the sheen of the sun upon that.

Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory
 By which the vast shadows are stirred,
 But I pine for the spirit and splendor
 That painted the wing of that bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem
 With the soul of a song it is blent ;
 But for me, I am sick for the singing
 Of one little song that is spent.

The voice of the curate is gentle :
 " No sparrow shall fall to the ground ;"
 But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
 Is mocking the merciful sound.

LOST : THREE LITTLE ROBINS.

Oh, where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
 Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day
 And carried my three little birdies away ?

They hardly were dressed,
 When he took from the nest
 My three little robins, and left me distressed.

O wrens ! have you seen, in your travels to-day,
 A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
 Who carried my three little robins away ?

He had light colored hair,
 And his feet were both bare,
 And he was most cruel to me, I declare.

O butterfly ! stop just one moment, I pray ;
 Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,
 Who carried my three little birdies away ?

From his pretty blue eyes
 One might think he was wise,
 But he must be wicked for one of his size.

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray !
 If you will bring back my three robins to-day,
 With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay ;

I'll sing all day long
 My merriest song.

And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolink ! did you see my birdies and me,
 How happy we were on the old apple tree,
 Until I was robbed of my young, as you see ?

Oh, how can I sing,
 Unless he will bring

My three robins back, to sleep under my wing.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree ;
 In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
 Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
 With its airy chambers, light as noon,
 That open to sun, and stars, and moon ;
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds, as they wander by !

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Skimming about on the breezy sea,
 Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
 Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home !
 What joy it must be to sail, upborne
 By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,
 To meet the young sun, full face to face,
 And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space !

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Wherever it listeth there to flee ;
 To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
 Dashing down among the waterfalls ;
 Then wheeling about, with its mates at play,
 Above and below, and among the spray,
 Hither and thither, with screams as wild
 As the laughing mirth of a rosy child.

PERSEVERANCE.

A swallow in the spring
 Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
 Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
 Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
 With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
 Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
 And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
 But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
 And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought
 And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
 The last soft feather on its ample floor,
 When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
 And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
 And toiled again,—and last night, hearing calls,
 I looked,—and lo! three little swallows slept
 Within the earth-made walls.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
 Who sung in the apple tree over the way,
 What it was he was singing so sweetly about,
 For I tried a long while, and I could not find out.

“Why, I'm sure,” he replied, “you cannot guess wrong,
 Don't ye know I am singing a temperance song?
 Teetotal, oh! that's the first word of my lay;
 And then don't you see how I twitter away?”

“'Tis because I've just dipped my breast in the spring,
 And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing;
 Cold water! cold water! yes, that is my song,
 And I love to keep singing it all the day long!”

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

Birdie, up in your cage so gay,
 Singing and swinging the live-long day,
 Don't you wish you could fly away

Into the greenwood fair?
 Under the trees the brook goes singing,
 Down in the meadows the flowers are springing;
 Don't you wish you were freely winging
 Up in the boundless air?

Out of the east at early morn
 Softly the beautiful day is born;
 Don't you wish you could greet its dawn,
 Rocking among the leaves?

Free as the light winds gayly blowing;
 Then, when the sunset gates are glowing,
 Home to a leafy shelter going,
 Such as the wild bird weaves?

Birdie, say, do you ever dream,
 How in the valley the waters gleam,
 Slipping along in a silver stream,
 Murmuring night and day ?
 Willows green in the light winds shiver,
 Leaning down to the shining river ;
 Say, in the dream do your soft wings quiver,
 Longing to soar away ?

TO A SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still.
 Leave to the nightingale her shady wood :
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home !

BIRDS' NESTS.

The skylark's nest among the grass
 And waving corn is found ;
 The robin's on a shady bank,
 With oak leaves strewn around.
 The wren builds in an ivied thorn,
 Or old and ruined wall ;
 The mossy nest, so covered in,
 You scarce can see at all.
 The martins build their nests of clay,
 In rows beneath the eaves ;
 While silvery lichens, moss, and hair
 The chaffinch interweaves.
 The cuckoo makes no nest at all,
 But through the wood she strays
 Until she find one snug and warm,
 And there her eggs she lays.
 The sparrow has a nest of hay,
 With feathers warmly lined ;
 The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks
 On lofty trees we find.
 Rooks build together in a wood,
 And often disagree ;
 The owl will build inside a barn
 Or in a hollow tree.

The blackbird's nest, of grass and mud,
In bush and bank is found ;
The lapwing's darkly spotted eggs
Are laid upon the ground.

The magpie's nest is girt with thorns
In leafless tree or hedge ;
The wild duck and the water-hen
Build by the water's edge.

Birds build their nests from year to year,
According to their kind,—
Some very neat and beautiful,
Some easily designed.

The habits of each little bird,
And all its patient skill,
Are surely taught by God himself
And ordered by his will.

THE CUNNING OLD CROW.

- On the limb of an oak sat a cunning old crow,
And chatted away with glee,
As he saw the old farmer go out to sow,
And he cried, " It's all for me !
" Look, look, how he scatters his seeds around ;
How thoughtful he is of the poor !
If he'd empty it down in a pile on the ground,
I could find it much better, I'm sure !
" I've learned all the tricks of this wonderful man,
Who has such regard for the crow
That he lays out his grounds in a regular plan,
And covers his corn in a row.
" The man has a very great fancy for me ;
He tries to entrap me enough,
But I measure his distance as nicely as he,
And when he comes near, I am off."

THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG.

- The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee ;
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.
He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song ;
" Oh, sister, look out of the window," said she,
" Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee ;
Chick a dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee.

"Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
 And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose ;
 I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
 How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee ;
 Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
 How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee."
 "There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
 Has clothed me already, and warm enough too ;
 Good morning !—oh, who are so happy as we ?"
 And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee-dee ;
 Chick-a-dee dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
 And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

HEIGH-HO !

Heigh-ho ! daisies and buttercups,
 Fair yellow daffodils stately and tall,
 When the wind wakes, how they rock in their grasses,
 And dance with the cuckoo-buds, slender and small ;
 Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
 Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho ! daisies and buttercups,
 Mother shall thread them a daisy chain,
 Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow
 That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain ;
 Sing, " Heart thou art wide, though the house be but narrow,
 Sing once, and sing it again."

Heigh-ho ! daisies and buttercups,
 Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend at thy bow ;
 A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
 And haply one musing doth stand at her prow ;
 Oh, bonny brown sons, and oh, sweet little daughters,
 Maybe he thinks on you now.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall,
 A sunshiny world, full of laughter and leisure,
 And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall,
 Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
 God that is over us all !

SELF-ESTEEM.

A plump little robin flew down from the tree,
 To hunt for a worm which he happened to see.
 A frisky young chicken came scampering by
 And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.
 Said the chick, " What a queer-looking chicken is that ;
 Its wings are so long and its body so fat !"
 While the robin remarked loud enough to be heard !
 " Dear me ! an exceedingly strange looking bird !"

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said "No,"
 But asked in its turn if the robin could crow.
 So the bird sought a tree and the chicken a wall,
 And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

SING A SONG TO ME.

Little robin in the tree, sing a song to me.
 Sing about the roses on the garden wall,
 Sing about the birdies on the tree-top tall.
 Little lark up in the sky, sing a song to me.
 Sing about the cloud-land, far off in the sky;
 When you go there calling, do your children cry?
 Tiny tomtit in the hedge, sing a song to me.
 Sing about the mountain, sing about the sea,
 Sing about the steamboats, is there one for me?
 Sooty blackbird in the field, sing a song to me,
 Sing about the farmer, planting corn and beans,
 Sing about the harvest—I know what that means.

BIRD TRADES.

The swallow is a mason,
 And underneath the eaves
 He builds a nest and plasters it
 With mud and hay and leaves.
 Of all the weavers that I know,
 The oriole is the best;
 High on the branches of the tree
 She hangs her cosy nest.
 The woodpecker is hard at work—
 A carpenter is he—
 And you may hear him hammering,
 His nest high up a tree.
 Some little birds are miners;
 Some build upon the ground;
 And busy little tailors too,
 Among the birds are found.

144.—THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE.

G. W. PATTEN.

Blaze, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
 The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
 I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low,
 And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow.
 I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain;
 Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain!
 I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy;
 Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and "blood" my battle-cry!

Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all;—
 I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
 I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
 And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
 Ye've trailed me thro' the forest; ye've track'd me o'er the stream;
 And struggling thro' the Everglades your bristling bayonets gleam.
 But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
 The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you: Come not here!

Think ye to find my homestead?—I gave it to the fire.
 My tawny household do ye seek?—I am a childless sire.
 But, should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have and good;
 I live on hate,—'tis all my bread; yet light is not my food.
 I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
 And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till I die!
 I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave!
 But I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath its wave!

145.—THE MAYFLOWER.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower* of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route;—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base;—the dismal sound of the pumps is heard;—the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow;—the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggering vessel. I see them escape from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth—weak and weary from the voyage—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore—without shelter—without means—surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any prin

ciple of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea;—was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

146.—SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish

and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry?

No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down, even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungente action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy

soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

147.—ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, dear mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed, and faded our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
 Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
 Since I last listened your lullaby song:
 Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
 Clapsed to your heart in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

148.—INSIGNIFICANCE OF EARTH.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

Though the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished forever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? A mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumptuous to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighborhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them; and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendor and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude

of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it falls upon the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment the life with which it teems, as we know by the aid of the microscope, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which may people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we—the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such

emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that, though his mind takes into its comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God, who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw and every comfort which I enjoy.

149.—THANATOPSIS.

W. C. BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she **speaks**
 A various language. For his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When **thoughts**
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
 Go forth unto the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
 Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many **tears**,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist

Thine image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall **claim**
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of Man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom! Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles

And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
 Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

150.—THE LITTLE STOW-AWAY.

A YOUNG HERO.

"Ay, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, them Dalmatians, and reason good, too, seein' they man half the Austrian navy; but they're not got the seasonin' of an Englishman, put it how yer will!"

I was standing on the upper deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamer, looking my last upon pyramidal Jaffa, as it rises up in terrace after terrace of stern gray masonry against the lustrous evening sky, with the foam-tipped breakers at its feet. Beside me, with his elbow on the hand-rail, and his short pipe between his teeth, lounged the stalwart chief-engineer, as thorough an Englishman as though he had not spent two-thirds of his life abroad. He delighted to get hold of a listener, who—as he phrased it—"had been about a bit."

"No; they ain't got an Englishman's seasonin'," he continues, pursuing his criticism of the Dalmatian seamen; "and what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's pluck neither not when it comes to a real scrape."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" asked I, laughing.

"Well, I won't just go for to say that; o' course a man as is a man 'ull have pluck in him all the world over. I've seed a Frencher tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seed a Rooshan stand to his gun arter every man in the battery, barrin' himself, had been blowed all to smash. But, if yer come to that, the pluckiest fellow as ever I seed warn't a man at all!"

"What was he, then? a woman?"

"No, nor that neither; though, mark ye, I don't go for to

say as how women ain't got pluck enough too—some on 'em at least. My old 'ooman, now, saved me once from a lubber of a Portigee as was just a-goin' to stick a knife into me, when she cracked his nut with a handspike. (You can hear her spin the yarn yourself, if you likes to pay us a visit when we get to Constantinople.) But this un as I'm a talkin' on was a little lad not much bigger'n Tom Thumb, only with a spirit of his own as ud ha' blowed up a man-o'-war a'most. Would ye like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

"'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second-engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether, you may think, the cap'n warn't in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-goin' sort of a chap, as nothing on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if somethin' had put him out pretty considerably.

"'Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stow-away.' (That's the name you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hides themselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"'The dickens you have?' says I. 'Who is he, and where did yer find him?'

"'Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all, if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and begun barkin'. Sitch a little mite as he is, too! I could ha' most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good-plucked un for all that.'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o' the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle was the fust-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad not ten-year old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But, bless yer soul! to

see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great hulkin' black-bearded feller with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un warn't a bit afeard—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halferd himself. Folk did say arterwards"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"as how he comed o' better blood nor what he seemed; and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet seed a common street-Harab—as they calls them now—carry it off like him. You might ha' heerd a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"'Well, you young whelp,' says he, in his grimmest voice, 'what's brought you here?'

"'It was my step-father as done it,' says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he wont have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane, at Halifax; and here's her address.' And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

"'We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swallow the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, 'I'm too old a bird to be caught by that kind o' chaff;' and then he says to him, 'Look here, my lad; that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some o' these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you doan't, it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quietly, 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart, now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, 'What

on earth's a-comin' now?'—But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

“‘Now, my lad,’ says the mate in a hard, square kind o’ voice, that made every word seem like fittin’ a stone into a wall, ‘you see that ’ere rope? Well, I’ll give you ten minutes to confess; and if you don’t tell the truth afore the time’s up, I’ll hang you like a dog!’

“‘The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn’t believe their ears, (I didn’t believe mine, I can tell ye,) and then a low growl went among ’em, like a wild beast awakin’ out of a nap.

“‘Silence there!’ shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor’easter. ‘Stand by to run for’ard!’ as he held the noose ready to put it round the boy’s neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha’ felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o’ my little curly-haired lad at home, and how it ’ud be if any one was to go for to hang him; and at the very thought on’t I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched theirselves as if they was a-grip-pin’ somebody’s throat. I clutched hold o’ a handspike, and held it behind my back all ready.

“‘Tom,’ whispers the chief engineer to me, ‘d’ye think he really means to do it?’

“‘I don’t know,’ says I, through my teeth; ‘but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!’

“‘I’ve been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt ’arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o’ the mate’s watch, reg’lar, pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o’ their faces; and I noticed that three or four on ’em kep’ edgin’ for’ard to where the mate was in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I’d made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap, I’d kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

“‘Eight minutes,’ says the mate, his great deep voice breakin’ in upon the silence like the toll o’ a funeral bell. ‘If you’ve got anything to confess, my lad, you’d best out with it, for ye’re time’s nearly up.’

“‘I’ve told you the truth,’ answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. ‘May I say my prayers, please?’

“‘The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn’t

make out what he said (fact, my head was in sich a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name,) but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

"God bless you, my boy!" says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you: you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast yer off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, and gev' her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond of him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish yer good night."

151.—THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy, down here below;

Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,

Speaking only in gentlest tones;

The rod was scarcely known in his school,

Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,

And too hard work for his poor old bones;

Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:

"We should make life pleasant, down here below,

The living need charity more than the dead,"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,

With roses and woodbine over the door;

His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,

But a spirit of comfort there held reign,

And made him forget he was old and poor;

"I need so little," he often said;

"And my friends and relatives here below

Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"

Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,

Were the sociable hours he used to pass,

With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,

Making an unceremonious call,

Over a pipe and a friendly glass:

This was the finest pleasure, he said,

Of the many he tasted, here below;

"Who has no cronies, had better be dead!"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face

Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;

He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,

Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,

Till the house grew merry, from cellar to tiles

"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,

"I have lingered a long while, here below;

But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,

Every night when the sun went down,

While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,

Leaving its tenderest kisses there,

On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown:

And, feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,

'Twas a glorious world, down here below;

"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"

Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
 After the sun had sunk in the west,
 And the lingering beams of golden light
 Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
 While the odorous night-wind whispered, "Rest!"
 Gently, gently, he bowed his head . . .
 There were angels waiting for him, I know;
 He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
 This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

152.—BETH GELERT.

W. R. SPENCER.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerily smiled the morn;
 And many a brach, and many a hound,
 Obeyed Llewellyn's horn:
 And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a lustier cheer:
 "Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
 Llewellyn's horn to hear?
 "Oh! where does faithful Gelert roam?
 The flower of all his race;
 So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase!"
 'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
 The faithful Gelert fed;
 He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
 And sentineled his bed.
 In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John;
 But now no Gelert could be found,
 And all the chase rode on.
 And now, as over rocks and dells
 The gallant chidings rise,
 All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
 With many mingled cries.
 That day Llewellyn little loved
 The chase of hart or hare;
 And small and scant the booty proved,
 For Gelert was not there.
 Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
 When, near the portal-seat,
 His truant Gelert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed—
And on went Gelert too—
And still where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covers rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;
He searched—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

'Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!'
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub-boy he kissed.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
 "Best of thy kind, adieu!
 The frantic deed which laid thee low,
 This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
 With costly sculpture decked;
 And marbles storied with his praise,
 Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester unmoved;
 There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear;
 And, oft as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds, would hear
 Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of "Gelert's Grave."

153.—POWER OF HABIT.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," he said, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair and glassy; how far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to the enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank:

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not

such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall un-
with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in
the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on,
boys; don't be alarmed—there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us.
What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient
for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we
may; will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time
enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with
the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!"

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast
you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull
hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the
blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-
cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the
sail!—ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling,
blaspheming, over they go!

Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power
of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is
injuring me I will give it up!"

154.—THE UNBELIEVER.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur,
and glory, and beauty of the natural universe, and behold not
the touches of His finger, who is over, and with, and above
all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition. The
unbeliever! one whose intellect the light of revelation never
penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun, and moon, and stars,
and upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spread out so
magnificently above him, and say all this is the work of chance.
The heart of such a being is a drear, cheerless void. In him,
Mind, the god-like gift of intellect—is debased, destroyed; all
is dark—a fearful chaotic labyrinth—rayless—cheerless—hope-
less! No gleam of light from Heaven penetrates the blackness

of the horrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the desponding heart rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphim arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and superstition have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect. I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, or around, or beneath him, that evinces the existence of a God; and he denies—yea, while standing on the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and denies there is a God.

155.—EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

MARGARET MERCER.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed,
 Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
 For they alone are blest
 With balmy sleep
 Whom angels keep;
 Nor, though by care oppressed,
 Or anxious sorrow,
 Or thought in many a coil perplexed
 For coming morrow,
 Lay not thy head
 On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eye shall close,
 That earthly cares and woes
 To thee may e'er return?
 Arouse, my soul!
 Slumber control,
 And let thy lamp burn brightly;
 So shall thine eyes discern
 Things pure and sightly;
 Taught by the Spirit, learn
 Never on prayerless bed
 To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care
 That calls for holy prayer?
 Has thy day been so bright
 That in its flight
 There is no trace of sorrow?
 And art thou sure to-morrow
 Will be like this, and more

Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weepest?
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer!
For He that slumbereth not is there:
His ear is open to thy cry.
Oh, then on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head!

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber!
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest,
Those souls of countless number;
And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from Earth to Heaven:
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven!
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

156.—RESURRECTION OF ABDULLAH.

FROM THE ARABIC.

He who died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know, pale and white and cold as snow,
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!" weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears; I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this: "I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie; it *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends, what the women lave, for the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting, is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which, at last, like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room; the wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars that kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise and dry straightway every weeping eye;
What ye left upon the bier is not worth a single tear;
'Tis an empty sea shell, one out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there; the pearl, the all, the soul, is here.

'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of His treasury, a mind that loved him ; let it lie,
Let the shards be earth once more, since the gold is in His store.

Allah glorious ! Allah good ! now Thy word is understood ;
Now the long, long wonder ends ; yet ye weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call dead, in unspoken bliss instead,
Lives and loves you ; lost, 'tis true, for the light that shines for you ;
But in the light ye cannot see of undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect paradise, and a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ; but *not* farewell ; where I am ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face, a moment's worth, a little space ;
When ye come where I have stepped, ye will wonder why ye wept ;
Ye will know, by true love taught, that here is all, and there is naught
Weep awhile, if ye are fain ; sunshine still must follow rain :
Only not at Death, for Death, now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter Life which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain, all seems love viewed from Allah's throne above,
Be ye stout of heart, and come bravely onward to your home.
Sa-îl Allah—Allah la ! O love divine ! O love away !

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

Edwin Arnold

157 —HYMNS.

ART THOU WEARY ?

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest ?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide ?

"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns ?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here ?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last ?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes :
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee :
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

PROVIDENCE.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
— In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his works in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on !
 Keep thou my feet ! I do not ask to see
 The distant scene ; one step enough for me.
 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead thou me on !
 I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.
 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

ANGELIC SONGS ARE SWELLING.

Hark ! hark ! my soul ! Angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore ;
 How sweet the truth those bles-éd strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more !
Chor.—Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the gospel leads us home.
 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And ~~holy~~ ^{holy} souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

GRANT US THY PEACE.

Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
Once more we bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace through all the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light:
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

TRISAGION.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky
and sea:

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed trinity!

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land,
 I am weak, but thou art mighty :
 Hold me with thy powerful hand.
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the living waters flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever sing to thee.

LIVING TO THEE.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My path of life attend :
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if thou be near ;
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My weary eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without thee I cannot live ;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved !
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

BY COOL SILOAM.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage.
 O thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine :
 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the morning hours ;
 Work while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers ;
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon :
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store :
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While the bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies :
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work, while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

BLEST BE THE TIE.

Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love :
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
 We pour united prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices !
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his earth rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love ;
And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us !
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine—
"The hand that made us is divine."

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river, from many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness, the gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness, bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted, the lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation! the joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, and you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory, it spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature, the Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator, in bliss returns to reign.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll, while the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone, still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is staid, all my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head with the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found, grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound, make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art, freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart, rise to all eternity.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

I would not live away: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway ; no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
“ Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.”

Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

“ Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine ;
Are they not enough for thee ?”
But the Shepherd made answer :
“ 'Tis of mine has wandered away from me
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep.”

But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed ;
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro,
 Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert he heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 " Rejoice ! I have found my sheep !"
 And the angels echoed around the throne,
 " Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own !"

PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed ;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear ;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say—" Behold, he prays."

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gate of death :
 He enters heaven with prayer.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Flee as a bird to your mountain,
 Thou who art weary of sin ;
 Go to the clear-flowing fountain,
 Where you may wash and be clean ;
 Fly, for th' avenger is near thee,
 Call and the Saviour will hear thee,
 He on his bosom will bear thee,
 Oh, thou who art weary of sin.

He will protect thee forever,
 Wipe every falling tear ;

He will forsake thee, oh ! never,
 Sheltered so tenderly there !
 Haste then, the hours are flying,
 Spend not the moments in sighing,
 Cease from your sorrow and crying,
 The Saviour will wipe every tear.

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

Softly now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall forever pass away ;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity ;
 Then, from thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.

See how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys :
 Our souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

Still, still with thee—when purple morning breaketh,
 When wake the birds, and all the shadows flee ;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee !

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer,
 Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
 But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
 Oh ! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with thee.

THE WATER INTO WINE.

Thy glory thou didst manifest, O Christ, by miracle divine,
 When, at thy word, for ev'ry guest the water sparkled into wine ;
 And now, in all the sons of men who feel thy Spirit's quick'ning
 breath,

The miracle is wrought again, as life is kindled out of death.

What festal raptures fill our hearts when heaven and earth are
 married there !

What hope, what love, the Lord imparts ! what tenderness and
 strength of prayer !

For then within his glory glows ; and gifts and graces all divine
 Again that miracle disclose of water glorified in wine.

Oh, Christ, unfold thy quick'ning might from day to day, that all
 may see

Within each saint, still beaming bright, thy glorious Epiphany ;
 And find that best of wine at last, the sweetest gift of grace out-
 poured,

Richer than Cana's humble feast, the marriage supper of the Lord.

158.—TO-MORROW.

ANONYMOUS.

A bright little boy with laughing face,
 Whose every motion was full of grace,
 Who knew no trouble, and feared no care,
 Was the light of our household—the youngest there.

He was too young, this little elf,
 With troublesome questions to vex himself ;
 But for many days a thought would arise,
 And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
 Than any other beneath the skies ;
 "Mother"—oh, word that makes the home!—
 "Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

"It is almost night," the mother said,
 'And time for my boy to be in bed :—

When you wake up and it's day again,
It will be to-morrow, my darling, then."

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke with the first red streaks of light;
He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow,
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie, this is to-day;
To-morrow is always one night away."
He pondered awhile, but joys came fast,
And the vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night;
"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"
From years to come he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

"You cannot catch it, my little Ted:
Enjoy to-day," the mother said:
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year—
It always is coming, but never is here."

159.—THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight.
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the king,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of arméd heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come. since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge;"
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow. * *
So like a shatter'd column lay the king;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

160.—MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

WM. COWPER.

Oh, that those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last :
 Those lips are thine—thine own sweet smile I see,
 The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize—
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
 I will obey, not willingly alone,

But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, Life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown :
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more—
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe, and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home—
The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone, and glowed ;
All this and, more endearing still than all,

Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere—
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while—
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay:
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to obtain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me, howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course,
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now farewell!—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem t' have lived my childhood o'er again;
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half-succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

161.—THERE IS NO DEATH.

J. L. MCCREERY.

There is no death! The stars go down
 To rise upon some fairer shore;
 And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
 They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
 Shall change beneath the summer showers
 To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
 And feed the hungry moss they bear;
 The forest leaves drink daily life,
 From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
 And flowers may fade and pass away;
 They only wait, through wintry hours,
 The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
 He bears our best loved things away;
 And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
 He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
 Transplanted into bliss, they now
 Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones,
 Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
 Sings now an everlasting song,
 Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
 Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
 He bears it to that world of light,
 To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again;
 With joy we welcome them the same,—
 Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread;
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life—there are no dead.

162.—BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT.

WILLIAM WIRT.

A plain man, who knew nothing of the curious transmutations which the wit of man can work, would be very apt to wonder by what kind of legerdemain Aaron Burr had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack, as an accessory, and turn up poor Blennerhassett as principal, in this treason. Who, then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction? He is its author, its projector, its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless and aspiring, his brain conceived it, his hand brought it into action.

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. On his arrival in America, he retired, even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he brought with him taste, and science, and wealth; and “lo, the desert smiled!” Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you, sir, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity,—this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart,—the destroyer comes. He comes to turn this paradise into a hell

Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guards before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers!

The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene: it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain—he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks in the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors,—of Cromwell, and Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he but lately “permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly,”—we find her shivering, at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and

his happiness,—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace,—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another,—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason,—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason!

163.—THE GENTLEMAN.

BISHOP DOANE.

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You can not make a gold ring out of brass. You can not change an Alaska crystal to a South African diamond. You can not make a gentleman till you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather. It does not depend upon the tailor, or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog, in England, was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor. A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; a gentleman is generous; a gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it; a gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it; a gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right; a gentleman subjects his appetites; a gentleman refines his taste; a gentleman subdues his feelings; a gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water, that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul describes a gentleman, when he exhorted the Philippian Christians. "Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow,

in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says: "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor: he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and works, before a profane world."

164.—SHIPS AT SEA.

R. B. COFFIN.

I have ships that went to sea
 More than fifty years ago;
 None have yet come home to me,
 But keep sailing to and fro.
 I have seen them, in my sleep,
 Plunging through the shoreless deep,
 With tattered sails and battered hulls,
 While around them screamed the gulls,
 Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they staid
 From me, sailing round the world;
 And I've said, "I'm half afraid
 That their sails will ne'er be furled."
 Great the treasures that they hold,—
 Silks and plumes, and bars of gold;
 While the spices which they bear
 Fill with fragrance all the air,
 As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port
 Knows that I have ships at sea,
 Of the waves and winds the sport;
 And the sailors pity me.
 Oft they come and with me walk,
 Cheering me with hopeful talk,
 Till I put my fears aside,
 And contented watch the tide
 Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
 Gazing for them down the bay,
 Days and nights, for many years,
 Till I turned heart-sick away
 But the pilots, when they land,
 Stop and take me by the hand,

Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I can buy then all I need,—
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Everything except a heart:
That is lost, that is lost.

Once when I was pure and young,
Poorer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me,
Evermore, evermore.

165.—THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

ROBERT LOWELL.

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last,
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.
To yield to that foe was worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee:
"When my father comes hame frae the plough," she said,
"Oh, then please waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is staved

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face, and she caught my hand
And drew me near, as she spoke:—

The Hielanders! oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The Macgregor's! oh! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far off roar,
Were all; and the Colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's dune;
But dinna ye hear it noo?
'*The Campbells are comin'!*' It's nae a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Hielanders!
And now they played "Lang Syne;"
And it came to our men like the voice of God,
As they shouted along the line.

And they wept and they shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.
That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.
And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears
As the pipers played "Lang Syne."

166.—TOO DEAR FOR THE WHISTLE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle;" and I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, "who gave too much for the whistle." When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself—"This man gives too much for his whistle." When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too dear for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth—"Poor man," said I, "you pay too dear for your whistle." When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensation, and ruining his health in its pursuit—"Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you are paying too dear for your whistle." If I see one fond of appearance or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, "Alas," say I, "he has paid dear, very dear for his whistle." In short, the miseries of mankind are largely due to their false estimate of things,—to giving "too much for their whistles."

167.—APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

LORD BYRON.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean,—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lie.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts;—not so thou;—
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime,—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
 Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers,—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror,—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane,—as I do here.

168.—POEMS OF WORDSWORTH.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore;—

Turn whereso'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more

The rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the rose;

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair:

The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.
 Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ,
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.
 Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man.
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came
 O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed,
 Perpetual benedictions : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest ;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings ;
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never ;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.
 Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound !
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind,
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been, must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.
 And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight,
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they :
 The innocent brightness of a new born day
 Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live ;
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

An Orpheus ! an Orpheus ! Yes, faith may grow bold,
 And take to herself all the wonders of old ;
 Near the stately Panthéon you'll meet with the same,
 In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there ; and he works on the crowd,
 He sways them with harmony merry and loud ;
 He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim,--
 Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him ?

What an eager assembly ! what an empire is this !
 The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss ;
 The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest ;
 And the guilt-burthen'd soul is no longer oppress.

As the moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,
 So he, where he stands, is a centre of light ;
 It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-brow'd Jack,
 And the pale-visaged baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'prentice was passing in haste,—
 What matter ! he's caught, and his time runs to waste ;
 The newsman is stopp'd, though he stops on the fret ;
 And the half-breathless lamplighter, he's in the net !

The porter sits down on the weight which he bore ;
 The lass with her barrow wheels hither her store ;—
 If a thief could be here he might pilfer at ease ;
 She sees the musician, 'tis all that she sees !

He stands, backed by the wall ;—he abates not his din ;
 His hat gives him vigor, with boons dropping in,
 From the old and the young, from the poorest ; and there !
 The one-pennied boy has his penny to spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand
 Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a band ;
 I am glad for him, blind as he is !—all the while
 If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;
 Can he keep himself still, if he would ? O not he !
 The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that cripple who leans on his crutch ; like a tower
That long has lean'd forward, leans hour after hour !
That mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,
While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots ! roar on like a stream ;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream :
They are deaf to your murmurs,—they care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue !

MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

O then what soul was his, when, on the tops
Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
The spectacle ; sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him ; they swallowed up
His animal being ; in them did he live,
And by them did he live ; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him ; it was blessedness and love.

TINTERN ABBEY.

I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,—
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,

And mountains, and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
 In nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts.

DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils ;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering, dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 That twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay :
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company :
 I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"Why, William, on that old gray stone,
 Thus for the length of half a day,
 Why, William, sit you thus alone,
 And dream your time away ?

"Where are your books ? that light bequeath'd
 To Beings else forlorn and blind !
 Up ! up ! and drink the spirit breathed
 From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your Mother Earth,
 As if she for no purpose bore you ;
 As if you were her first-born birth,
 And none had lived before you !"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply :

"The eye—it cannot choose but see ;
We cannot bid the ear be still ;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress ;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking ?

"Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

THE TABLES TURNED.

Up ! up ! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double :
Up ! up ! my friend, and clear your looks ;
Why all this toil and trouble ?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife :
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music ! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

But hark, how blithe the throstle sings !
He, too, is no mean preacher :
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless,—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ;
 Our meddling intellect
 Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things :
 We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
 Close up those barren leaves ;
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

169.—JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

The world is very evil ; the times are waxing late ;
 Be sober and keep vigil, the Judge is at the gate ;
 The Judge who comes in mercy, the Judge who comes in might,
 To terminate the evil, to diadem the right.

'Mid power that knows no limit, and wisdom free from bound,
 There rests a peace untroubled, peace holy and profound.
 O happy, holy portion, refection for the blest,
 True vision of true beauty, sweet cure for all distress !

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ! thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away !
 Strive, man, to win that glory ; toil, man, to gain that light ;
 Send hope before to grasp it, till hope be lost in sight.

Brief life is here our portion, brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
 The life that knows no ending, the tearless life, is there !
 O happy retribution ! short toil, eternal rest,
 For mortals and for sinners, a mansion with the blest !

There grief is turned to pleasure ; such pleasure as below
 No human voice can utter, no human heart can know ;
 And after fleshly weakness, and after this world's night,
 And after storm and whirlwind, are calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle, but then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting and passionless renown ;
 And he whom now we trust in shall then be seen and known,
 And they that know and see him shall have him for their own.

And now we watch and struggle, and now we live in hope,
 And Sion, in her anguish, with Babylon must cope ;
 But there is David's fountain, and life in fullest glow ;
 And there the light is golden, and milk and honey flow.

The morning shall awaken, the shadows flee away,
 And each true-hearted servant shall shine as doth the day ;
 For God, our king and portion, in fullness of his grace,
 We then shall see forever, and worship face to face.

For thee, O dear, dear country, mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love beholding thy holy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness, and love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion ! O Paradise of joy !
 Where tears are ever banished, and smiles have no alloy ;
 Thy loveliness oppresses all human thought and heart,
 And none, O Peace, O Sion, can sing thee as thou art.

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks, thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays ;
 Thine ageless walls are bounded with amethyst unpriced ;
 The saints build up thy fabric, and the corner-stone is Christ.

Jerusalem, the golden ! with milk and honey blest ;
 Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice oppress.
 I know not, oh, I know not, what joys await us there !
 What radiancy of glory ! what bliss beyond compare !

They stand, those halls of Sion, all jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel, and all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blesséd are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ; and there from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph, the song of them that feast.
 And they, who with their Leader, have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blesséd country, the home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blesséd country, that eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest !

Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever blest. A. D. 1145.

170.—REPLY TO GRAFTON.

LORD THURLOW.

I am amazed at the attack which the noble duke has made upon me. Yes, my lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident ? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable, and as insulting, as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone.

No one venerates the peerage more than I do ; but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me,—not I the peerage. Nay, more,—I can say, and will say, that, as a peer of parlia

ment, as Speaker of this right honorable House, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England,—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me,—as a MAN, I am, at this moment, as respectable,—I beg leave to add, as much respected,—as the proudest peer I now look down upon!

171.—REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

H. GRATTAN.

Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order,—why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times, when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me “an unimpeached traitor.” I ask why not “traitor,” unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and the freedom of debate, by uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his

situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech ; whether he be a privy counsellor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentlemen rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned,—not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt, they are seditious, and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman ; I defy the government ; I defy their whole phalanx ; let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

172.—TRIBUTES TO LINCOLN.

THE MARTYR CHIEF.

From Lowell's Harvard Commemoration Ode, 1865.

Life may be given in many ways,
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed
 As bravely in the closet as the field,
 So generous is Fate ;
 But then to stand beside her,
 When craven churls deride her,
 To front a lie in arms, and not to yield,—
 This shows, methinks, God's plan
 And measure of a stalwart man,
 Limbed like the old heroic breeds,

Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.
Such was he, our Martyr Chief,
Whom late the nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote :
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead ;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity !
They knew that outward grace is dust ;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A seamark now, now lost in vapors blind,
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of serf and peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface ;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not ; it were too late ;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he :

He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes :
 These are all gone, and, standing like a tower.
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;
 But O heart ! heart ! heart !

O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills, [ing,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the shores a crowd-
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning ;
 Here, Captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head !
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Foully Assassinated April 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
 You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
 His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please ;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen:—
To make me own this man of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill, the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might,—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear;—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture,—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
 And took both with the same unwavering mood :
 Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
 And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,
 A felon hand, between the goal and him,
 Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—
 And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
 Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest !
 The words of mercy were upon his lips,
 Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
 When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
 To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.
 The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame !
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high ;
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.
 A deed accurst ! Strokes have been struck before
 By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
 If more of horror or disgrace they bore ;
 But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.
 Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
 Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven ;
 And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
 With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR (Mark Lemon), in *London Punch*.

173.—SONGS.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred, no rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem,
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them ;
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.
 So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle the gems drop away ;
 When true hearts lie withered, and fond hearts are flown,
 Oh, who would inhabit this bleak world alone !

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently—it is better far to rule by love than fear ;
 Speak gently, let no harsh word mar the good we may do here.
 Speak gently to the little child ! its love be sure to gain ;
 Teach it in accents soft and mild—it may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young—for they will have enough to bear ;
 Pass through this life as best they may, 'tis full of anxious care.
 Speak gently to the aged one, grieve not the care-worn heart,
 Whose sands of life are nearly run ; let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring, know they may have toiled in vain ;
 Perchance unkindness made them so ; oh, win them back again.
 Speak gently, 'tis a little thing dropped in the heart's deep well ;
 The good, the joy, that it may bring, eternity shall tell.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Cho.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 There's no place like home,
 Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
 And feel that my mother now thinks of her child ;
 As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
 Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;
 Oh, give me my lowly-thatch'd cottage again ;
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call ;
 Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
 Fond mem'ry brings the light of other days around me,—
 The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years, the words of love then
 spoken,
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone, the cheerful hearts
 now broken :

Cho.—Thus, in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
 Sad mem'ry brings the light of other days around me.

When I remember all the friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall, like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but him de-
 parted.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLLED AWAY.

When the mists have rolled in splendor from the beauty of the hills,
 And the sunshine, warm and tender, falls in kisses on the rills,
 We may read love's shining letter in the rainbow of the spray ;
 We shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away.
Cho.—We shall know as we are known, never more to walk alone ;
 In the dawning of the morning, when the mists have rolled away.

If we err in human blindness, and forget that we are dust ;
If we miss the law of kindness, when we struggle to be just :
Snowy wings of peace shall cover all the anguish of to-day,
When the weary watch is over, and the mists have rolled away.

When the mists have risen above us, as our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those who love us, we shall know as we are known:
Lo ! beyond the orient meadows floats the golden fringe of day ;
Heart to heart we'll bide the shadows, till the mists have cleared
[away

SPEED AWAY.

Speed away ! speed away ! on thine errand of light !
There's a young heart awaiting thy coming to-night ;
She will fondle thee close, she will ask for the loved,
Who pine upon earth since the " Day Star " has roved ;
She will ask if we miss her so long is her stay ;
Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

And, oh ! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing,
That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing ;
That she standeth alone, in the still quiet night,
And her fond heart goes forth for the being of light,
Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay ?
Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

Go, bird of the silver wing, fetterless now,
Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow :
But hie thee away, o'er rock, river and glen,
And find our young " Day Star " ere night close again ;
Up ! onward ! let nothing thy mission delay :
Speed away ! speed away ! speed away !

FOREVER AND FOREVER

A maid reclined beside a stream, at fall of summer day,
And half awake and half a-dream, she watched the ripples play.
She mark'd the waters fall and heave, the deep'ning shadows
throng,

And heard, as darkened down the eve, the river's babbling song.
And thus it sung with tinkling tongue, that rippling, shadowy river,
" Youth's brightest day will fade away forever and forever."

The twilight past, the moon at last rose broadly o'er the night ;
Each ripple gleams beneath her beams as wrought in silver bright,
The heaving waters glide along, but mingling with their voice,
The nightingale now pours his song, and makes the shades rejoice.
And thus he sung with tuneful tongue, that bird beside the river,
" When youth is gone, true love shines on, forever and forever."

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

When shall we meet again, meet ne'er to sever ?
When will peace wreath her chain round us forever ?
Our hearts will ne'er repose, safe from each blast that blows,
If this dark vale of woes, never—no, never !

When shall love freely flow, pure as life's river ?

When shall sweet friendship glow changeless forever ?
Where joys celestial thrill, where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill, never—no, never !

Up to that world of light, take us, dear Saviour ;
May we all there unite, blessed forever ;
Where kindred spirits dwell, there may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel, never—no, never !

Soon shall we meet again, meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain round us forever ;
Our hearts will then repose secure from worldly woes :
Our songs of praise shall close, never—no, never.

SOMEWHERE.

"Somewhere the wind is blowing," I said, and toiled along
In torrid heat of noontide—the fancy made me strong.
Somewhere the wind is blowing, tho' where I gasp and sigh
No breath of air is stirring, nor cloud in burning sky.
Somewhere the thing we long for is on the earth's wide bound
Somewhere the sun is shining when winter locks the ground.
Somewhere the flow'rs are springing, somewhere the corn is brown,
Ready unto the harvest, to feed the hungry town.

Chor.—Somewhere the things that try us shall all have passed away,
And doubt and fear no longer hinder the perfect day.
Oh, brother, though the darkness over thy soul be cast
The earth is rolling sunward, and light shall come at last.

Somewhere the twilight gathers, and weary men lay by
The burden of the daytime, and wrapped in slumber lie.
Somewhere the day is breaking, and gloom and darkness flee ;
Though storms our bark are tossing, somewhere's a placid sea.
And thus, I thought, 'tis always in this mysterious life,
There's always gladness somewhere spite of its pain and strife.
Somewhere the sin and sorrow of earth are known no more,
Somewhere our weary spirits shall find a peaceful shore.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Thou stockdove, whose echo resounds from the hill,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills ;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft, as mild evening creeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gath'ring sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave!
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

HOME AGAIN.

Home again, home again, from a foreign shore!
And, oh, it fills my soul with joy, to meet my friends once more;
Here I dropped the parting tear, to cross the ocean's foam,
But now I'm once again with those who kindly greet me home.

Happy hearts, happy hearts, with mine have laughed in glee,
But, oh, the friends I loved in youth seem happier to me;
And if my guide should be the fate which bids me longer roam,
But death alone can break the tie that binds my heart to home.

Music sweet, music soft, lingers round the place,
And, oh, I feel the childhood charm that time cannot efface,
Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll ask no palace dome,
For I can live a happy life with those I love at home.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

When all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green,
And ev'ry goose a swan, lad, and ev'ry lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and saddle, lad! and round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad, and ev'ry dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad, and all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad, and all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there, the spent and maimed
among;
God grant you find one face there you loved when all was young.

DOUGLAS, TENDER AND TRUE.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas! Douglas!
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas!
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on you sweet as the angels do,—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not !
 Mine eyes were blinded, your words were few ;
 Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
 Douglas ! Douglas ! tender and true ?
 I was not half worthy of you, Douglas,
 Not half worthy the like of you ;
 Now all men beside are to me like shadows,
 Douglas ! Douglas ! tender and true.
 Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas ! Douglas !
 Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
 As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas !
 Douglas ! Douglas ! tender and true.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind,
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days of auld lang syne ?
Cho.—For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne ;
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 We twa ha'e run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 We twa ha'e sported i' the burn
 Frae mornin' sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 And here's a hand, my trusty frier',
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

The dearest spot of earth to me
 Is home, sweet home ;
 The fairy land I've longed to see
 Is home, sweet home.
 There how charmed the sense of hearing,
 There where hearts are so endearing,
 All the world is not so cheering,
 As home, sweet home.
Cho.—The dearest spot of earth to me
 Is home, sweet home ;
 The fairy land I've longed to see
 Is home, sweet home.

I've taught my heart the way to prize
 My home, sweet home ;
 I've learned to look with lover's eyes
 On home, sweet home.
 There where vows are truly plighted,
 There where hearts are so united,
 All the world besides I've slighted
 For home, sweet home.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
 Gave me her promise true,
 Gave me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift,
 Her throat is like the swan ;
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on.
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her e'e,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
 And like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

FAR AWAY.

Where is now the merry party,
 I remember, long ago,
 Laughing round the Christmas fireside,
 Brightened by its ruddy glow ;
 Or in summer's balmy evenings,
 In the fields upon the hay ?
 They have all dispers'd, and wander'd
 Far away, far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant,
 And with strangers made their home ;
 Some upon the world of waters
 All their lives are forced to roam ;

Some are gone from us forever,
 Longer here they might not stay,
 They have reached a fairer region
 Far away, far away.

There are still some few remaining.
 Who remind us of the past,
 But they change as all things change here
 Nothing in this world can last;
 Years roll on and pass forever,
 What is coming, who can say?
 Ere this closes many may be
 Far away, far away.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS.

When the swallows homeward fly,
 When the roses scattered lie.
 When from neither hill nor dale
 Chants the silv'ry nightingale;
 In these words my bleeding heart
 Would to thee its grief impart,
 When I thus thy image lose,
 Can I, ah, can I e'er know repose?
 When the white swan southward roves,
 To seek at noon the orange groves,
 When the red tints of the west
 Prove the sun has gone to rest;
 In these words my bleeding heart
 Would to thee its grief impart,
 When I thus thy image lose,
 Can I, ah, can I e'er know repose?
 Hush, my heart! why thus complain
 Thou must, too, thy woes contain,
 Though on earth no more we rove,
 Loudly breathing words of love;
 Thou, my heart, must find relief,
 Yielding to these words belief;
 I shall see thy form again,
 Though to-day we part in pain.

BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
 How can ye sing, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, full of care?
 You'll break my heart, ye little birds,
 That wanton through the flow'ring thorn;
 Ye mind me of departed joys,
 Departed—never to return.

Oft have I strayed by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 Where ilka bird sang of his love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 With lightsome heart I pulled a rose,
 Full sweet upon its thorny tree;
 But my false lover stole the rose,
 And left the thorn behind to me.

WATCH ON THE RHINE.

A voice resounds like thunder peal,
 'Mid dashing wave and clang of steel;
 "The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
 Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
Cho.—Dear Fatherland! no danger thine,
 Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

They stand a hundred thousand strong,
 Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
 With filial love their bosoms swell;
 They'll guard the sacred landmark well

While flows one drop of German blood,
 Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
 While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
 No foe shall tread thy sacred strand.

Our oath resounds the river flows,
 In golden light our banner glows,
 Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine.

SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD APPLE TREE.

Oh, the sports of childhood!
 Roaming thro' the wildwood,
 Running o'er the meadows happy and free:
 How my heart's a-beating
 For the old-time greeting,
 Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.
 Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,
 Lulling care to rest 'neath the old apple tree,
 Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,
 Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.
 Swaying in the sunbeams,
 Floating in the shadow,
 Sailing on the breezes, happy and free;
 Chasing all our sadness,
 Shouting in our gladness,
 Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.

Oh, the sports of childhood,
 Roaming thro' the wild-wood,
 Siinging o'er the meadows, happy and free;
 How my heart's a-beating,
 Thinking of the greeting,
 Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.

SHELLS OF OCEAN.

One summer eve, in pensive thought,
 I wander'd on the sea-beat shore,
 Where oft in heedless infant sport,
 I gathered shells in days before;
 The plashing waves like music fell,
 Responsive to my fancy wild;
 A dream came o'er me like a spell,
 I thought I was again a child.
 I stooped upon the pebbly strand,
 To cull the toys that round me lay.
 But, as I took them in my hand,
 I threw them one by one away.
 Oh, thus, I said, in ev'ry stage,
 By toys our fancy is beguiled;
 We gather shells from youth to age,
 And then we leave them, like a child.

HOME CAN I FORGET THEE!

Home, home, can I forget thee,
 Dear, dear, dearly loved home?
 No, no, still I regret thee,
 Tho' I may far from thee roam.
Cho.—Home, home, home; home,
 Dearest and happiest home.
 Home, home, why did I leave thee?
 Dear, dear friends, do not mourn,
 Home, home, once more receive me,
 Quickly to thee I'll return.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.*

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
 But sturdy and staunch he stands;
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
 And his musket it moulds in his hands,
 Time was when the little toy dog was new,
 And the soldier was passing fair,
 And there was a time when our Little Boy Blue
 Kissed them and put them there.
 "Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
 "And don't you make any noise!"
 So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
 He dreamed of the pretty toys:

* From "A Little Book of Western Verse." Copyright 1889, by Eugene Field.
 - Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
 Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
 But the little toy friends are true.

Ah, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
 Each in the same old place,
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
 The smile of a little face;
 And they wonder, as waiting these long years thro'
 In the dust of that little chair,
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
 Since he kissed them and put them there.

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

Chide mildly the erring, kind language endears;
 Grief follows the sinful, add not to their tears;
 Avoid with reproaches fresh pain to bestow,
 The heart which is stricken needs never a blow.

Chide mildly the erring, jeer not at their fall;
 If strength be but human, how weak were we all!
 What marvel that footsteps should wander astray,
 When tempests so shadow life's wearisome way?

Chide mildly the erring, entreat them with care,
 Their natures are mortal, they need not despair,
 We all have some frailty, we all are unwise,
 The grace which redeems us must come from the skies.

174.—CONTRASTED SOLILOQUIES.

JANE TAYLOR.

"Well," exclaimed a young lady just returned from school, "my education is at last finished! Indeed, it would be strange if, after five years' hard application, anything were left incomplete. Happily, that is all over now, and I have nothing to do but exercise my various accomplishments.

"Let me see! As to French, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease and pronounce very well. Music I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But now that we have a grand piano, I must continue to practice a little; yes, music is the only thing I need now improve myself in.

"My drawings are universally admired, especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly; besides this, I have

a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then in my dancing and waltzing, our master himself owned that he could take me no further! Since I have just the figure for it, certainly it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

“As to *common* things—geography, history, philosophy, and all that—thank my stars I’m through them all! There’s nothing more to be learned in that direction; and I may now consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well-informed! Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through! The only wonder is that one head can contain it all.”

“Ah!” exclaimed a silver-haired sage, “how narrow is the utmost extent of human science! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge, but how little do I know! The more deeply I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered. Beyond a certain limit all is but conjecture or confusion, so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant is, greatly, in having ascertained how little can be known.

“It is true that I can measure the sun and compute the distances of the planets; I can calculate their periodical movements, and even comprehend the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions; but with regard to their construction and the beings which inhabit them, what do I know more than the clown?

“I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground, and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term, a word? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and invisible chain which draws all things to a common centre? I observe the effect, I give a name to the cause; but can I explain or comprehend it?

“Pursuing the track of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality? Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil that paints and fringes the flower of the field? Have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant color to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

“Leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects and indulged in metaphysical speculation. And here, while I perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and mysterious connec-

tion. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition is either communicated or understood?

“Ever has man been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries. What have I gained by my laborious researches but a humbling conviction of my weakness and ignorance? How little has man, at his best estate, of which to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted powers, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!”

175.—THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.

T. B. MACAULAY.

“Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?”
 “Claimed as a slave, a free-born maid is dragged here from her home.

On fair Virginia, Claudius has cast his eye of blight;
 The tyrant's creature, Marcus, asserts an owner's right.
 O, shame on Roman manhood! Was ever plot more clear?
 But look! the maiden's father comes! Behold Virginius here!”

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide.
 Hard by, a butcher on a block had laid his whittle down,—
 Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
 And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell.
 And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, “Farewell, sweet child,
 farewell!

Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
 To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
 And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
 My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
 And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic gown!
 And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my crown
 Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
 Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
 And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
 Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
 The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,—
 The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
 Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
 And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
 The time is come. The tyrant points his eager hand this way;
 See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey;
 With all his wit he little deems that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
 Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left;

He little deems that, in this hand, I clutch what still can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave
 Yea, and from nameless evil that passeth taunt and blow,—
 Foul outrage, which thou knowest not,—which thou shalt never
 know.

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more
 kiss;

And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this!"
 With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
 And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
 And in another moment brake forth from one and all
 A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall;
 Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
 And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high:
 "O, dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
 By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
 And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
 Deal ye by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
 So spake the slayer of his child; then, where the body lay,
 Pausing, he cast one haggard glance, and turned and went his way

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him, alive or dead!
 Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
 He looked upon his clients,—but none would work his will;
 He looked upon his lictors,—but they trembled and stood still.
 And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
 Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left;
 And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
 And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in
 Rome.

176.—METAMORPHOSIS.

LLOYD MIFFLIN.

She spake so kindly unto all,
 So tenderly and true,
 She seemed the sweetest soul, I thought,
 That ever met my view.

Her form and features, grace and mien,
 Were lovely past compare;
 To me, a halo seemed to rest
 Above her yellow hair;

When lo! a scornful lip she curled,
 One venomed word she spake,
 And like a robe her beauty dropped,
 And left the naked snake.

I shuddered, though I could have wept
 To see those locks so fair
 Take serpent shapes, and squirm and writhe
 In gnarls of Gorgon hair.
 Ah, they who keep their angel shapes
 Bear still an angel mind;
 And they are ever loveliest,
 Who deepest love their kind.
 For beauty dwells not in a form,
 In tint of cheek or hair,
 But they who bear the sweetest souls
 Are fairest of the fair.

177.—IF WE KNEW.

ANONYMOUS.

If we knew the woe and heart-ache
 Waiting for us down the road,
 If our lips could taste the wormwood,
 If our backs could feel the load;
 Would we waste the day in wishing
 For a time that ne'er can be?
 Would we wait with such impatience
 For our ships to come from sea?
 If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,—
 Never trouble us again;
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?
 Ah, those little ice-cold fingers!
 How they point our memory back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
 For our reaping by and by.
 Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
 Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone;
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair

As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all about our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

178.—OUR OWN.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day,
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling!
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though, in the quiet evening,
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be,
That never for me,
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken,
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can never make right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,

Though we love "our own" the best.

Ah! lips with the curve impatient,

Ah! brow with that look of scorn,

'Twere a cruel fate

Were the night too late

To undo the work of the morn.

179.—ULYSSES.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

It little profits that an idle king
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know **not me**.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known: cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honored of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
 Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin **fades**
 Forever and forever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
 As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains: but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard **myself**,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
 This is my son, mine own Telem'achus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well loved of me, discerning to fulfill
 This labor by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and through soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.

Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note may yet be done
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

180.—MEMORIAL DAY.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a state?
 Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall, or moated gate;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No—men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:

Men, who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
 Prevent the long aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain ;—
 These constitute a state.

And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
 O'er thrones and globes elate,
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend Dissension like a vapor sinks ;
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

Once again the flowers we gather on these sacred mounds to lay;
 O'er the tombs of fallen heroes float the stars and stripes to-day.
 From the mountain, hill and valley issued forth a noble throng,
 With heroic valor fighting till was heard the victor's song.

But these brave men now are sleeping while their deeds in memory
 And the tribute we are bringing 'tis the nation's joy to give. [live,
 Bring we here the gold and purple, scarlet, blue, and lily white,
 Tassels from the silver birches and the tulips gay and bright.

Swords no more are brightly flashing, foes no more our land molest;
 Slumb'ring in the green-clad valley, low and peaceful is their rest;
 Earth to them so full of promise, home and friends and life so dear,
 But when loud the war-cry echoed quick the answer, We are here !

Swiftly now the years are rolling, while the honor and the fame
 Of the valiant brave increases, and more dear each noble name.
 Bring the flowers their graves to garland, let the sweetest music rise,
 Let the stars and stripes be waving o'er their gen'rous sacrifice.

DIRGE FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

Room for a Soldier ! lay him in the clover ;
 He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover ;
 Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover :
 Where the rain may rain upon it,
 Where the sun may shine upon it,
 Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
 And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches ;
 Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
 Where the whippoorwill shall mourn, where the oriole perches :
 Make his mound with sunshine on it,
 Where the bee will dine upon it,
 Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
 And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the bee was he, and his rest should be the clover ;
 Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover ;
 Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over :

Where the rain may rain upon it,
 Where the sun may shine upon it,
 Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
 And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
 Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften :
 He never could look cold till we saw him in his coffin.

Make his mound with sunshine on it,
 Plant the lordly pine upon it,
 Where the moon may stream upon it,
 And memory shall dream upon it.

"Private or Colonel,"—whatever invocation
 Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—
 On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation !

Long as the sun doth shine upon it
 Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,
 Long as the stars do gleam upon it
 Shall memory come to dream upon it.

FAR AWAY THE CAMP FIRES BURN.

Far away the camp fires burn ; we can see their ruddy light
 From the distant hill-tops flash, bright'ning up the brow of night.
 There our brave boys watch and wait, while at home both night
 Memories sweet we treasure up of the absent far away [and day.

Onward, brothers, for the right ; blessings on you as you go ;
 Panoplied for freedom's fight, naught but blessings shall you know.
 From our altars prayers arise, from our homes shall songs ascend,
 He who ruleth in the skies, shall your every step defend.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword.

His truth is marching on.

Glory ! glory ! hallelujah ! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel ;
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal ;
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
 Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Near the camp-fire's flickering light, in my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing thro' the shades of night at the twinkling stars on high.
O'er me spirits in the air silent vigils seem to keep,
As I breathe my childhood's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whippoorwill in the boughs of yonder tree,
Laughingly the dancing rill swells the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near in the forest dark and deep,
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear, "I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

'Mid those stars one face I see—one the Saviour called away—
Mother, who in infancy taught my baby lips to pray.
Her sweet spirit hovers near, in the lonely mountain brake,
'Take me to her, Saviour dear, "If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light, as each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night fill the air with sadd'ning cries,
Over me they seem to say: "You may never more awake."
Low I lisp, "If I should die I pray the Lord my soul to take."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Two soldiers, lying where they fell
Upon the reddened clay,—
In daytime, foes; at night, in peace,
Breathing their lives away.
Brave hearts had stirred each manly breast;
Fate only made them foes;
And lying, dying, side by side,
A softened feeling rose.

"Our time is short," one faint voice said.

"To-day we've done our best
On different sides. What matters now?
To-morrow we're at rest.
Life lies behind. I might not care
For only my own sake;
But far away are other hearts
That this day's work will break.

"Among New Hampshire's snowy hills
There pray for me, to night,

A woman, and a little girl
 With hair like golden light."
 And at the thought broke forth, at last,
 The cry of anguish wild,
 That would no longer be repressed,—
 "O God! my wife and child!"

"And," said the other dying man,
 "Across the Georgia plain
 There watch and wait for me loved ones
 I'll never see again.
 A little girl with dark bright eyes
 Each day waits at the door;
 The father's step, the father's kiss,
 Will never meet her more.

"To-day we sought each other's lives;
 Death levels all that now,
 For soon before God's mercy-seat
 Together shall we bow.
 Forgive each other while we may;
 Life's but a weary game;
 And, right or wrong, the morning sun
 Will find us dead the same."

And the little girl with golden hair,
 And one with dark eyes bright,
 On Hampshire's hills and Georgia plain,
 Were fatherless that night.

UNDER THE SHADE OF THE TREES.

What are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?
 What is the mystical vision he sees?

"Let us pass over the river, and rest
 Under the shade of the trees?"

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?
 Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?
 Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks,
 Under the shade of the trees?

Is it the far Shenandoah, whose rush
 Oft-time had come to him borne on the breeze,
 Over his tent, as he lay in the hush,
 Under the shade of the trees?

Nay, though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,
 Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,
 Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore,
 Under the shade of the trees.

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight,—
 Heard the harp harping like soundings of seas,

Saw earth's pure-hearted ones walking in white
Under the shade of the trees.

Surely for him it was well,—it was best,—
War worn, yet asking no furlough of ease,
There to pass over the river, and rest
Under the shade of the trees.

PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.

Insensible to high heroic deeds
Is there a spirit clothed in mortal weeds,
Who at the patriot's moving story,
Devoted to his country's good,
Devoted to his country's glory,
Shedding for freeman's rights his generous blood—
Listeneth not with deep heaved sigh,
Quivering nerve and glistening eye,
Feeling within a spark of heavenly flame,
That with the hero's worth may humble kindred claim?
If such there be, still let him plod
On the dull, foggy paths of care,
Nor raise his eyes from the dank sod
To view creation fair:
What boots to him the wondrous works of God;
His soul with brutal things hath ta'en its earthly lair.

DEAR COUNTRY MINE!

Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known;
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,
And may thy way be onward without wrath,
And upward on no carcass of the slain;
And if thou smitest let it be for peace
And justice—not in hate, or pride, or lust
Of empire. Mayst thou ever be, O land,
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong;
So shalt thou lift a light for all the world
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace.

BORDER SONG.

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border,
Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story,
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the queen and the old Scottish glory.
Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding,
 War-steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms, then, and march in good order.
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

181.—FROM "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking :
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking ;
 No price is set on the lavish summer ;
 June may be had by the poorest comer.
 And what is so rare as a day in June ?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
 Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays :
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
 The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace ;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives ;
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
 In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?
 Now is the high-tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
 Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer.
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
 We are happy now because God wills it;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer.
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

182.—THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.
 I count this thing to be grandly true,
 That a noble deed is a step towards God,—
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
 To a purer air and a broader view
 We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.
 We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
 When the morning calls us to life and light,
 But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
 Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.
 We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
 And we think that we mount the air on wings
 Beyond the recall of sensual things,
 While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.
 Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
 We may borrow the wings to find the way—
 We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray,
 But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
 But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
 And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

183.—IN MEMORIAM.

TENNYSON.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove.

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
 Thou madest life in man and brute;
 Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
 Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
 Thou madest man, he knows not why;
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to be:
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith, we cannot know;
 For knowledge is of things we see;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
 A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
 We mock thee when we do not fear:
 But help thy foolish ones to bear;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
 What seem'd my worth since I began;
 For merit lives from man to man,
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.

184.—GOOD DEEDS PAST.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ulysses.—Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
 Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devoured
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honor bright: to have done is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
 For Time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. Oh, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating Time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things **past**;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee
 And still it might; and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Troilus and Cressida

185—A PSALM OF LIFE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream!
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and **brave**,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act,—act in the living Present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

186—PULPIT ORATORY.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

The daily work of the pulpit is not to convince the judgment, but to touch the heart. We all know it is our duty to love our Creator and serve him, but the aim is to make mankind do it. It is not enough to convert our belief to Christianity, but to turn our souls towards God. Therefore the preacher will find in the armory of the feelings the weapons with which to defend against sin, assail Satan and achieve the victory the fruits of which shall never perish. And oh, how infinite the variety, how inexhaustible the resources, of this armory! how irresistible the weapons, when grasped by the hand of a master!

Every passion of the human heart, every sentiment that sways the soul, every action or character in the vast realms of history or the boundless world about us, the preacher can summon obedient to his command. He can paint in vivid colors the last hours of the just man—when, all his temptations and trials over, he smilingly sinks to sleep, to awake amid the glories of the eternal morn. He can tell the pampered man of ill-gotten gold that the hour draws nigh when he shall feel the cold and clammy hand of Death, and that all his wealth cannot buy him from the worm. He can drag before his hearers the slimy hypocrite, tear from his heart his secret crimes, and expose his accursed villainy to the gaze of all. He can appeal to the purest promptings of the Christian heart, the love of God and hatred of sin. He can depict the stupendous and appalling truth that the Saviour from the highest throne in Heaven descended, and here, on earth, assumed the form of fallen man, and for us died upon the cross like a malefactor.

He can startle and awe-strike his hearers as he descants on the terrible justice of the Almighty in hurling from Heaven Lucifer and his apostate legions; in letting loose the mighty waters until they swallowed the wide earth and every living thing, burying the highest mountains in the universal deluge, shadows of the coming of that awful day for which all other days are made. He can roll back the sky as a scroll, and, ascending to heaven, picture its ecstatic joys, where seraphic voices tuned in celestial harmony sing their hymns of praise. He can dive into the depths of hell and describe the howling and gnashing of teeth of the damned, chained in its flaming caverns, ever burning yet never consumed. He can, in a word, in imagination, assume the sublime attributes of the Deity, and, as the Supreme Mercy and Goodness, make tears of contrition start and stream from every eye; or, armed with the dread prerogatives of the Inexorable Judge, with the lightning of his wrath strike unrepentant souls until sinners sink on their knees and quail as Felix quailed before St. Paul.

187.—THE CYNIC.

H. W. BEECHER.

The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue, and generosity, and disinterestedness, are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them, to send you away sour and morose.

His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A. is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: certainly; the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: it is his trade. Such a man is generous: of other men's money. This man is obliging: to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: because he is green. Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for

fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity asceticism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, whose errand is death. He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds may find weeds. Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject then the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

188.—MEMORY OF THE GOOD.

H. HUMPHREY.

Why is it that the names of Howard, and Thornton, and Clarkson, and Wilberforce, will be held in everlasting remembrance? Is it not chiefly on account of their goodness, their Christian philanthropy, the overflowing and inexhaustible benevolence of their great minds? Such men feel that they were not born for themselves, nor for the narrow circle of their kindred and acquaintances, but for the world and for posterity. They delight in doing good on a great scale. Their talents, their property, their time, their knowledge, their experience and influence, they hold in constant requisition for the benefit of the poor, the oppressed, and the perishing. You may trace them along the whole pathway of life, by the blessings which they scatter far and wide. They may be likened to yon noble river which carries gladness and fertility, from state to state, through all the length of that rejoicing valley which it was made to bless;—or to those summer showers which pour gladness and plenty over all the regions that they visit, till they melt away into the glorious effulgence of the setting sun.

Such a man was Howard, the prisoner's friend. Christian philanthropy was the element in which he lived and moved, and out of which life would have been intolerable. It was to him that kings listened with astonishment, as if doubtful from

what world of pure disinterestedness he had come. To him despair opened her dungeons, and plague and pestilence could summon no terrors to arrest his investigations. In his presence, crime, though girt with the iron panoply of desperation, stood amazed and rebuked. With him home was nothing, country was nothing, health was nothing, life was nothing. His first and last question was, "What is the utmost that I can do for degraded, depraved, bleeding humanity, in all her prison houses?" And what wonders did he accomplish! What astonishing changes in the whole system of prison discipline may be traced back to his disclosures and suggestions, and how many millions yet to be born will rise up and call him blessed! Away! all ye Cæsars and Napoleons, to your own dark and frightful domains of slaughter and misery! Ye can no more endure the light of such a godlike presence than the eye, already inflamed to torture by dissipation, can look the sun in the face at noonday.

189.—GRANDMOTHERS.

JOHNNY'S OPINION.

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
 They beat all the aunts in creation;
 They let a chap do as he likes,
 And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all,
 What a poor fellow ever could do
 For apples, and pennies, and cakes,
 Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma's,"
 To let a boy have a good time;
 Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
 T'other way, when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
 And pies a whole row in the cellar,
 And they're apt (if they know it in time)
 To make chicken pies for a "feller!"

And if he is bad now and then,
 And makes a great racketing noise,
 They only look over their specs
 And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys."

"Life is only so short at the best;
 Let the children be happy to-day."

Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns, very low,
To themselves as they rock by the fire,
About Heaven, and when they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last;
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose,
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

190.—ORATION OF MARK ANTONY.

SHAKSPEARE.

Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus say he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honorable men.
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
 I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
 Let but the commons hear this testament,—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle; I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii.—
 Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made;
 Through this, the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed,
 And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
 Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 Oh! now you weep; and I perceive you **feel**
 The dint of pity;—these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! What, weep you when you but **behold**
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look ye here!
 Here is himself, marred as you see by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honorable!
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But as you all know me, a plain, blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood;—I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths;
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

191.—SOWING AND REAPING.

A sparrow, perched upon a bough,
 Spied a poor beetle down below,
 And picked it up. "Ah, spare me, spare!"
 The insect prayed: but vain its prayer.
 "Wretch!" cried the sparrow, "hold thy tongue,
 For thou art weak, and I am strong."

A hawk beheld him, and in haste
 Sharpens his beak for a repast.
 He pounces plump upon him. "Oh,"
 Exclaims the sparrow, "let me go!"
 "Wretch!" cries the spoiler, "hold thy tongue,
 For thou art weak, and I am strong."

The hawk was munching at his prey,
 When a stout eagle sailed that way,
 And seized him fast. "Sure, comrade, you
 My life will spare,—we're of a trade!"

"Wretch!" cries the eagle, "hold thy tongue,
For thou art weak, and I am strong."

A sportsman saw the eagle fly:
He shot, and brought him from the sky.
The dying bird could only groan,

"Tyrant, what evil have I done?"

"Wretch!" cries the sportsman, "hold thy tongue,
For thou art weak, and I am strong."

'Tis thus that man to man behaves:
Witness the despot and his slaves.

"Wretch!" cries the master, "hold thy tongue,
For thou art weak, and I am strong."

192.—THE BRITISH OAK.

BERNARD BARTON.

Let India boast its spicy trees,
Whose fruit and gorgeous bloom
Give to each faint and languid breeze
Its rich and rare perfume.

Let Portugal and haughty Spain
Display their orange groves;
And France exult her vines to train
Around her trim alcoves.

Old England has a tree as strong,
As stately as them all,
As worthy of a minstrel's song
In cottage and in hall.

'Tis not the yew tree, though it lends
Its greenness to the grave;
Nor willow, though it fondly bends
Its branches o'er the wave;

Nor birch, although its slender tress
Be beautifully fair,
Is graceful in its loveliness
As maiden's flowing hair.

'Tis not the poplar, though its height
May from afar be seen;
Nor beech, although its boughs be dight
With leaves of glossy green.

All these are fair, but they may fling
Their shade unsung by me;
My favorite, and the forest's king,
The British oak shall be!
Its stem, though rough, is stout and sound
Its giant branches throw

Their arms in shady blessings round
O'er man and beast below;

Its leaf, though late in spring it shares
The zephyr's gentle sigh,
As late and long in autumn wears
A deeper, richer dye.
Type of an honest English heart,
It opes not at a breath,
But having opened plays its part
Until it sinks in death.

Its acorns, graceful to the sight,
Are toys to children dear;
Its mistletoe, with berries white,
Adds mirth to Christmas cheer.
And when we reach life's closing stage,
Worn out with care or ill,
For childhood, youth, or hoary age,
Its arms are open still.

But prouder yet its glories shine,
When, in a nobler form,
It floats upon the heaving brine,
And braves the bursting storm;
Or when, to aid the work of love,
To some benighted clime
It bears glad tidings from above,
And news of truth sublime.

193.—A PORTRAIT.

WORDSWORTH.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;

A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food ;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and **smiles**.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler'twixt life and death ;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and **skill** ;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

194.—ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.

CICERO.

How long, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience ! How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career ? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity ? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium ? Nothing, by the city guards ? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens ? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place ? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present ? Seest thou not, that all thy plots are exposed ? that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate ? that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night ; of the night before ;—the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted ? Alas, the times ! Alas, the public morals ! The Senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives ! Lives ? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council, takes part in our deliberations, and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter. And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we but shun this madman's sword and fury.

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thine own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others. There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree,—though it rests among our archives like a

sword in its scabbard,—a decree by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late than any man too cruelly.

But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. Then will I doom thee, when no man is found so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized, by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason,—the wall of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noon-day, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the State, than thou in plotting its destruction.

195.—DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

I. E. HOLMES.

Mr. Speaker: The mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister state—Massachusetts weeping for her honored son. The state I have the honor in part to represent once endured, with yours, a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet that in this, the day of your affliction, we should mingle our griefs.

When a great man falls, the nation mourns; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been suddenly snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered are closed in death. Yes, Death has been among us! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, and ignoble peasant; he has knocked audibly at the

palace of a nation! His footstep has been heard in the halls of state! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people. He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head. Ah! he has taken him as a trophy who was once chief over many statesmen, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth; he has borne at his chariot wheels a renowned one of the earth.

How often we have crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the venerable sage, we can all remember, for it was but of yesterday. But what a change! How wondrous! how sudden! 'Tis like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld but a few days since is now cold in death! But the last Sabbath, and in this hall he worshiped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him, "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone—and forever! The sun that ushers in the morn of the next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the Capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot beneath whose turf forever lies the patriot father and the patriot sage.

196.—FALL OF WOLSEY.

SHAKSPEARE.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
 I feel my heart new opened. O how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
 And when he falls he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries : but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
 Serve the king : and—

Pr'ythee, lead me in :
 There ! take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, He would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies !

197.—THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

CHARLES LAMB.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days ;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
 Talking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,—
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no **man**:
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced around the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

198.—WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Te-whit! te-whit! te-whee! Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid, and the nice nest I made?

"Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave for you a wisp of hay,
And did not take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

Te-whit! te-whit! te-whee! Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid, and the nice nest I made?
Bob-o-link! bob-o-link! Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away from the plum tree, to-day?

"Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean as that, now!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean as that, now!"

Te-whit! te-whit! te-whee! Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid, and the nice nest I made?
Bob-o-link! bob-o-link! Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away from the plum-tree, to-day?
"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo! Let me speak a word, too
Who stole that pretty nest from little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so;
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! baa!" said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

Te-whit! te-whit! te-whee! Will you listen to me?
 Who stole four eggs I laid, and the nice nest I made?
 Bob-o-link! bob-o-link! now, what do you think?
 Who stole a nest away from the plum tree to-day?

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo! Let me speak a word, too:
 Who stole that pretty nest from little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow, "I should like to know
 What thief took away a bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! cluck! cluck!" said the hen; "don't ask me again;
 Why, I haven't a chick would do such a trick;
 We all gave her a feather, and she wove them together;
 I'd scorn to intrude on her and her brood.
 Cluck! cluck!" said the hen; "don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr! We'll make a great stir!
 Let us find out his name, and all cry: For shame!"

"I would not rob a bird," said little Mary Green:

"I think I never heard of anything so mean."

"'Tis very cruel, too," said little Alice Neal:

"I wonder if he knew how sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
 And went and hid behind the bed,
 For he stole that pretty nest
 From poor little yellow-breast;
 And he felt so full of shame,
 He didn't like to tell his name.

199.—SELECT PASSAGES IN PROSE.

OUR NATIONAL BANNER.

All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted! May it ever wave first in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the intented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast. Wheresoever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the Ameri-

can heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across a mighty continent, and floating in triumph on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace, forever follow where it leads the way!

Everett.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

The age of chivalry has gone. An age of humanity has come. The horse, whose importance, more than human, gave the name to that early period of gallantry and war, now yields his foremost place to man. In serving him, in promoting his elevation, in contributing to his welfare, in doing him good, there are fields of bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which the bravest knight ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor, wide as the world, lofty as heaven. Let me say, then, in the benison once bestowed upon the youthful knight,—Scholars, jurists, artists, philanthropists, heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knighthood, “Go forth. Be brave, loyal, and successful!” And may it be our office to light a fresh beacon-fire sacred to truth! Let the flame spread from hill to hill, from island to island, from continent to continent, till the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nations of the earth, animating them to the holy contests of Knowledge, Justice, Beauty, Love.

Sumner.

AN OLD HEMLOCK.

I have something more to say about trees; and I have brought down this slice of hemlock to show you. Tree blown down in the year 1852. Twelve feet and a half round, fair girth;—nine feet, where I got my section, higher up. This is a wedge, going to the centre, of the general shape of a slice of apple-pie in a large and not opulent family. Length, about eighteen inches. I have studied the growth of this tree by its rings, and it is curious. Three hundred and forty-two rings. Started, therefore, about A. D. 1510. The thickness of the rings tells the rate at which it grew. For five or six years the rate was slow,—then rapid for twenty years. A little before the year 1550 it began to grow very slowly, and so continued for about seventy years. In 1620 it took a new start and grew fast until 1714; then for the most part slowly until 1786, when it started again and grew pretty well and uniformly until within the last dozen years, when it seems to have got on sluggishly. Look here! Here are some human lives laid down against the periods of its growth, to which

they corresponded. This is Shakspeare's. The tree was seven inches in diameter when he was born ; ten inches when he died. A little less than ten inches when Milton was born ; seventeen when he died. Then comes a long interval, and this thread marks out Johnson's life, during which the tree increased from twenty-two to twenty-nine inches in diameter. Here is the span of Napoleon's career ;—the tree doesn't seem to have minded it. I never saw the man yet who was not startled at looking on this section. I have seen many silent preachers,—never one like this. How much more striking would be the calendar counted on the rings of one of those awful trees which were standing when Christ was on earth, and where that brief mortal life is chronicled with the stolid apathy of vegetable being, which remembers all human history as a thing of yesterday in its own dateless existence ! *Holmes.*

EACH AND ALL.

That man is not perfect who is so in and for himself alone. An essential part of true manhood is in the relationships that he sustains to other beings, in the midst of whom and with reference to whom his life is lived. . . . Man is not great, nor rich, nor strong, for himself alone. He is not, then, to make these the occasions for lording it over his fellows. The poor, the ignorant, the low, are not stepping-stones, nor lawful plunder ; they are brothers to be respected and helped. He must use the advantage of his high position as a means of lifting up those beneath him. He is bound to help the weak by as much as he is stronger than they. His debt to all men is limited only by his superiority to them. Paul saw the law, when he wrote, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise." *Savage.*

DEFINITE TRAINING.

I know well the common censure by which objections to the various futilities of so-called education are met by the men who have been ruined by them,—the common plea that anything does to "exercise the mind upon." It is an utterly false one. The human soul, in youth, is not a machine of which you can polish the cogs with any kelp or brick-dust near at hand ; and, having got it into working order, and good, empty, oiled serviceableness, start your immortal locomotive, at twenty-five years old or at thirty, express for the Strait Gate, on the Narrow Road. The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction. I use the words with their weight in them ; intaking of stores, establishment in vital

habits, hopes, and faiths. There is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies,—not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron. Take your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace, and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat, and recover *that* to its clearness and rubied glory when the north wind has blown upon it; but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence, and to bring the heavenly colors back to him—at least in this world. *Ruskin.*

MYSTERY OF LIFE.

Of all miracles, far the most wonderful is that of life,—the common, daily life which we carry with us, and which everywhere surrounds us. The sun and stars, the blue firmament, day and night, the tides and seasons, are as nothing compared with it! Life—the soul of the world, but for which creation were not! It is life which is the grand glory of the world; it was, indeed, the consummation of creative power, at which the morning stars sang together for joy. Is not the sun glorious, because there are living eyes to be gladdened by his beams? Is not the fresh air delicious, because there are living creatures to inhale and enjoy it? Are not odors fragrant, and sounds sweet, and colors gorgeous, because there is the living sensation to appreciate them? Without life, what were they all! What were a Creator himself, without life—intelligence—understanding—to know and to adore Him?

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.—*Tennyson.*

IN THE NURSERY.

It had happened that amongst our nursery collection of books was the Bible, illustrated with many pictures. And in long dark evenings, as my three sisters with myself sat by the firelight round the guard of our nursery, no book was so much in request amongst us. It ruled us and swayed us as mysteriously as music. One young nurse, whom we all loved, before any candle was lighted, would often strain her eyes to read it for us; and, sometimes, according to her simple powers, would endeavor to explain what we found obscure. We, the children, were all constitutionally touched with pensiveness; the fitful gloom and sudden lambencies of the room by firelight suited

our evening state of feelings ; and they suited, also, the divine revelations of power and mysterious beauty which awed us. Above all, the story of a just man—man and yet not man, real above all things, and yet shadowy above all things, who had suffered the passion of death in Palestine—slept upon our minds like early dawn upon the waters.

De Quincey.

TRUTHS OF THE BIBLE.

That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man, under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage,—that they make bad men good, and send a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil, and social relations,—that they teach men to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare, as the children of one common Parent,—that they control the baleful passions of the human heart, and thus make men proficient in the science of self-government,—and, finally, that they teach him to aspire after a conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalted, more suited to his nature, than any other which this world has ever known,—are facts as incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstrations of mathematics.

ENDURING INFLUENCE.

We see not in this life the end of human actions. Their influence never dies. In ever-widening circles it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world; time determines what shall be our condition in that world. Every morning, when we go forth, we lay the moulding hand upon our destiny; and every evening, when we have done, we leave a deathless impression upon our characters. We touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity,—we breathe not a thought but reports at the Throne of God. Let youth especially think of these things; and let every one remember, that, in this world,—where character is in its formation state,—it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

Pause for awhile, ye travelers upon the earth, to contemplate the universe in which you dwell, and the glory of Him who created it. What a scene of wonders is here presented to your view! If beheld with a religious eye, what a temple for the worship of the Almighty! The earth is spread out before you, reposing amid the desolation of winter, or clad in the verdure of the spring,—smiling in the beauty of summer, or loaded

with autumnal fruit,—opening, to an endless variety of beings, the treasures of their Maker's goodness, and ministering subsistence and comfort to every creature that lives. The heavens, also, declare the glory of the Lord. The sun cometh forth from his chambers to scatter the shades of night, inviting you to the renewal of your labors, adorning the face of Nature, and, as he advances to his meridian brightness, cherishing every herb and flower that springeth from the bosom of the earth. Nor, when he retires again from your view, doth he leave the Creator without a witness. He only hides his own splendor for awhile to disclose to you a more glorious scene,—to show you the immensity of space filled with worlds unnumbered, that your imagination may wander without a limit in the vast creation of God.

Moodie.

CHILD AND SEA-SHELL.

Years ago a child held a sea shell to his ear as he sat on his mother's lap, and said "Mamma, what is that?" And the mother answered: "The shell once lay upon the sea beach, where the waves rocked it gently to and fro, and it listened to their song and learned it well, and even now away up here, it still murmurs with the ocean's melody." The child smiled and put the shell to his ear again, and yet again, and when weary with his other playthings, he returned to it, once more to listen to the music of the loud resounding sea. Was what he thought and learned fantastical? I think not. But the more modern child, alive with the instinct for poetry and beauty, despite the unfavorable character of his intellectual atmosphere, puts the shell to his ear and is struck and awed by its faint yet mighty echo. He runs to his mamma and says: "Mamma, what is this I hear?" and the mother, with more knowledge than wisdom, replies: "My child, your blood coursing through your veins and arteries from your little heart, as a result of its systole and diastole, sets the shell in vibration, and its vibrations are in turn communicated to the auditory nerve by a membrane called the tympanum and three little bones—the hammer, anvil and stirrup—and thence to the brain, where they are transmuted into consciousness." And the child drops the shell. No wonder: he didn't suppose that he heard any such thing as that; he asks for bread and is given a stone. How different the atmosphere of the Greek child, who heard in the thunder the voice of Zeus, and saw in the red lightning the evidence of his dread omnipotence (positive and negative electricity can never fill the places of the gods) who looked

for a nymph in every fountain and a dryad in each wooded glade. Small wonder that he developed a taste for perfection in form and expression, a talent for hearing and seeing, which the genius of a Phidias or a Sophocles alone could satisfy.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In his recent work on "American History from an English standpoint," Prof. Goldwin Smith bestows this unstinted and heart-felt praise upon President Lincoln: "Abraham Lincoln is assuredly one of the marvels of history. No land but America has produced his like. This destined chief of a nation in its most perilous hour was the son of a thriftless and wandering settler. He had a strong and eminently fair understanding, with great powers of patient thought, which he cultivated by the study of Euclid. In all his views there was a simplicity which had its source in the simplicity of his character. Both as an advocate and as a politician he was 'honest Abe.' As an advocate he would throw up his brief when he knew that his case was bad. He said himself that he had not controlled events, but had been guided by them. To know how to be guided by events, however, if it is not imperial genius, is practical wisdom. Lincoln's goodness of heart, his sense of duty, his unselfishness, his freedom from vanity, his long suffering, his simplicity, were never disturbed either by power or by opposition. To the charge of levity no man could be less open. Though he trusted in Providence, care for the public and sorrow for the public calamities filled his heart and sat visibly upon his brow. His State papers are excellent, not only as public documents, but as compositions, and are distinguished, by their depth of human feeling and tenderness, from those of other statesmen. He spoke always from his own heart to the heart of the people. His brief funeral oration over the graves of those who had fallen in the war is one of the gems of the language."

ENTHUSIASM.

The value of your teaching is not the information you have put into the mind, but the interest you have awakened. If the heart is trained, the rest grows out of it. Interest the heart, the feelings, the emotions, for they are the fundamental facts. The mind is evolved out of heartiness. People do not have mind worth thinking of unless they have capacity for sensitiveness. The characters of great men prove this. Whether in picture or in prose, we are always coming up

against the great fact that it is enthusiasm that governs the world. We have not realized the educational possibility of it. Of all things in the world, love is the most plastic; it can entwine itself about the low and degrading things of the world and spend its energies there, or it can climb the heavenly ladder, as Plato said, and identify itself with all that is most worthy, most precious, and most lovely.

Hall.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

All that a man can do in this world is to live honestly, faithfully, and loyally, from day to day. What the immediate end will be, neither he nor any one else knows. He knows only this, that the highest success crowns those who work in the highest spirit, and that the supremest failure confronts those who work in the worst spirit. No man knows what a day may bring forth in the way of opportunity, nor at what point the door may be thrown open, which shall be the entrance into his great chance for life. The only assurance that we are not missing the one opportunity lies in making the most of every opportunity; in treating every day as if it were the one eventful day of life; in trying every door as if it were the one entrance to the palace; in doing every piece of work as if upon our fidelity depended all our future lives. The man who works in this spirit may safely leave the future with God. Whatever material success is worth having, he will command. Better than all, he will be sure of that greater success which is expressed in character, that "sublime health which values one moment as another, and makes us great in all conditions, and is the only definition we possess of freedom and power."

THE HERO.

The admiration which every one has for the hero springs from man's innate love for what is noble in human conduct and character. We worship a hero because we think his heroic deed proves him to be far superior to other men. And it is true he is lifted above the level of his fellows by the heroic quality which made the heroic act possible. Yet the nobility which marks heroism is, like all the best things offered to man by God, nature and the world, absolutely free, and an attainable possession for all who desire it. Every boy and girl may decide whether his or her life shall be a noble or an ignoble one. Nor does the choice depend upon circumstances or condition of life. There have been and there are even more heroes, noble men and women, among those of an

humble than of an exalted social station. It is the high aim and the struggle to attain it that arm the hero for the strife he is certain to meet in his life career. The noblest life, the highest aim, is one which forgets self and selfish interests for the sake of others, and craves the utmost capacity for doing good under all circumstances. A noble life is the expression of a noble character. Lowell says, "Great character is as rare a thing as genius, if not even a nobler form of it. For surely it is easier to embody fine thinking or delicate sentiment, or lofty aspiration, in a book than in a life."

Cardwill.

BUSY LIVES.

Busy lives, like running water, are generally pure. Nothing will do more to improve the looks than sunshine in the heart. Endeavor to keep your life in the sunshine—the shadows will catch it soon enough. A child's mind is often much like a piece of white paper upon which anything may be written. Don't blot it. Those who have the "best times" when they are young begin the soonest to nurse their rheumatism. Happy is he who has learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if you want food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life should be happy and useful. Therefore learn to enjoy your work. "Triumph and toil are twins."

FOUR OUTLINES.

A mouse saw his shadow on the wall. Said he: "I am larger than an elephant. I will go forth and conquer the world." At that moment he espied a cat. In the next he had slipped through a hole in the wall. . . . Every day from the time he was a boy, a man walked alone in a quiet place and thought, and he doubted not it was the same man who had walked there for so many years, but at length he came to know that the same man had not walked there twice. . . . Death came to a door and knocked. Seeing it was Death, they barred the door, but Death broke down the bars and entered, taking away whom he would. Death came to another door and knocked. Seeing it was Death, they opened wide the door and welcomed him. At this Death turned his back and went saying, "Who desires me, I desire not." . . . Two men plowed in a field. One plowed straight, keeping his eyes on

the ground. No weeds grew, and he gathered great stores of corn. When he died, his son inherited much land. He lived in comfort and plowed in his father's fields. The other's furrows were not straight. At times he stopped to listen to the lark, or to admire a flower that grew upon a weed. He knew the names of the plants and their times of flowering. He knew the names of the stars also. He died owning no goods or lands. His son inherited his father's poverty. The son inherited also his father's love of nature. And he became a great artist, whose name and fame spread over two continents.

WHEN WE PLANT A TREE.

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But nature knows, and in time the power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly. You have been warned against hiding your talent in a napkin; but if your talent takes the form of a maple key or an acorn, and your napkin is a shred of the apron that covers "the lap of the earth," you may hide it there unblamed; and when you render in your account you will find that your deposit has been drawing compound interest all the time. I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I planted on the hillside which overlooks the broad meadows scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and summer reclothes them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy language. *Holmes.*

NATURE AND CHILDREN.

While we would by no means neglect on such an occasion as Arbor Day to call attention to the great economic uses of forests, the perils attending their wanton destruction, the necessity of prompt and watchful care lest through the rapid march of civilization we bring upon ourselves the very evils we seek to avoid, and would keep up from year to year a spirited and concerted action against our dangers, by planting along road-sides, in parks and yards, and around every school building, trees, and shrubs, and vines, and flowers; yet we would, with special emphasis, call the children to a wholesome

converse with Nature herself; would withdraw them from the restraints of books and recitation tasks, and woo them to her shady haunts, her valleys and hills, to deepen in their souls a sense of her life and a delight in her beauty, and some clear and sympathetic feeling of perpetual companionship; we would take them to the deep ravines, though themselves scarcely so tall as the brambly goatsbeard growing there; and they should scale the scarry heights and gaze delighted on the billowy green below; they should know the jutting rock, and moss-lipped spring, and foamy torrent; they should ramble over the rolling hills, or look upon the reddening flush of clover-fields, or watch the ripples running over the wind-touched wheat; they should mark each willowy creek, following it until through laurel bloom and fragrant birch, but a brook, it leaps laughing from the shadows of the mountain; they should scan each winding valley until narrowing to a wavering path it vanishes in the distant misty hills; they should hear the sparrows' silvery song thrilling the briery hedge, and see the bobolinks, with quivering wings, send down showers of rapturous melody upon the dew-bent grass; they should learn to love Nature with such tender reverence as never to abuse her or profane her; and, inspired by such love, they should seek her help in making home, or school, or village, or city, a comforting delight, a culturing power, a presence of beauty through life.

Higbee.

NEVER-ENDING PROGRESS.

It is a man's chief blessedness that there lie in his nature infinite possibilities of growth. The growth of animals comes quickly to an end, and when they cease to grow, they cease to be joyful; but man, whose bodily development even is slow, is capable of rising to wider knowledge and purer love through unending ages. Hence, even when he is old—if he has lived for what is great and exalted—his mind is clear, his heart is tender, and his soul is glad. Only those races are noble, only those individuals are worthy, who yield without reserve to the power of this impulse to ceaseless progress. Behold how the race from which we have sprung—the Aryan—breaks forth into ever new developments of strength and beauty in Greece, in Italy, in France, in England, in Germany, in America; creating literature, philosophy, science, art; receiving Christian truth, and through its aid rising to diviner heights of wisdom, power, love and knowledge. And so there are individuals—and they are born to teach and rule

—for whom to live is to grow ; who, forgetting what they have been and what they are, think ever only of becoming more and more. Their education is never finished ; their development is never complete ; their work is never done. From victories won they look to other battlefields ; from every height of knowledge they peer into the widening nescience ; from all achievements and possessions they turn away toward the unapproachable Infinite, to whom they are drawn. Walking in the shadow of the too great light of God, they are illumined and they are darkened. This made Newton think his know'edge ignorance ; this makes St. Paul think his heroic virtue naught. Oh, blessed men, who make us feel that we are of the race of God ; who measure and weigh the heavens ; who love with boundless love ; who toil and are patient ; who teach us that workers can wait. They are in love with life ; they yearn for fuller life. Life is good, and the highest life is God ; and wherever man grows in knowledge, wisdom, strength ; in faith, hope, and love ; he walks in the way of heaven. *Spaulding.*

THE DREAM POWER.

Unlock the door ; let no foot-fall from the present disturb this shadowy scene. It is the old room—the familiar room. I see her there. There is no sense of strangeness or unreality about her ; she smiles, as she was wont to smile, she moves softly—her fingers turn the music leaves—the candles are lighted—her face is half in shade—I can hear her low melodious laugh. I seem to be once more holding my Stradivarius violin lovingly. What ! there is no sign of dust, or age, or neglect about this long closed room. As we go back to past chapters of a beloved story, so have I gone back to read again a fragment of life, and as I look, and look, and look, the intervening years roll away, the shadows become real, “till only the dead seem living, and only the living seem dead.” Let it be Mendelssohn's D minor trio. The playing of that night remains with me. We seemed alive—sensitively alive to every vibration ; her fingers caressed the cool ivory keys lovingly, the Stradivarius spoke rapturously to the lightest touch of the bow, the full toned violoncello gave out the deep but tender notes, like the voices of the sea in enchanted caves. How clean and “se zing,” as the French say, was her rendering of the opening movement ! How wonderfully woven in were the parts ! We all three made but one, yet retaining our perfect individualities. A mystic presence invisible seemed to be with us ; we felt as if playing in the presence of the great, gentle

Mendelssohn; and though we played, so absorbed were we that we seemed at the same moment to be following our own music like listeners, in ourselves and out of ourselves. Between the movements we spoke not. I marked the flush upon her cheek—the bright light in her eyes. He was grave, intensely pre-occupied—the dream power was upon us all. The peace and full contentment of the slow movement with its rich and measured flow of melody melting at last into that heavenly trance at the close, which leaves us at the open gates of Paradise; then the sudden break at the scherzo, as though a joyous troop of lower earth spirits had burst in to tear us away from the divine contemplation, and toss us back into a world of wild uproar and merriment; then a slight pause before the tempestuous, but intensely earnest, conclusion. Here is the battle of life, with its suspense, its failure, its endeavor—striving for the victory, its wild and passionate overthrow, indomitable recovery and untamed valor; that is the bracing and sublime atmosphere of the last movement, more true to life than ecstasy, more wholesome than peace, more dignified than pleasure; and there the D minor trio leaves us.

REMEMBRANCE.

The sight of a faded flower pressed in a book brings back, with a little shock of feeling, the hand that gathered it, or the distant hills upon which it once bloomed years ago. The touch of satin or fine hair is also capable of reviving the recollection of scenes, and places, and persons. But for freshness, and suddenness, and power over memory, all the senses must yield to the sense of hearing. When memory is concerned, music is no longer itself; it ceases to have any proper plane of feeling; it surrenders itself wholly, with all its rights, to memory, to be the patient, stern and terrible exponent of that recording angel. What is it? Only a few trivial bars of an old piano forte piece, "*Murmures du Rhone*" or "*Pluie des Perles*." The drawing-room window is open, the children are playing on the lawn, the warm morning air is charged with the scent of the lilac blossoms. Then the ring at the bell, the confusion in the hall. The girl at the piano stops, and one is lifted in dying or dead. Years, years ago! but passing through the streets, a bar or two of the "*Murmures du Rhone*" brings the whole scene up before the girl, now no longer a girl, but a middle aged woman looking back to one fatal summer morning. The enthusiastic old men, who invariably turned up when Madame Grisi was advertised to sing

in her last days, seemed always deeply affected. Yet it could hardly be at what they actually heard—no, the few notes recalled the most superb soprano of the age in her best days; recalled also the scenes of youth quenched in the gray mists of the dull, declining years. It was worth any money to hear even the hollow echo of a voice which had power to bring back the “tender grace of a day that was dead.” *Harweis.*

CHARM OF VOICE.

Amidst the gay life, the beautiful forms, the brilliant colors of an Athenian multitude, and an Athenian street, the repulsive features, the unwieldy figure, the naked feet, the rough threadbare attire of the philosopher Socrates must have excited every sentiment of astonishment and ridicule which strong contrast can produce. It was—so disciples describe it—as if one of the marble satyrs, which sat in grotesque attitudes with pipe or flute in the sculptors’ shops of Athens, had left his seat of stone and walked into the plane-tree avenue or the gymnastic colonnade. Gradually the crowd gathered round him. At first he spoke of those plying their trades about him; and they shouted with laughter as he poured forth his homely jokes. But soon the magic charm of his voice made itself felt. The peculiar sweetness of its tone had an effect which even the thunder of Pericles failed to produce. The laughter ceased—the crowd thickened—the gay youth, whom nothing else could tame, stood transfixed and awe struck in his presence—there was a solemn thrill in his words, such as his hearers could compare to nothing but the mysterious sensation produced by the clash of drum and cymbal in the worship of the great mother of the gods: the head swam—the heart leaped at the sound—tears rushed from their eyes, and they felt that, unless they tore themselves speedily away from that fascinated circle, they should ere long sit down at his feet and grow old in listening to the marvelous music of this second Marsyas.

IMMORTALITY.

The grandest dream the human heart has ever cherished is the dream of a glad Immortality—beautiful beyond compare, and soul satisfying as nothing else on earth ever has been or can be. The dream of ideal loveliness; of humanity perfected where more than Utopia and the Happy Isles shall be realized; of the pure joys of Jerusalem the golden; of crystal seas, of the river of life, of the Paradise of God! It is a dream, but it goes down with us all-glorious to the end;

flushing with more than sunset radiance the clouds that hang over the Valley of the Shadow. Toil grows lighter as we dream. Sorrow is tempered until in its place there comes a solemn gladness. There is gain in very loss—whether it be the loss of wealth, or power, or place, or health, or home, or cherished friends. Loss of life itself to him who gladly dreams this dream, he thinks, brings greatest gain of all. What glory if the dream be true! And what—if it be but a dream? It is the only one which, thus far, has never failed the sons of men. All else may end in dust and ashes long before the last scene comes. This alone blooms on to the end like the fabled amaranth of the fair gardens it pictures, whose freshness is unfading. The Book of Time and of Eternity, which alone tells the story of an immortality beyond the grave, is, more than all others, the Book of the Dreamer.

COMMIT TO MEMORY.

It is a valuable exercise to copy passages of literature. Sight strikes deeper than sound; to execute form stamps it upon the memory often like a die upon the waxen tablet. Many writers, ancient and modern, have practiced copying the productions of the masters of literature. Demosthenes copied the history of Thucydides seven or eight times in order to acquire his clear, concise and elegant style. Literary taste is cultivated by committing literary productions to memory. Committing makes a deeper impression upon the mind than either reading or copying. It tends to fix the words in the memory, and deepen the channels of thought and expression. It gives, as it were, literary molds in which to run one's own thoughts, or forms literary channels in which our thoughts and sentiments will naturally flow out into expression. This has also been the practice of many who have attained rare excellence in the use of language. The practice of declaiming pieces and giving recitations has been of great value in the cultivation of literary taste and skill. These selections usually present models of style and stimulate thought and expression. The declamations of early years have often done more to shape literary taste and give skill in expression than the entire college course in classics, rhetoric, and literature. Pupils should, therefore, be required to commit many fine selections of prose and poetry. These will cling to the memory, furnishing the mind with fact and sentiment, giving choice vocabulary, and molding forms of expression. Indeed, this is one of the very best means of literary culture. As we have said, it makes the mind familiar

with both thought and expression, the best thoughts and the choicest forms of expression ; for, to enrich the mind with the noble thoughts of the gifted sons of genius is to train in the habit of thinking high and noble thoughts ; to accustom the tongue to refined and artistic expression is to give the power to clothe the mind's own thoughts in artistic forms. One reason why the Greeks had so fine a literary taste is that they were trained in committing and reciting the Iliad and the Odyssey. Burke and Pitt cultivated the power of oratory by committing and declaiming the orations of Demosthenes. Fox committed the book of Job, and drew from it much of his grandeur and force of expression. Lord Chatham read and re read the sermons of Dr. Barrow until he knew many of them by heart, and they gave inspiration and eloquence to his utterance. So, if you would have taste and skill in literary composition, fill the mind with the choicest productions of the masters of literature, making many of them thoroughly your own by committing them to memory.

Brooks.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

A little girl of four years old, with her nurse, was walking at the seaside. They came to an inlet, and the nurse decided to row across, to shorten the walk home. When she reached the opposite side she put the child ashore, and rowed the borrowed boat back. The distance was short, but very rough and difficult for a little girl of four. She struggled on through the coarse grass and sand, climbing hillocks and walking through depths. At last her mother saw her coming and hurried to meet her. She exclaimed, "Were you frightened, my sweet?" "I felt very lost," was the reply, "but I sang 'Lead, Kindly Light,' to myself all the way." What an argument this, and things like this, for teaching little children hymns and poetry that have thought in them. The pity of it—that the minds of children are filled so often with nonsense, when it would require no greater effort to give them the inspiration of good literature ! Nonsense rhymes are good enough in their time and place ; but let the everlasting things be taught as well. A wisely observant school official says: "Where we have a teacher who knows and enjoys these best things in prose and poetry, who can talk of them with appreciation, and quote aptly from memory as one who loves them, we do not need to look much after the work of that teacher. We know it will go right without supervision, at least not far

wrong. It is the other sort that need to be looked after—those who have little thought for such things, little interest in them, and little or no acquaintance with them.” This foundation fact underlies all that is best in educational work, and all that is most hopeful in our modern educational progress, from the nursery and kindergarten on through the university.

CHEIRON, THE CENTAUR.

And their hearts yearned for the dear old mountain, as they thought of pleasant days gone by, and of the sports of their boyhood, and their hunting, and their schooling in the cave beneath the cliff. And at last Peleus spoke: “Let us land here, friends, and climb the dear old hill once more. We are going on a fearful journey; who knows if we shall see Pelion again? Let us go up to Cheiron, our master, and ask his blessing ere we start.” So Tiphys, the helmsman, steered them to the shore under the crags of Pelion; and they went up through the dark pine forests towards the Centaur’s cave. And they came into the misty hall, beneath the snow-crowned crag; and saw the great Centaur lying, with his huge limbs spread upon the rock; and beside him stood Achilles, the child whom no steel could wound, and played upon his harp right sweetly, while old Cheiron watched and smiled. Then Cheiron leaped up and welcomed them, and kissed them every one. And after supper all the heroes clapped their hands, and called on Orpheus to sing; but he refused, and said, “How can I, who am the younger, sing before our ancient host?” So they called on Cheiron to sing. Achilles brought him his harp; and he began a wondrous song—a famous story of old time, of the fight between the Centaurs and Lapithæ. He sang how his brothers came to ruin by their folly, when they were mad with wine; and how they and the heroes fought, with fists, and teeth, and the goblets from which they drank; and how they tore up the pine trees in their fury, and hurled great crags of stone, while the mountains thundered with the battle, and the land was wasted far and wide; till the Lapithæ drove them from their home in the rich Thessalian plains to the lonely glens of Pindus, leaving Cheiron all alone. And the heroes praised his song right heartily; for some of them had helped in that great fight. . . . Then Orpheus took the lyre, and sang of Chaos, and the making of the wondrous world, and how all things sprang from Love, who could not live alone in the Abyss. And as he sang, his voice rose from the cave, above the crags, and through the tree-tops,

and the glens of oak and pine. And the trees bowed their heads when they heard it, and the gray rocks cracked and rang, and the beasts of the forest crept near to listen, and the birds forsook their nests and hovered round. And old Cheiron clapped his hands together and beat his hoofs upon the ground, for wonder at that magic song. . . . Then they went down to the ship; and Cheiron came down with them, weeping, and kissed them one by one, and blessed them, and promised to them great renown. And the heroes wept when they left him, till their great hearts could weep no more; for he was kind and just and pious, and wiser than all beasts and men. Then he went up to a cliff, and prayed for them that they might come home safe and well; while the heroes rowed away, and watched him standing on his cliff above the sea, his great hands raised toward heaven, and his white locks waving in the wind; and they strained their eyes to watch him to the last, for they felt that they should look on him no more.

OF PURE AND HOLY MOTIVE.

Oh, brother schoolmaster, let us remember evermore the exceeding dignity of our calling. It is not, indeed, the holiest of all callings, but it runs near and parallel to the holiest. The lawyer's wits are sharpened, and his moral sense not seldom blunted, by a life-long familiarity with ignorance, chicanery and crime. The physician, in the exercise of a more beneficent craft, is saddened continually by the spectacle of human weakness and human pain. We have usually to deal with fresh and unpolluted natures. A noble calling, but a perilous. We are dressers in a moral and mental vineyard. We are under-shepherds of the Lord's little ones; our business is to lead them into green pastures, by the sides of refreshing streams. Let us into our linguistic lessons introduce, cunningly and imperceptibly, all kinds of amusing stories; stories of the real kings of earth, that have reigned in secret, crownless and unsceptred; leaving the vain show of power to gilded toy-kings and make-believe statesmen; of the angels that have walked the earth in the guise of holy men and holier women; of the seraph-singers, whose music will be echoing forever; of the Cherubim of power, that with the mighty wind of conviction and enthusiasm have winnowed the air of pestilence and superstition. Yes, friend, throw a higher poetry than all this into your linguistic work, the poetry of pure and holy motive. Then, in the coming days, when you are fast asleep under the green grass, they will not

speak lightly of you over their nuts and raisins, mimicking your accent, and retailing dull, insipid boy-pleasantries. Enlightened by the experience of fatherhood, they will see with a clear remembrance your firmness in dealing with their moral faults, your patience in dealing with their intellectual weakness. And, calling to mind the old school-room, they will think: "Ah! it was good for us to be there. For, unknown to us, were made therein three tabernacles, one for us, and one for our schoolmaster, and one for Him that is the Friend of all children, and the Master of all schoolmasters." Ah! believe me, brother mine, where two or three children are met together, unless He, who is the Spirit of gentleness, be in the midst of them, then our Latin is but sounding brass, and our Greek but a tinkling cymbal.

Thompson.

200.—SONGS FROM TENNYSON.

LATE, LATE, SO LATE!

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!

Late, late, so late! but we can enter still,

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;

And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!

O let us in, that we may find the light!

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?

O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!

No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

SONG OF THE MAIDEN.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,

Tears from the depth of some divine despair

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,

In looking on the happy Autumn fields,

And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,

That brings our friends up from the underworld,

Sad as the last which reddens over one

That sinks with all we love below the verge;

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns

The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds

To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

SONG OF THE MOTHER.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ENID'S SONG.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud:
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.
Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.
Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.
Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

SONG OF ELAINE.

Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet Love, that seems not made to fade away,
 Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
 I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
 I fain would follow love, if that could be:
 I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
 Call and I follow, I follow! let me die.

SONG OF VIVIEN.

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
 Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
 It is the little rift within the lute,
 That by and by will make the music mute,
 And ever widening slowly silence all.
 The little rift within the lover's lute,
 Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
 That rotting inward slowly moulders all.
 It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
 But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
 And trust me not at all or all in all.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!"

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.
 O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!
 And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!
 Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

THE BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story:
 The long light shakes across the lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
 O hark, O hear; how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!

O sweet and far, from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

SONG OF THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I tret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"I LIVE FOR THEE."

Home they brought her warrior dead
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

TRISTAM'S SONG.

Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier!
A star in heaven, a star within the mere!
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,
And one was far apart, and one was near:

Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass!
And one was water, and one star was fire,
And one will ever shine and one will pass.
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the merc.

CRADLE SONG.

What does little birdie say
 In her nest at peep of day?
 Let me fly, says little birdie,
 Mother, let me fly away.
 Birdie, rest a little longer,
 Till the little wings are stronger.
 So she rests a little longer,
 Then she flies, she flies away.

What does little baby say,
 In her bed at peep of day?
 Baby says, like little birdie,
 Let me rise and fly away.
 Baby, sleep a little longer,
 Till the little limbs are stronger.
 If she sleeps a little longer,
 Baby too shall fly away.

201.—CHRISTMAS.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold :
 " Peace to the earth, good will to man, from heaven's all-gracious
 The earth in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing. [King."

Still thro' the cloven skies they come, with peaceful wings unfurled;
 And still celestial music floats o'er all the weary world ;
 Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on heavenly wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds, the blessed angels sing !

O ye, beneath life's crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way, with painful steps and slow,
 Look up ! for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing :
 Oh, rest beside the weary road, and hear the angels sing !

For lo, the days are hastening on, by prophet bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years comes round the age of gold !
 When peace shall over all the earth its final splendors fling,
 And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing !

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the
 ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down, and glory shone around.
 Fear not, said he, for mighty dread had seized their troubled mind ;
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring to you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day, is born of David's line,
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord, and this shall be the sign :
The heavenly Babe you there shall find, to human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, and in a manger laid !

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus addressed their joyful song :
All glory be to God on high, and to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men begin and never cease.

HARK ! THE HERALD ANGELS.

Hark ! the herald angels sing, " Glory to the new born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise, join the triumph of the skies :
With the angelic host proclaim, " Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Christ, by highest heaven adored ; Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come, offspring of the favored one.
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see ; hail the incarnate Deity :
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell, Jesus, our Immanuel !

Hail ! the heaven-born Prince of peace ! Hail ! the Sun of Right-
eousness !

Light and life to all he brings, risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by, born that man no more may die :
Born to raise the sons of earth, born to give them second birth.

CALM ON THE EAR OF NIGHT.

Calm on the list'ning ear of night come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs from courts above shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres, make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights, the Day-Spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee there comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise, her silent groves of palm.

" Glory to God !" the sounding skies loud with their anthems ring,
" Peace to the earth, good-will to men, from heaven's eternal King !"
Light on thy hills, Jerusalem ! the Saviour now is born !
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains breaks the first Christ-
[mas morn.

OVER THE GREEN DOWNS.

Over the green downs when I do wander,
After the ewes and lambs, thus oft I ponder :
When comes the Shepherd that is full tender,
He will of all His own true reck'ning render.

When through the dark night deep the snow drifteth,
And many lambs are lost ere the storm lifteth,
Then comes the Shepherd ; though the dark blind me,
Lord, 'twill be light to Thee ; straight thou wilt find me.

Oft as the day comes, each drear December,
 How shepherds sat of old still I remember,
 How Thou didst send them news from Thy city,
 All of Thy good-will and tender pity.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a song in the air !
 There's a star in the sky !
 There's a mother's deep prayer
 And a baby's low cry !

And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
 O'er the wonderful birth,
 For the virgin's sweet boy
 Is the Lord of the earth ;

Ay ! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
 For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king !

In the light of that star
 Lie the ages impearled ;
 And that song from afar
 Has swept over the world.

Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
 In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
 And we echo the song
 That comes down through the night
 From the heavenly throng.

Ay ! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
 And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King !

PEACE ON EARTH.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
 The Magi mused, "more bright than morn,"
 And voices chanted clear and sweet,
 "To-day the Prince of Peace is born !"
 "What means this star," the shepherds said,
 "That brightens thro' the rocky glen ?"
 And angels answering, overhead,
 Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men !"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more,
 Since those sweet oracles were dumb ;
 We wait for Him, like them of yore !
 Alas ! He seems so slow to come !
 But it was said, in words of gold
 No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
 That little children might be bold,
 In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine,
 A light like that the wise men saw,
 If we our loving wills incline
 To that sweet Life which is the Law,
 So shall we learn to understand
 The simple faith of shepherds, then,
 And kindly clasping hand in hand,
 Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

202.—AFAR IN THE DESERT.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
 And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
 When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former years;
 And shadows of things that have long since fled
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead,—
 Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
 Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon;
 Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
 Companions of early days lost or left,
 And my native land, whose magical name
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
 The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
 When feelings were young, and the world was new,

Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
 All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone!
 And I, a lone exile remembered of none,
 My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
 Aweary of all that is under the sun,
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife,
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with a bondman's sigh,—
 O, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the desert alone to ride!
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with an eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,—
 The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
 Away, away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
 By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartbeest graze,
 And the koodoo and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine;
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
 O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
 And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
 Hying away to the home of her rest,
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
 In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
 Away, away, in the wilderness vast
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan,—
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear.
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
 And the bitter-melon for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
 Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
 Appears to refresh the aching eye;
 But the barren earth and the burning sky,
 And blank horizon, round and round,
 Spread,—void of living sight or sound.
 And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the desert stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
 "A still small voice" comes through the wild
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child),
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,
 Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

203.—THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,—
 The ship was still as she might be;
 Her sails from heaven received no motion;
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
 The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had floated that bell on the Inchcape rock;
 On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
 And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay,—
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph, the rover, walked his deck,
As he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,—
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float:
Quoth he, "My men, pull out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph, the rover, sailed away,—
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They could not see the sun on high;
The wind had blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
 Though the wind hath fallen they drift along;
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
 Alas! it is the Inchcape rock!

Sir Ralph, the rover, tore his hair;
 He beat himself in wild despair.
 The waves rush in on every side;
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear
 One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,—
 A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
 The Evil Spirit was ringing his knell.

204.—NOBILITY.

ALICE CARY.

True worth is in being, not seeming—
 In doing each day that goes by
 Some little good—not in the dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.
 For whatever men say in their blindness,
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
 We cannot do wrong and feel right;
 Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
 For justice avenges each slight.
 The air for the wing of the sparrow,
 The bush for the robin and wren;
 But alway the path that is narrow
 And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
 The heart of its ills to beguile,
 Though he who makes courtship to Glory
 Gives all that he hath for her smile.
 For when from her heights he has won her,
 Alas! it is only to prove
 That nothing's so sacred as honor,
 And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
 Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
 And sometimes the thing our life misses,
 Helps more than the thing which it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
 Nor gaining of great nor of small,
 But just in the doing; and doing
 As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
 Against the world early and late,
 No jot of our courage abating—
 Our part is to work and to wait.
 And slight is the sting of his trouble
 Whose winnings are less than his worth;
 For he who is honest is noble,
 Whatever his fortunes or birth.

205.—THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab there lies a lonely grave;
 But no man dug that sepulchre, and no man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the sod and laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral that ever passed on earth;
 But no man heard the tramping, or saw the train go forth;
 Noiselessly as the daylight comes when the night is done,
 And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great sun,

Noiselessly as the spring-time her crown of verdure weaves,
 And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves—
 So, without sound of music or voice of them that wept,
 Silently down from the mountain crown the great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle, on gray Bethpeor's height,
 Out of his rocky eyrie looked on the wondrous sight;
 Perchance the lion, stalking, still shuns the hallowed spot;
 For beast and bird have seen and heard that which man knoweth [not.
 Lo, when the warrior dieth, his comrades in the war,
 With arms reversed and muffled drum, follow the funeral car.
 They show the banners taken, they tell his battles won,
 And after him lead his masterless steed while peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land men lay the sage to rest,
 And give the bard an honored place, with costly marble dressed,
 In the great minster transept, where lights like glories fall,
 And the choir sings, and the organ rings along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior that ever buckled sword;
 This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage as he wrote down
for men.

And had he not high honor? the hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait with stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes, over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land, to lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave, without a name, whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought! before the judgment day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around, on the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life with the incarnate Son
of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land, O dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours, and teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,—ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep of him he loved so well.

206.—BOADICEA.

WM. COWPER.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

“Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

“Rome shall perish: write that word
In the blood that she has spilt,—
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground:
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

“Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians! pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

207.—THE EXPLOIT OF HECTOR.

HOMER.

Such was the poise in which the battle hung
Till Jove himself superior fame at length
To Priameian Hector gave, who sprang
First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reached
Their utmost ranks, he called on all his host:
"Now press them! now, ye Trojans, steed-renowned,
Rush on! break through the Grecian rampart! hurl
At once devouring flames into the fleet!"

Such was his exhortation. They, his voice
All hearing, with close-ordered ranks, direct
Bore on the barrier, and up-swarming showed
On the high battlement their glittering spears.

But Hector seized a stone: of ample base,
But tapering to a point; before the gate
It stood. No two men, mightiest of a land
(Such men as *now* are mighty), could with ease
Have heaved it from the earth up to a wain;
He swung it easily alone,—so light
The son of Saturn made it in his hand.

As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears
A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,

So Hector, right toward the planks of those
Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm
And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within
Their corresponding force combined transverse
To guard them, and one bolt secured the bars,

He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet
For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.
He burst both hinges; inward fell the rock
Ponderous, and the portals roared; the bars
Endured not, and the planks, riven by the force
Of that huge mass, flew scattered on all sides.

In leaped the godlike hero at the breach,
Gloomy as night in aspect, but in arms
All-dazzling, and he grasped two quivering spears.
Him entering with a leap the gates, no force
Whate'er of opposition had repressed,
Save of the gods alone. Fire filled his eyes;
Turning, he bade the multitude without
Ascend the rampart; they his voice obeyed;
Part climbed the wall, part poured into the gate;
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew,
Scattered; and tumult infinite arose.

208.—MYTHOLOGY.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels!
 'Tis not merely
The human being's Pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanish'd;
They live no longer in the faith of reason.

But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend; and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down; and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus who brings everything that's fair!

Wallenstein.

209.—LET THERE BE LIGHT.

HORACE MANN.

The Greek rhetorician, Longinus, quotes from the Mosaic account of the Creation what he calls the sublimest passage ever uttered: "God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light." From the centre of black immensity effulgence burst forth. Above, beneath, on every side, its radiance streamed out, silent, yet making each spot in the vast concave brighter than the line which the lightning pencils upon the midnight cloud. Darkness fled as the swift beams spread onward and outward, in an unending circumfusion of splendor. Onward and outward still they move to this day, glorifying, through wider and wider regions of space, the infinite Author from whose power and beneficence they sprang. But not only in the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, did he say, "Let there be light." Whenever a human soul is born into the world, its Creator stands over it, and again pronounces the same sublime words, "Let there be light."

Magnificent, indeed, was the material creation, when, suddenly blazing forth in mid-space, the new-born sun dispelled the darkness of the ancient night. But infinitely more magnificent is it when the human soul rays forth its subtler and swifter beams; when the light of the senses irradiates all outward things, revealing the beauty of their colors, and the exquisite symmetry of their proportions and forms; when the light of reason penetrates to their invisible properties and laws, and displays all those hidden relations that make up all the sciences; when the light of conscience illuminates the moral world, separating truth from error, and virtue from vice. The light of the newly-kindled sun, indeed was glorious. It struck upon all the planets, and waked into existence their myriad capacities of life and joy. As it rebounded from them, and showed their vast orbs all wheeling, circle beyond

circle, in their stupendous courses, the sons of God shouted for joy. That light sped onward beyond Sirius, beyond the pole-star, beyond Orion and the Pleiades, and is still spreading onward into the abysses of space. But the light of the human soul flies swifter than the light of the sun, and outshines its meridian blaze. It can embrace not only the sun of our system, but all suns and galaxies of suns: aye! the soul is capable of knowing and of enjoying Him who created the suns themselves; and when these starry lustres that now glorify the firmament shall wax dim and fade away like a wasted taper, the light of the soul shall still remain; nor time, nor cloud, nor any power but its own perversity, shall ever quench its brightness. Again I would say, that whenever a human soul is born into the world, God stands over it, and pronounces the same sublime fiat, "Let there be light!" And may the time soon come, when all human governments shall co-operate with the Divine government in carrying this benediction and baptism into fulfillment!

210.—A GOOD STRONG HEART.

E. H. CHAPIN.

There is one respect in which men differ, and that is in strength and capacity of heart; so that some men are distinguished by the fact that, in all calamities, in all trials, they gather out of their hearts the resources of a new and better life. It is just like a perpetual spring within them. If one form of contemplated good perishes, if one hope drops away, if one resource fails, down they go, down into their hearts again, and call up something else. A great, strong heart is never overcome. It finds its own resources, and falls back into its own possibilities. It is sad to find a man who says, "I have no heart;" to see a forlorn creature who says "I have no power to struggle any more;" but as long as there is no blight or taint, the power, the possibility of the man is left. There was our gifted Prescott, who died so suddenly the other day. See how that physical calamity which occurred to him in his early years would have affected some men. They would have crouched literally by the wayside of life; and if they had had that man's powers, they would have made their calamity an excuse for a life of idleness and waste. How was it with him? He fell back into his own great and noble heart, and out of it

he brought up new life, which became to him a strength and power, that perhaps he never would have exhibited, had not that misfortune happened to him. But for that, he might have been a scholar, or, much worse, a politician; but the twilight of almost total blindness having fallen on him, he called up those powers, and concentrated them upon the great and noble work of history; and, when building up this historical structure, just as an architect builds up a great cathedral, like that of Cologne, standing forth majestic and glorious, he profited by the very calamity that excluded him from other pursuits and aims. Yea, and with a still nobler spirit, when others lamented his calamity and sought to condole with him in his misfortune, he sang songs in the night, and spoke noble words of cheer and encouragement. No, it was not out of the intellect, but out of a noble and faithful heart, that streamed forth that beautiful life, which made this man one of the glorious stars in the constellation of our literature.

211.—TRUE MANLINESS.

D. C. EDDY.

It is not every one that wears a human form, that can claim to be a man, in the full sense of that term. Many live and move among us, who are destitute of the chief elements of a manly character. They suppose themselves men; indeed, they regard their own course as honorable and worthy of imitation. The gambler has his code of honor; the duelist has his code of honor; the soldier, red in blood, has his code of honor. Napoleon was an honorable man, in his way, and the world ascribed to him many great and noble qualities. He fought well and conquered well. His banner waved in triumph over many a bloody field; carnage and famine and death attended his steps, and like the genius of evil he stalked abroad. He was, doubtless, a splendid general and a brilliant emperor; but the child who wandered over the field, after his most triumphant charge, and wet with water the lips of the dying soldiers there, was far more exalted in the scale of being, than was the plumed and epauletted chieftain.

Nelson was a skillful officer, and died, as the world says, "in all his glory." His banner was his shroud, the roar of cannon was his dirge, and the shout of victory was his requiem. In the list of naval heroes, his name stands foremost, and they who love the navy have learned to honor him. But the poor

sailor, who, a few months since, in yonder city, braved the fire, and at the risk of his own life saved a mother's only child, gained a truer glory than ever shone around the victories of the distinguished admiral.

How false, how unjust the estimate which the world places upon the actions of men. He who dies upon the battle-field—who rushes to carnage and strife—whose hands are dripping with human gore—is a man of honor. Parliaments and senates return him thanks, and whole nations unite in erecting a monument over the spot where sleeps his corpse. But he whose task it is to dry up the stream of blood—to mitigate the anguish of earth—to lift man up, and make him what God designed him to be—dies without a tongue to speak his eulogy, or a monument to mark his fall.

If you would show yourself a man, in the truest and noblest sense, go not to yonder tented field, where death hovers, and the vulture feeds himself on human victims; go not where men are carving monuments of marble to perpetuate names which will not live in our own grateful memory; go not to the dwellings of the rich; go not to the palaces of kings; go not to the halls of merriment and pleasure; go, rather, to the widow, and relieve her woe; go to the orphan and speak words of comfort; go to the lost, and save him; go to the fallen, and raise him up; go to the wanderer, and bring him back to virtue; go to the sinner, and whisper in his ear words of eternal life!

212.—NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it: they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth.

or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

213.—GREECE.

LORD BYRON.

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
 Whose land from plain to mountain **cave**
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's **grave!**
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be
 That this is all remains of thee?
 Approach, thou craven, crouching **slave;**
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
 These waters blue that round you **lave,**
 O servile offspring of the free,
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is **this?**
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
 These scenes, their story not **unknown,**
 Arise, and make again your own;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than **shame;**
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living **page,**
 Attest it, many a deathless age:
 While kings in dusty darkness **hid,**

Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Have swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land!
 There points thy muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die!
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from splendor to disgrace:
 Enough,—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
 Yes! self-abasement paved the way
 To villain-bonds and despot sway.
 What can he tell who treads thy shore?
 No legend of thine olden time,
 No theme on which the muse might soar,
 High as thy own in days of yore,
 When man was worthy of thy clime.
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,
 The fiery souls that might have led
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
 And callous save to crime.

214.—THE "LOST CHORD."

A. A. PROCTER.

Seated one day at the organ,
 I was weary and ill at ease,
 And my fingers wandered idly
 Over the noisy keys.
 I do not know what I was playing,
 Or what I was dreaming then;
 But I struck one chord of music,
 Like the sound of a great Amen!
 It flooded the crimson twilight
 Like the close of an angel's psalm,
 And it lay on my fevered spirit,
 With a touch of infinite calm.
 It quieted pain and sorrow,
 Like love overcoming strife;
 It seemed the harmonious echo
 From our discordant life.
 It linked all perplexéd meanings
 Into one perfect peace,

And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

215.—THE MAIN-TRUCK.

G. P. MORRIS.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein,
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air:
To that far height none dared to go:
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed;—but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast,
In groups with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue;—
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck;—he gasped,
"O God! thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son:
"Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire!" he said;
"That only chance your life can save!
Jump, jump, boy!"—He obeyed.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,
And for the ship struck out;
On board we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck—
Then folded to his heart his boy,
And fainted on the deck.

216.—RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

I have been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas tree. Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. Straight in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top,—for I observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downward towards the earth,—I look into my youngest Christmas recollections.

All toys at first, I find. But upon the branches of the tree, lower down, how thick the books begin to hang! Thin books, in themselves, at first, but many of them with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green. What fat black letters to begin with! “A was an archer, and shot at a frog.” Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xanthippe: like Y, who was always confined to a yacht or a yew-tree; and Z, condemned forever to be a zebra or a zany. But now the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean-stalk,—the marvelous bean-stalk by which Jack climbed up to the giant’s house. Jack, how noble, with his sword of sharpness and his shoes of swiftness!

Good for Christmas-time is the ruddy color of the cloak in which, the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through with her basket, Little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas eve, to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate

herself, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood I should have known perfect bliss. But it was not to be, and there was nothing for it but to look out the wolf in the Noah's Ark there, and put him late in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded.

Oh, the wonderful Noah's Ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in even there; and then ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch; but what was that against it? Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant; the lady-bird, the butterfly,—all triumphs of art! consider the goose, whose feet were so small and whose balance was so indifferent that he usually tumbled forward and knocked down all the animal creation! consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco-stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string.

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree,—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf,—I have passed him and all Mother Bunch's wonders without mention,—but an Eastern King with a glittering scymetar and turban. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights. Oh, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful! all rings are talismans! Common flower-pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beefsteaks are to throw down into the Valley of Diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky one with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genii's invisible son. All olives are of the same stock of that fresh fruit concerning which the Commander of the Faithful overheard the boy conduct the fictitious trial of the fraudulent olive-merchant. Yes, on every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas tree I see this fairy light!

But hark! the Waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree! Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others,

they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travelers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men: a solemn figure with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the waters; in a ship, again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children around; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas-time, still let the benignant Figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof be the Star of all the Christian world! A moment's pause, O vanishing tree, of which the lower boughs are dark to me yet, and let me look once more. I know there are blank spaces on thy branches, where eyes that I have loved have shone and smiled, from which they are departed. But, far above, I see the Raiser of the dead girl and the widow's son,—and God is good!

"Household Words."

217—TO A SKYLARK.

P. B. SHELLEY.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!—bird thou never wert,—
That from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher, from the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire; the blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest.

In the golden lightening of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening, thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even melts around thy flight:
Like a star of heaven, in the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows in the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air with thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare, from one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not : what is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden in the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden, till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden in a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered in its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered, till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers, all that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird, what sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymene'al, or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all but an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain ?
What fields or waves or mountains ? what shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear, keen joyance languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance never came near thee :
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep, thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after, and pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught :
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures of delight and sound,
 Better than all treasures that in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness from my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then as I am listening now.

218.—TWENTY YEARS AGO.

ANONYMOUS.

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
 Upon the school-house play-ground that sheltered you and me ;
 But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know
 That played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom, bare-footed boys at play
 Were sporting, just as we did then, with spirits just as gay.
 But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow
 Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now ; the benches are replaced
 By new ones, very like the same our penknives once defaced ;
 But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro.
 Its music just the same, dear Tom, as twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath the same old tree
 I have forgot the name just now,—you've played the same with me
 On that same spot ; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so,
 The loser had a task to do there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still ; the willows on its side
 Are larger than they were, Tom ; the stream appears less wide ;
 But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the
 beau,
 And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
 Is very low—'twas once so high that we could scarcely reach ;
 And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
 To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
 Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same,
 Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'tis dying sure but slow,
 Just as the one whose name you cut died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes.
I thought of her I loved so well, those early-broken ties ;
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago
Some are in the churchyard laid, some sleep beneath the sea ;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me :
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

219.—THE ELEMENT OF JUSTICE.

GEORGE W. CURTIS.

The leaders of our Revolution were men of whom the simple truth is the highest praise. Of every condition in life, they were singularly sagacious, sober, and thoughtful. Lord Chatham spoke only the truth when he said to Franklin, of the men who composed the first Colonial Congress: "The Congress is the most honorable assembly of statesmen since those of the ancient Greeks and Romans in the most virtuous times." Given to grave reflection, they were neither dreamers nor visionaries, and they were much too earnest to be rhetoricians. It is a curious fact, that they were generally men of so calm a temper that they lived to extreme age. With the exception of Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, they were most of them profound scholars, and studied the history of mankind that they might know men. They were so familiar with the lives and thoughts of the wisest and best minds of the past that a classic aroma hangs about their writings and their speech ; and they were profoundly convinced of what statesmen always know, and the adroitest of mere politicians never perceive,—that ideas are the life of a people ; that the conscience, not the pocket, is the real citadel of a nation, and that when you have debauched and demoralized that conscience by teaching that there are no natural rights, and that therefore there is no moral right or wrong in political action, you have poisoned the wells and rotted the crops in the ground.

The three greatest living statesmen of England knew this also. Edmund Burke knew it, and Charles James Fox, and William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. But they did not speak for the King, or Parliament, or the English nation. Lord Gower spoke for them when he said in Parliament: "Let the Americans talk about their natural and divine rights ; their rights

as men and citizens ; their rights from God and nature ! I am for enforcing these measures." My lord was contemptuous, and the King hired the Hessians, but the truth remained true. The Fathers saw the scarlet soldiers swarming over the sea, but more steadily they saw that national progress had been secure only in the degree that the political system had conformed to natural justice. They knew the coming wreck of property and trade, but they knew more surely that Rome was never so rich as when she was dying, and, on the other hand, the Netherlands never so powerful as when they were poorest. Farther away, they read the names of Assyria, Greece, Egypt. They had art, opulence, splendor. Corn enough grew in the valley of the Nile. The Syrian sword was as sharp as any. They were merchant princes, and the clouds in the sky were rivalled by their sails upon the sea. They were soldiers, and their frown frightened the world.

"Soul, take thine ease," those empires said, languid with excess of luxury and life. Yes: but you remember the king who had built his grandest palace, and was to occupy it upon the morrow ; but when the morrow came the palace was a pile of ruins. "Woe is me !" cried the King, "who is guilty of this crime ?" "There is no crime," replied the sage at his side ; "but the mortar was made of sand and water only, and the builders forgot to put in the lime." So fell the old empires, because the governors forgot to put justice into their governments.

220.—SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS.

EPES SARGENT.

Envoys of Rome, the poor camp of Spartacus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stoop to parley with the escaped gladiator, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful ? You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the former, ask Cossinius ; ask Claudius ; ask Varinius ; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your gold—would ye know what we do with *that*,—go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route ; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed, or Roman avarice plundered. Ye have seen me before ; but ye did not then shun my glance as now. Ye have seen me in the arena, when I was Rome's pet ruffian.

daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day—shall I forget it ever?—ye were present;—I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your munerator, your lord of the games, bethought him, it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. “He has it!” cried the people; “*habet! habet!*” But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power. I looked around upon the Podium, where sat your Senators and men of State, to catch the signal of release, of mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport, the vanquished man must die! Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words—rather a welcome to death than a plea for life—told me he was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The arena vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. Oh, the magnanimity of Rome! Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted, “Kill!” I heeded them as I would heed the howl of wolves. Kill *him*?—They might better have asked the mother to kill the babe smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and, amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall not forget it. Should memory fail, there are scars here to quicken it.

Well; do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself, with seventy fellow-gladiators, alone in the amphitheatre, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said,—I know not what. I only know that, when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face—and then burst forth the simultaneous cry—“Lead on! lead on, O Spartacus!” Forth we rushed,—seized what rude weapons chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There, day by day, our little band increased. Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the slave Spartacus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an army; and down from old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartacus, the dreaded rebel! A larger army, headed by the Prætor, was sent, and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to “kill!” In three pitched battles, have I not obeyed it? And now affrighted Rome

sends her two Consuls, and puts forth all her strength by land and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal were on her borders!

Envoys of Rome! To Lentulus and Gellius bear this message: "Their graves are measured!" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side! Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss where all is ruin. So Spartacus comes on! So swells his force,—small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! Oh! we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training wasted upon indocile pupils. Now, begone! Prepare the Eternal City for our games!

Sargent's Standard Speaker.

221.—GRAY'S ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,—
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon agéd thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished), a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

Thomas Gray, 1751.

222.—THE NEWSPAPER.

J. R. LOWELL.

Wonderful, to him that has eyes to see it rightly, is the newspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, the advent of my weekly journal is as that of a strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet-show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown-paper wrapper!

Hither, to my obscure corner, by wind or steam, on horse-back or dromedary-back, in the pouch of the Indian runner or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism, tiny puppets they seem all, as the editor sets up his booth upon my desk, and officiates as showman. Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out anything distinctly. That animalcule there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Philippe, just landed on the coast of England. That other, in the gray surtout and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, assuring France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present alarming juncture. At that spot where you seem to see a speck of

something in motion, is an immense mass-meeting. Look sharper, and you will see a mite brandishing his mandibles in an excited manner. That is the great Mr. Soandso, defining his position, amid tumultuous and irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal creature, upon whom some score of others, as minute as he, are gazing in open-mouthed admiration, is a famous philosopher, expounding to a select audience their capacity for the Infinite. That scarce-discernible pufflet of smoke and dust is a revolution. That speck there is a reformer, just arranging the lever with which he is to move the world. And lo! there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton, that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all our distinguished actors are whisked off the slippery stage into the dark Beyond.

Yes, the little show-box has its solemn suggestions. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man, who lays down a scythe and hour-glass in the corner while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim background, a weird shape is ever delving. Sometimes he leans upon his mattock, and gazes, as a coach whirls by, bearing the newly-married on their wedding jaunt, or glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christening. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and larger as we look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in the midst of his part, and him, whom yesterday two infinities (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is enough to cover and silence forever. Nay, we see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectator also.

Think of it: for three dollars a year I buy a season-ticket to this great Globe Theatre, for which God would write the dramas (only that we like farces, spectacles, and the tragedies of Apollyon better), whose scene-shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes, as I am tearing off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look! deaths and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and books, lists of promotions, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fires, accidents, of sudden wealth, and as sudden poverty,—I hold in my hand the ends of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of as many men and women everywhere. So that upon

that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator of their puppet-pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage! And, strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me informed that he has received a fresh supply of certain original designs? But to none of us does the Present (even if for a moment discerned as such) continue miraculous. We glance carelessly at the sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from heaven, shall be the wrapper to a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals.

Biglow Papers.

223.—UNCLE TOM'S TESTAMENT.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Is it strange, then, that some tears fall on the pages of his Bible as he lays it on the cotton-bale, and, with patient finger threading his slow way from word to word, traces out its promises? Having learned late in life, Tom was but a slow reader, and passed on laboriously from verse to verse. Fortunate for him was it that the book he was intent on was one which slow reading cannot injure—nay, one whose words, like ingots of gold, seem often to need to be weighed separately, that the mind may take in their priceless value. Let us follow him a moment, as, pointing to each word, and pronouncing each halt aloud, he reads,—

“Let—not—your—heart—be—troubled. In—my—Father's—house—are—many—mansions. I—go—to—prepare—a—place—for—you.”

Cicero, when he buried his darling and only daughter, had a heart as full of honest grief as poor Tom's,—perhaps no fuller, for both were only men; but Cicero could pause over no such sublime words of hope, and look to no such future reunion; and if he had seen them, ten to one he would not have believed,—he must fill his head first with a thousand questions of authenticity of manuscript, and correctness of translation. But, to poor Tom, there it lay, just what he needed, so evidently true and divine that the possibility of a

question never entered his simple head. It must be true, for, if not true, how could he live?

As for Tom's Bible, though it had no annotations and helps in margin from learned commentators, still it had been embellished with certain way-marks and guide-boards of Tom's own invention, and which helped him more than the most learned expositions could have done. It had been his custom to get the Bible read to him by his master's children, in particular by young Master George; and as they read, he would designate, by bold, strong marks and dashes, with pen and ink, the passages which more particularly gratified his ear or affected his heart. His Bible was thus marked through, from one end to the other, with a variety of styles and designations; so he could in a moment seize upon his favorite passages, without the labor of spelling out what lay between them; and while it lay there before him, every passage breathing of some old home scene, and recalling some past enjoyment, his Bible seemed to him all of this life that remained, as well as the promise of a future one.

224.—RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of paltry strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.
 Ring out the shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
 Ring out the thousand wars of old;
 Ring in the thousand years of peace,
 Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land;
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

225.—INTRA, MINTRA, CUTRA, CORN.

ANONYMOUS.

Ten small hands upon the spread,
 Five forms kneeling beside the bed,
 Blue-eyes, Black-eyes, Curly-head;
 Blonde, Brunette—in a glee and glow,
 Waiting the magic word. Such a row!
 Seven years, six years, five, four, two!
 Fifty fingers, all in a line,
 Yours are thirty, and twenty are mine;
 Ten sweet eyes that sparkle and shine.
 Motherly Mary, age of ten,
 Even the finger-tips again,
 Glance along the line, and then—
 “Intra, mintra, cutra, corn,
 Apple seed and apple thorn,
 Wire, briar, limber lock,
 Three geese in a flock,
 Ruble, roble, rabble and rout,
 Y, O, U, T,
 Out!”
 Sentence falls on Curly-head;
 One wee digit is “gone and dead,”
 Nine-and-forty left on the spread.
 “Intra, mintra,” the fiat goes,
 Who’ll be taken nobody knows;
 Only God may the lot dispose.
 Is it more than a childish play?
 Still you sigh and turn away.
 Why? What pain in the sight, I pray?

Ah, too true, "As the fingers fall,
One by one at the magic call,
Till, at the last, chance reaches all,

"So in the fateful days to come,
The lot shall fall in many a home
That breaks a heart and fills a tomb;

"Shall fall, and fall, and fall again,
Like a law that counts our love but vain;
Like a fate, unheeding our woe and pain.

"One by one—and who shall say
Whether the lot may fall this day,
That calleth of these dear babes away?

"True, too true. Yet hold, dear friend;
Evermore doth the lot depend
On Him who loved, and loved to the end:

"Blind to our eyes, the fiat goes,
Who'll be taken, no mortal knows,
But only Love will the lot dispose.

"Only Love, with his wiser sight;
Love alone, in his infinite might;
Love, who dwells in eternal light."

Now are the fifty fingers gone
To play some new play under the sun—
The childish fancy is past and gone.

So let our boding prophecies go
As childish, for do we not surely know
The dear God holdeth our lot below?

226.—BETTER THAN GOLD.

ALEXANDER SMART.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundred fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep;

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,—
The shrine of love, the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother or sister or wife;
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

227.—FABLES FROM ÆSOP.

A dog made his bed in a manger, and lay snarling and growling to keep the horses from their provender. "See," said one of them, "what a miserable cur! who neither can eat corn himself, nor will allow those to eat it who can."

A bowman took aim at an eagle and hit him in the heart. As the eagle turned his head in the agonies of death, he saw that the arrow was winged with his own feathers. "How much sharper," said he, "are the wounds made by weapons which we ourselves have supplied!"

A viper entering into a smith's shop looked about for something to eat. At length seeing a file, he began to bite at it; but the file bade him to let it alone, saying, "You are likely to get little from me, whose business is to bite others."

A collier, who had more room in his house than he wanted for himself, proposed to a fuller to come and live with him. "Thank you," said the fuller, "but I would fear that as fast as I whitened my goods you would blacken them again."

A fisherman's net had all sorts of fish. The little ones escaped through the meshes of the net, and got back into the deep, but the great fish were all caught and hauled into the ship. Our insignificance is often the cause of our safety.

A certain man had the good fortune to possess a goose that laid him a golden egg every day. But dissatisfied with so slow an income, and thinking to seize the whole treasure at once, he killed the goose; and cutting her open, found her—just what any other goose would be! Much wants more and loses all.

A fox, just at the time of the vintage, stole into a vineyard where the ripe sunny grapes were trellised up on high in most tempting show. He made many a spring and jump after the luscious prize; but, having failed in all his attempts, he muttered as he retreated, "Well! what does it matter? The grapes are sour!"

A fox that had never seen a lion, when by chance he met him for the first time, was so terrified that he almost died of fright. When he met him the second time, he was still afraid, but managed to disguise his fear. When he saw him the third time, he was so much emboldened that he went up to him and asked him how he did. Familiarity breeds contempt.

The lion and other beasts formed an alliance to go out a-hunting. When they had taken a fat stag, the lion proposed himself as commissioner, and dividing it into three parts thus proceeded: "The first," said he, "I shall take officially, as king; the second I shall take for my own personal share in the chase; and as for the third part—let him take it who dares."

A troop of boys were playing at the edge of a pond, when, perceiving a number of frogs in the water, they began to pelt at them with stones. They had already killed many of the poor creatures, when one, more hardy than the rest, putting his head above the water, cried out to them: "Stop your cruel sport, my lads; consider, what is play to you is death to us."

An ass having put on a lion's skin, roamed about, frightening all the silly animals he met with, and, seeing a fox, he tried to alarm him also. But Reynard, having heard his voice, said, "Well, to be sure! and I should have been frightened too, if I had not heard you bray." They who assume a character that does not belong to them, generally betray themselves by over-acting it.

There was a city in expectation of being besieged, and a council was called accordingly to discuss the best means of fortifying it. A bricklayer gave his opinion that no material was so good as brick for the purpose. A carpenter begged leave to suggest that timber would be far preferable. Upon which a currier started up, and said, "Sirs, when you have

said all that can be said, there is nothing in the world like leather."

A wolf seeing a goat feeding on the brow of a high precipice where he could not come at her, besought her to come down lower, for fear she should miss her footing at that dizzy height; "and moreover," said he, "the grass is far sweeter and more abundant here below." But the goat replied: "Excuse me; it is not for my dinner that you invite me, but for your own."

An old man that had traveled a long way with a huge bundle of sticks, found himself so weary that he cast it down, and called upon Death to deliver him from his most miserable existence. Death came straightway at his call, and asked him what he wanted. "Pray, good sir," says he, "do me but the favor to help me up with my burden again." It is one thing to call for Death, and another to see him coming.

A gnat that had been buzzing about the head of a bull, at length, settling himself down upon his horn, begged his pardon for incommoding him; "But if," says he, "my weight at all inconveniences you, pray say so, and I will be off in a moment." "Oh, never trouble your head about that," says the bull, "for 'tis all one to me whether you go or stay; and, to say the truth, I did not know you were there." The smaller the mind the greater the conceit.

A trumpeter being taken prisoner in a battle, begged hard for quarter. "Spare me, good sirs, I beseech you," said he, "and put me not to death without cause, for I have killed no one myself, nor have I any arms but this trumpet only." "For that very reason," said they who had seized him, "shall you the sooner die, for without the spirit to fight yourself, you stir up others to warfare and bloodshed." He who incites to strife is worse than he who takes part in it.

Once upon a time the rivers combined against the sea, and, going in a body, accused her, saying: "Why is it that when we rivers pour our waters into you so fresh and sweet, you straightway render them salt and unpalatable?" The sea, observing the temper in which they came, merely answered: "If you do not wish to become salt, please to keep away from me altogether." Those who are most benefited are often the first to complain.

A certain boy put his hand into a pitcher where a great plenty of figs and filberts was deposited; he grasped as many as his fist could possibly hold, but when he endeavored to pull it out, the narrowness of the neck prevented him. Un-

willing to lose any of them, but unable to draw out his hand, he burst into tears and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow who stood by gave him this wise and reasonable advice: "Grasp only half the quantity, my boy, and you will easily succeed."

A thrifty old widow kept two servant-maids, whom she used to call up to their work at cock-crow. The maids disliked exceedingly this early rising, and determined between themselves to wring off the bird's neck, as he was the cause of all their trouble by waking their mistress so early. They had no sooner done this, than the old lady, missing her usual alarm, and afraid of oversleeping herself, continually mistook the time of day, and roused them up at midnight. Too much cunning overreaches itself.

A certain knight growing old, his hair fell off, and he became bald; to hide which imperfection, he wore a periwig. But as he was riding out with some others a-hunting, a sudden gust of wind blew off the periwig, and exposed his bald pate. The company could not forbear laughing at the accident; and he himself laughed as loud as anybody, saying: "How was it to be expected that I should keep strange hair upon my head, when my own would not stay there?"

A shepherd-boy, who tended his flock not far from a village, used to amuse himself at times by crying out, "Wolf! Wolf!" Twice or thrice his trick succeeded. The whole village came running out to his assistance; when all the return they got was to be laughed at for their pains. At last one day the wolf came indeed. The boy cried out in earnest. But his neighbors, supposing him to be at his old sport, paid no heed to his cries, and the wolf devoured the sheep. So the boy learned, when it was too late, that liars are not believed even when they tell the truth.

There was a dog so wild and mischievous, that his master was obliged to fasten a heavy clog about his neck, to prevent his biting and worrying his neighbors. The dog, priding himself upon his badge, paraded in the market-place, shaking his clog to attract attention. But a sly friend whispered to him, "The less noise you make, the better; your mark of distinction is no reward of merit, but a badge of disgrace!" Men often mistake notoriety for fame, and would rather be remarked for their vices or follies than not to be noticed at all.

A bull being pursued by a lion, fled into a cave where a wild goat had taken up his abode. The goat upon this began

molesting him and butting at him with his horns. "Don't suppose," said the bull, "if I suffer this now, that it is you I am afraid of. Let the lion be once out of sight, and I will soon show you the difference between a bull and a goat." Mean people take advantage of their neighbors' difficulties to annoy them. The time may come when they will regret it.

As a countryman was carelessly driving his wagon along a miry lane, his wheels stuck so deep in the clay that the horses came to a stand-still. Upon this the man, without making the least effort of his own, began to call upon Hercules to come and help him out of his trouble. But Hercules bade him lay his own shoulder to the wheel, assuring him that Heaven only aids those who endeavor to help themselves. Prayer is not heard, unless we strive as well as pray.

A hare jeered at a tortoise for the slowness of his pace. But he laughed, and said that he would run against her and beat her any day she would name. "Come on," said the hare, "you shall soon see what my feet are made of." So it was agreed that they should start at once. The tortoise went off jogging along, without a moment's stopping, at his usual steady pace. The hare, treating the whole matter very lightly, said she would first take a little nap, and that she would soon overtake the tortoise. Meanwhile the tortoise plodded on, and the hare, oversleeping herself, arrived at the goal only to see that the tortoise had got there before her.

228.—LIFE.

H. B. WALLACE.

"Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal! splendid in ashes, glorious in the grave; solemnizing natiivities and funerals with equal lustre, and not forgetting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature!" Thus spake one who mocked while he wept at man's estate, and gracefully tempered the high scoffings of philosophy with the profound compassion of religion. As the sun's proudest moment is his latest, and as the forest puts on its brightest robe to die in, so does man summon ostentation to invest the hour of his weakness, and pride survives when power has departed; and what, we may ask, does this instinctive contempt for the honors of the dead proclaim, except the utter vanity of the glories of the living?—for mean indeed must be the real state of man, and false the vast assumptions of his life, when the poorest

pageantry or a decent burial strikes upon the heart as a mockery of helplessness.

Certain it is that pomp chiefly waits upon the beginning and the end of life: what lies between, may either raise a sigh or wake a laugh, for it mostly partakes of the littleness of one, and the sadness of the other. The monuments of man's blessedness and of man's wretchedness lie side by side: we cannot look for the one without discovering the other. The echo of joy is the moan of despair, and the cry of anguish is stifled in rejoicing. To make a monarch, there must be slaves; and that one may triumph, many must be weak.

To one limiting his belief within the bounds of his observation, "reasoning" but from what he "knows," the condition of man presents mysteries which thought can not explain. The dignity and destiny of man seem utterly at variance. He turns from contemplating a monument of genius to inquire for the genius which produced it, and finds that while the work has survived, the workman has perished for ages. The meanest work of man outlives the noblest work of God. The sculptures of Phidias endure, where the dust of the artist has vanished from the earth. Man can immortalize all things but himself.

But, for my own part, I cannot help thinking that our high estimation of ourselves is the grand error in our account. Surely, it is argued, a creature so ingeniously fashioned and so beautifully furnished, has not been created but for lofty ends. But cast your eye on the humblest rose of the garden, and it may teach a wiser lesson. There you behold contrivance and ornament—in every leaf the finest veins, the most delicate odor, and a perfume exquisite beyond imitation; yet all this is but a toy—a plaything of nature; and surely she whose resources are so boundless that upon the gaud of a summer day she can throw away such lavish wealth, steps not beyond her commonest toil when she forms of the dust a living man. When will man learn the lesson of his own insignificance?

Immortal man! thy blood flows freely and fully, and thou standest a Napoleon; thou reclinest a Shakspeare!—it quickens its movement, and thou liest a parched and fretful thing, with thy mind furied by the phantoms of fever!—it retards its action but a little, and thou crawlest a crouching, soulless mass, the bright world a blank, dead vision to thine eye. Verily, O man, thou art a glorious and godlike being!

Tell life's proudest tale: what is it? A few attempts suc-

cessless; a few crushed or moldered hopes; much paltry fretting; a little sleep, and the story is concluded; the curtain falls—the farce is over. The world is not a place to live in, but to die in. It is a house that has but two chambers; a lazar and a charnel—room only for the dying and the dead. There is not a spot on the broad earth on which man can plant his foot and affirm with confidence, “No mortal sleeps beneath!”

Seeing then that these things are, what shall we say? Shall we exclaim with the gay-hearted Grecian, “Drink to-day, for to-morrow we are not?” Shall we calmly float down the current, smiling if we can, silent when we must, lulling cares to sleep by the music of gentle enjoyment, and passing dream-like through a land of dreams? No! dream-like as is our life, there is in it one reality—our DUTY. Let us cling to that, and distress may overwhelm, but cannot disturb us—may destroy, but cannot hurt us: the bitterness of earthly things and the shortness of earthly life will cease to be evils, and begin to be blessings.

229.—HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

LUCY LARCOM.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
“Is there from the fishers any news?”
O, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing :
 'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes.
 Hannah shudders,
 For the mild southwester mischief brews.
 Round the rocks of Marblehead,
 Outward bound, a schooner sped :
 Silent, lonesome,
 Hannah's at the window binding shoes.
 'Tis November ;
 Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
 From Newfoundland
 Not a sail returning will she lose,
 Whispering hoarsely, " Fishermen,
 Have you, have you heard of Ben ?"
 Old with watching,
 Hannah's at the window binding shoes.
 Twenty winters
 Bleach and tear the ragged shores she views.
 Twenty seasons :—
 Never one has brought her any news.
 Still her dim eyes silently
 Chase the white sails o'er the sea :
 Hopeless, faithful,
 Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

230.—GREEN BE THE TURF.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

" The good die first,
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket." *Wordsworth.*

Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days ;
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep,
 And long where thou art lying,
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven,
 To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow ;
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,
 The grief is fixed too deeply
 That mourns a man like thee.

231.—WHICH SHALL IT BE?

ETHEL L. BEERS.

Which shall it be ? Which shall it be ?
 I looked at John, John looked at me,
 And when I found that I must speak
 My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
 " Tell me again what Robert said : "
 And then I, listening, bent my head—
 This is his letter : " I will give
 A house and land while you shall live,
 If, in return, from out your seven,
 One child to me for aye is given."
 I looked at John's old garments worn,
 I thought of all that he had borne
 Of poverty, and work, and care,
 Which I, though willing, could not share ;
 I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
 Of seven little children's need,
 And then of this. " Come, John," said I,
 " We'll choose among them as they lie
 Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
 Dear John and I surveyed our band,
 First to the cradle lightly stepped
 Where Lillian, the baby, slept.
 Softly the father stooped to lay
 His rough hand down in a loving way,
 When dream or whisper made her stir,
 And huskily he said : " Not her ! "
 We stooped beside the trundle bed,
 And one long ray of lamplight shed
 Athwart the boyish faces there,
 In sleep so beautiful and fair.
 I saw on James's rough, red cheek
 A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
 " They are but babies, too," said I,
 And kissed them as we hurried by.
 Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
 Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace ;

"No, for a thousand crowns, not him ;"
 He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
 Poor Dick ! bad Dick ! our wayward son—
 Turbulent, restless, idle one—
 Could he be spared ? Nay, He who gave
 Bade us befriend him to the grave.
 Only a mother's heart could be
 Patient enough for such as he ;
 "And so," said John, "I would not dare
 To take him from her bedside prayer."
 Then stole we softly up above,
 And knelt by Mary, child of love.
 "Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
 I said to John. Quite silently
 He lifted up a curl that lay
 Across her cheek in wilful way,
 And shook his head : "Nay, love, not thee,"
 The while my heart beat audibly.
 Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
 So like his father. "No, John, no !
 I cannot, will not, let him ago."
 And so we wrote in courteous way,
 We could not give one child away ;
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
 Happy in truth that not one face
 Was missed from its accustomed place ;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

232.—LADY CLARE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

It was the time when lilies blow,
 And the clouds are highest up in air,
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.
 I trow they did not part in scorn :
 Lovers long betrothed were they :
 They two will wed the morrow morn ;
 God's blessing on the day !
 "He does not love me for my birth,
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
 He loves me for my own true worth,
 And that is well," said Lady Clare.
 In there came old Alice the nurse,
 Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie:
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown—
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
 Leapt up from where she lay,
 Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
 And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower
 "O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
 Why come you drest like a village maid,
 That are the flower of all the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
 I am but as my fortunes are:
 I am a beggar born," she said,
 "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "For I am yours in word and deed!
 Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
 Her heart within her did not fail:
 She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He—laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
 He turned and kissed her where she stood.
 If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the next of blood—

If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
 Ve two will wed to-morrow morn,
 And you shall still be—Lady Clare."

233.—HOUR OF PRAYER.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever following silently;
 Father, by the breeze at eve
 Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;—
 Pray! Ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveler, in a stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone;

Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor on the darkening sea;—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

234.—WASHINGTON.

C. PHILLIPS.

It matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! How bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

Individual instances, no doubt there were—splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely master-piece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime

of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him: whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created! Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism.

235.—LIBERTY.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

Liberty, gentlemen, is a solemn thing—a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please; but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world—to govern itself. That hour in human life is most serious, when it passes from parental control, into free manhood: then must the man bind the righteous law upon himself, more strongly than father or mother ever bound it upon him. And when a people leaves the leading-strings of prescriptive authority, and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer. The tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church, must be built there, to entrench, to defend, and to keep the sacred heritage.

Liberty, I repeat it, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this time, has regarded it as a boon—not as a bond. And there is nothing, I seriously believe, in the present crisis of human affairs—there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men's ideas so much need to be cleared up—to be advanced—to be raised to a higher standard, as this grand and terrible responsibility of freedom. In the universe there is no trust so awful as moral freedom; and all good civil freedom depends upon the use of that. But look at it. Around every human, every rational being, is drawn a circle; the space

within is cleared from obstruction, or at least from all coercion; it is sacred to the being himself who stands there; it is secured and consecrated to his own responsibility. May I say it?—God himself does not penetrate there with any absolute, any coercive power! He compels the winds and waves to obey him; he compels animal instincts to obey him; but he does not compel man to obey. That sphere he leaves free; he brings influences to bear upon it; but the last, final, solemn, infinite question between right and wrong, he leaves to man himself.

Ah! instead of madly delighting in his freedom, I could imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble that such a tremendous prerogative is accorded to him. But it is accorded to him; and nothing but willing obedience can discharge that solemn trust; nothing but a heroism greater than that which fights battles, and pours out its blood on its country's altar—the heroism of self-renunciation and self-control. Come that liberty! I invoke it with all the ardor of the poets and orators of freedom; with Spenser and Milton, with Hampden and Sydney, with Rienzi and Dante, with Hamilton and Washington, I invoke it. Come that liberty! come none that does not lead to that! Come the liberty that shall strike off every chain, not only of iron, and iron-law, but of painful constriction, of fears, of enslaving passion, of mad self-will; the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience!

236.—KNOWING.

C. P. CRANCH.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought;
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
 Man by man was never seen;
 All our deep communing fails
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known,
 Mind with mind did never meet;
 We are columns left alone,
 Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
 Far apart, though seeming near,

In our light we scattered lie ;
 All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
 But a babbling summer stream ?
 What our wise philosophy
 But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love
 Melts the scattered stars of thought ;
 Only when we live above
 What the dim-eyed world hath taught ;

Only when our souls are fed
 By the Fount which gave them birth,
 And by inspiration led,
 Which they never drew from earth,

We like parted drops of rain
 Swelling till they meet and run,
 Shall be all absorbed again,
 Melting, flowing into one.

237.—THE DYING GLADIATOR.

LORD BYRON.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power !
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
 Walkest in the shadow of the midnight hour
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
 That we become a part of what has been,
 And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
 And wherefore slaughtered ? wherefore, but because
 Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not ?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maw
 Of worms—on battle-plain or listed spot ?
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand ; his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low ;
 And through his side the last drops ebbing slow

From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
 The arena swims around him: he is gone, [won,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch wi

He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away:
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize;
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

238.—GLORY.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

The crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble, and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis in indiscriminate ruin. The plowshare has turned up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiseled into beauty, and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva. But even the works of our hands too frequently survive the memory of those who have created them. And were it otherwise, could we thus carry down to distant ages the recollection of our existence, it were surely childish to waste the energies of an immortal spirit in the effort to make it known to other times, that a being whose name was written with certain letters of the alphabet once lived, and flourished, and died. Neither sculptured marble, nor stately column, can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity.

As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's or treads, with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment, which is breathed from every object around him, is, the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their

age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness. The aged crone or the smooth-tongued beadle, as now he hurries you through aisles and chapel, utters, with measured cadence and unmeaning tone, for the thousandth time, the name and lineage of the once honored dead; and then gladly dismisses you, to repeat again his well-conned lesson to another group of idle passers-by.

Such, in its most august form, is all the immortality that matter can confer. It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those bright examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

239.—WATER IN LANDSCAPE.

D. G. MITCHELL.

I believe there is nothing in nature which so enlaces one's love for the country, and binds it with willing fetters, as the silver meshes of a brook. Not for its beauty only, but for its changes; it is the warbler; it is the silent muser; it is the loiterer; it is the noisy brawler; and, like all brawlers, beats itself into angry foam, and turns in the eddies demurely penitent, and runs away to sulk under the bush. Brooks, too, pique terribly a man's audacity, if he have any eye for landscape gardening. It seems so manageable in all its wildness. Here in the glen a bit of dam will give a white gush of waterfall, and a pouring sluice to some overshot wheel; and the wheel shall have its connecting shaft and whirl of labors. Of course, there shall be a little scape-way for the trout to pass up and down; a rustic bridge shall spring across somewhere below, and the stream shall be coaxed into loitering where you will,—under the roots of a beech that leans over the water; into a broad pool of the pasture close, where the cattle may cool themselves in August. In short, it is easy to see how a brook may be held in leash, and made to play the wanton for you summer after summer. I do not forget that poor Shen-

stone ruined himself by his coquetries with the trees and brooks at Leasowes. I commend the story of the bankrupt poet to those who are about laying out country places.

Meantime our eyes shall run where the brooks are running—to the sea. It must be admitted that a sea view gives the final and the kingly grace to a country home. A lake view and a river view are well in their way, but the hills hem them; the great reach, which is a type, and, as it were, a vision of the future, does not belong to them. There is none of that joyous strain to the eye in looking on them which a sea view provokes. The ocean seems to absorb all narrowness, and tides it away, and dashes it into yeasty multiples of its own illimitable width. A man may be small by birth, but he cannot grow smaller with the sea always in his eye.

240.—LITTLE EVA.

H. B. STOWE.

Her form was the perfection of childish beauty, without its usual chubbiness and squareness of outline. There was about it an undulating and aerial grace such as one might dream of for some mythic and allegorical being. Her face was remarkable, less for its perfect beauty of feature than for a singular and dreamy earnestness of expression, which made the ideal start when they looked at her, and by which the dullest and most literal were impressed, without exactly knowing why. The shape of her head and the turn of her neck and bust were peculiarly noble, and the long, golden-brown hair that floated like a cloud around it, the deep, spiritual gravity of her violet blue eyes, shaded by heavy fringes of golden brown,—all marked her out from other children, and made every one turn and look after her, as she glided hither and thither on the boat. Nevertheless, the little one was not what you would have called either a grave child or a sad one. On the contrary, an airy and innocent playfulness seemed to flicker like the shadow of summer leaves over her childish face, and around her buoyant figure. She was always in motion, always with half a smile on her rosy mouth, flying hither and thither, with an undulating and cloud-like tread, singing to herself as she moved, as in a happy dream. Her father and female guardian were incessantly busy in pursuit of her—but, when caught, she melted from them again like a summer cloud; and as no word of chiding or reproof ever fell on her ear for

whatever she chose to do, she pursued her own way all over the boat. Always dressed in white, she seemed to move like a shadow through all sorts of places, without contracting spot or stain ; and there was not a corner or nook, above or below, where those fairy footsteps had not glided, and that visionary golden head, with its deep blue eyes, fled along.

The fireman, as he looked up from his sweaty toil, sometimes found those eyes looking wonderingly into the raging depths of the furnace, and fearfully and pityingly at him, as if she thought him in some dreadful danger. Anon the steersman at the wheel paused and smiled, as the picture-like head gleamed through the window of the round house, and in a moment was gone again. A thousand times a day rough voices blessed her, and smiles of unwonted softness stole over hard faces as she passed ; and when she tripped fearlessly over dangerous places, rough, sooty hands were stretched involuntarily out to save her and smooth her path.

Tom, who had the soft, impressible nature of his kindly race, ever yearning towards the simple and child-like, watched the little creature with daily increasing interest. To him she seemed something almost divine ; and whenever her golden head and deep blue eyes peered out upon him from behind some dusky cotton-bale, or looked down upon him over some ridge of packages, he half believed he saw one of the angels stepped out of the New Testament.

241.—NOW.

CHARLES MACKAY.

The venerable Past—is past ;
 'Tis dark, and shines not in the ray :
 'Twas good, no doubt—'tis gone at last—
 There dawns another day.
 Why should we sit where ivies creep,
 And shroud ourselves in charnels deep
 Or the world's yesterdays deplore,
 Mid crumbling ruins mossy hoar ?
 Why should we see with dead men's eyes,
 Looking at WAS from morn till night,
 When the beauteous Now, the divine TO BE,
 Woo with their charms our living sight ?
 Why should we hear but echoes dull,
 When the world of sound, so beautiful,
 Will give us music of our own ?

Why in the darkness should we grope,
 When the sun, in heaven's resplendent cope,
 Shines as bright as ever it shone ?

Abraham saw no brighter stars
 Than those which burn for thee and me.
 When Homer heard the lark's sweet song
 Or night-bird's lovelier melody,
 They were such sounds as Shakspeare heard,
 Or Chaucer, when he blessed the bird ;
 Such lovely sounds as we can hear.

Great Plato saw the vernal year
 Send forth its tender flowers and shoots,
 And luscious autumn pour its fruits ;
 And we can see the lilies blow,
 The corn-fields wave, the rivers flow ;
 For us all bounties of the earth,
 For us its wisdom, love and mirth,
 If we daily walk in the sight of God,
 And prize the gifts he has bestowed.

We will not dwell amid the graves,
 Nor in dim twilights sit alone,
 To gaze at moldered architraves,
 Or plinths and columns overthrown ;
 We will not only see the light
 Through painted windows cobwebbed o'er,
 Nor know the beauty of the night
 Save by the moonbeam on the floor :
 But in the presence of the sun,
 Or moon, or stars, our hearts shall glow ;
 We'll look at nature face to face,
 And we shall love because we know.

The present needs us. Every age
 Bequeaths the next for heritage
 No lazy luxury or delight—
 But strenuous labor for the right ;
 For *Now*, the child and sire of Time,
 Demands the deeds of earnest men
 To make it better than the past,
 And stretch the circle of its ken.
Now is a fact that men deplore,
 Though it might bless them evermore,
 Would they but fashion it aright :
 'Tis ever new, 'tis ever bright.

Time, nor Eternity, hath seen
 A repetition of delight
 In all its phases : ne'er hath been
 For men or angels that which *is* ;
 And that which *is* hath ceased to be

Ere we have breathed it, and its place
 Is lost in the Eternity.
 But *Now* is ever good and fair,
 Of the Infinitude the heir,
 And we of it. So let us live
 That from the past we may receive
 Light for the Now—from Now a joy
 That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy.

242.—THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

WALTER SCOTT.

The feast is o'er!—Now brimming wine
 In lordly cup is seen to shine
 Before each eager guest;
 While silence fills the crowded hall,
 As deep as when the herald's call
 Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
 And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
 To all the ladies fair!
 Here before all, I pledge the name
 Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,—
 The Ladye Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprang
 And joyous was the shout that rung,
 As Stanley gave the word;
 And every cup was raised on high,
 Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
 Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
 And lowly bent his haughty head;
 "That all may have their due,
 Now each in turn, must play his part,
 And pledge the lady of his heart,
 Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
 And drained in turn the brimming cup,
 And named the loved one's name;
 And each, as hand on high he raised,
 His lady's grace or beauty praised,
 Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
 On him are fixed those countless eyes:—
 A gallant knight is he;
 Envied by some, admired by all,

**Far-famed in lady's bower and hall,—
The flower of chivalry.**

**St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:**

"I drink to one," he said,

**"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.**

**"To one, whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed,—
So holy 'tis and true:**

**To one, whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."**

**Each guest upstarted, at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,**

With fury-flashing eye;

**And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame
Whose love you count so high."**

**St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;**

**Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"**

243.—THE POWER OF WORDS.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

Words are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order that they must bear at once upon all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift, Temple, Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular weapon.

The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of leveling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practicing the broad-sword exercise, and

sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Arbuthnot "plays his weapon like a tongue of flame." Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence, without having his ranks disordered or his line broken. Luther is different. His words are "half battle;" "his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter." Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel, and there are sutlers in his camp who lie, cog, and talk gross obscenity. Macaulay, brisk, lively, keen, and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentence, and kicks out of the way every word that obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backward by the suddenness of his stoppage.

Gifford's words are moss-troopers, that waylay innocent travelers and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine "lance," with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has had time to close his helmet. John Wilson's camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effectual service under better discipline, but who under his lead are suffered to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes swear, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray. Swift's words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with unerring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliot's words are gifted with huge fists, to pummel and bruise. Chatham and Mirabeau throw hot shot into their opponents' magazines. Talfourd's forces are orderly and disciplined, and march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus; and the hard, harsh-featured battalions of Maginn, are always preceded by a brass band. Hallam's word-infantry can do much execution, when they are not in each other's way. Pope's phrases are either daggers or rapiers. Willis's words are often tipsy with the champagne of the fancy, but, even when they reel and stagger, they keep the line of grace and beauty, and though scattered at first by a fierce onset from graver cohorts, soon re-unite without wound or loss. John Neal's forces are multitudinous, and fire briskly at every thing. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over too much ground.

Everett's weapons are ever kept in good order, and shine well in the sun, but they are little calculated for warfare, and rarely kill when they strike. Webster's words are thunderbolts, which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are hurled, but always leave enduring marks when they strike. Hazlitt's verbal army is sometimes drunk and surly, sometimes foaming with passion, sometimes cool and malignant; but drunk or sober, are ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom Moore's words are shining dirt, which he flings with excellent aim. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged with more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in this connection, might be compared to ragged, undisciplined militia, which could be easily routed by a charge of horse, and which are apt to fire into each other's faces.

244.—BEAUTY OF NATURE.

HUGH MILLER.

I was as light of heart the next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onwards through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and mellowed, as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring, which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighboring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretched half way across the frith, there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snow of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiseled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, and all below was purple. They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist was

described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him as a subject for his pencil a flower-piece composed of only white flowers, of which the one half were to bear their proper color, the other half a deep purple hue, and yet all be perfectly natural; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress, by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

245.—AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

ALICE CARY.

O, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light,
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Always and always, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumac and sassafras,
With blue-birds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

These and the little house where I was born,
Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With the woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun

Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I could only make you see

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!

I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—

She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,—

The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:

At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—

Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay

With my great-hearted brother on her deck:

I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,

The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night

We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light

Of the candle shone through the open door,

And, over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop

The first half-hour the great yellow star
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,

Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies

By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—

Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew

Over our head, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.

Afraid to go home, sir, for one of us bore

A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
 The other a bird held fast by the legs,
 Not so big as a straw of wheat;
 The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
 But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie?
 If you can, pray have the grace
 To put it solely in the face

Of the urchin that is likest me;
 I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:

But that's no matter,—paint it so;
 The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
 Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,
 Nor the fluttering bird held so fast by the legs,
 But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
 And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise,
 I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
 A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know.

That you on the canvas are to repeat
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
 Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
 The mother,—the lads, with their birds at her knee,
 But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

246 —DISTRUST OF LIBERTY.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her, during the period of her disguise, were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She growls, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who,

having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces—and that cure is freedom! When a prisoner leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free, till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim! If men are to wait for liberty until they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

247.—LAND OF BENEDICTIONS.

G. C. VERPLANCK.

What, it is asked, has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government—uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity, such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated, in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are but now received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth, on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human

knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No, land of liberty!—thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers—yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations. Land of refuge—land of benedictions!—those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: “May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!” “May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!” “May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from Heaven!”

248.—THE CLOSING YEAR.

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moon-beams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the Earth forever. 'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep.

Still chambers of the heart; a spectre dim,
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
 And solemn finger to the beautiful
 And holy visions that have passed away,
 And left no shadow of their loveliness
 On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
 The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
 And, bending mournfully above the pale,
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
 Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
 It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,—
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man,—and the haughty form
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
 It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
 The bright and joyous,—and the tearful wail
 Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
 And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
 The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
 Flashed in the light of mid-day,—and the strength
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
 Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
 The fury of the northern hurricane,
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
 Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
 To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
 And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
 His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
 O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
 Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
 Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles

Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
 To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
 Startling the nations,—and the very stars,
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
 Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
 And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
 To darkle in the trackless void: yet Time—
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
 Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

249.—LITTLE GOLDENHAIR.

F. B. SMITH.

Goldenhair climbs upon grandpapa's knee!
 Dear little Goldenhair, tired was she,
 All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 't was light,
 Out with the birds and butterflies bright,
 Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head,
 "What has my darling been doing," he said,
 "Since she arose with the sun from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one,
 "I cannot tell, so much things I have done:
 Played with my dolly and feeded my bun;

"And then I jumped with my little jump-rope,
 And I made out of some water and soap
 Bootiful worlds, mamma's castles of hope.

"I afterward readed in my picture-book,
 And Bella and I we went down to look
 For the smooth little stones by the side of the brook,

"And then I comed home and eated my tea,
 And I climbed up on to grandpapa's knee,
 And I jes' as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed,
 Until it has dropped on grandpapa's breast.
 Dear little Goldenhair, sweet be thy rest!

We are but children ; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view
That marks all our weakness, and pities it, too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He shall find us as guileless as Goldenhair's lay.

And oh, when aweary, may we be so blest
As to sink like the innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast!

250.—NIGHT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Night is the time for rest ;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch ;
On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
Brooding on hours misspent, ,
To see the spectre of despair

Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost. .

Night is the time to muse ;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will his followers do ;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease :
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends,—such death be mine !

251.—THE GAIN OF LOSS.

HORATIUS BONAR.

"Nay, give me back my blossoms!"
Said the palm-tree to the Nile;
But the stream passed on, unheeding,
With its old familiar smile.

"Give back my golden ringlets!"
Said the palm-tree to the Nile;
But the stream swept on in silence,
With its dimple and its smile,—
With its dimple and its smile it passed,
With its dimple and its smile,
All heedless of the palm's low wail,
That sunny, sunny Nile!

By Rodah's island-garden,
With its ripple and its smile;
By Shubra's mystic hedgerows
It swept, that glorious Nile!

By Gizeh's great palm-forest
It flashed its stately smile—
By Bulak's river-harbor,
That old, majestic Nile!

By pyramid and palace,
With its never-ending smile;
By tomb, and mosque, and mazar,
It flowed, that mighty Nile!

"Come, give me back my blossoms,"
Sighed the palm-tree to the Nile;
But the river flowed unheeding,
With its soft and silver smile,—

With its soft and silver smile it flowed.
With its soft and silver smile,
All heedless of the palm-tree's sigh,
That strange, long-wandering Nile!

It seemed to say, "'Tis better far
To leave your flowers to me;
I will bear their yellow beauty on
To the wondering, wondering sea.

"'Tis better they should float away
Upon my dusky wave,
Than find upon their native stem
A useless home and grave.

"If your sweet flow'rs remain with you,
Fruitless your boughs must be;
'Tis their departure brings the fruit;—
Give your bright flowers to me.

"Nay, ask not back your blossoms,"
To the palm-tree said the Nile;

"Let me keep them," said the river,
With its sweet and sunny smile.

And the palm gave up its blossoms
To its friend so wise and old,
And saw them, all unsighing,
Float down the river's gold.

The amber tresses vanished,
And the clear spring-fragrance fled.
But the welcome fruit in clusters
Came richly up instead.

'Tis thus we gain by losing,
And win by failure here;
We doff the gleaming tinsel,
The golden crown to wear.

Our sickness is our healing,
Our weakness is our might;
Life is but Death's fair offspring,
And Day the child of Night.

'Tis thus we rise by setting—
Through darkness reach our **day**;
Our own way hourly losing,
To find the eternal way.

'Tis by defeat we conquer—
Grow rich by growing poor;
And from our largest givings
We draw our fullest store.

Then let the blossoms perish,
And let the fragrance go;
All the surer and the larger
Is the harvest we shall know;

All the sweeter and the louder
Our song of harvest home,
When earth's ripe autumn smileth,
And the reaping-day has come.

252.—ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Venerable Men: You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out **your** lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are **now** where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder in the strife of your country. Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death,—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this

mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

But, alas! you are not all here. Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like "another morn, risen on mid-noon;"—and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But, ah! him, the first great martyr in this great cause; him, the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart; him, the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; him, cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name? Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure. This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail. Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington and Saratoga: Veterans of half a century! when, in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes

did not stretch on to an hour like this. At a period to which you could not reasonably hope to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude. But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them; and when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

253.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

MARY HOWITT.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly!

"Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;

The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,

And I've got many curious things to show you when you're there."

"Oh! no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,

For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine an' thin,

And if you'd like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in."

"Oh! no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend, what can I do,

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?

I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice,

I'm sure you're very welcome: will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh! no, no," said the little fly; "kind, sir, that cannot be;

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
 How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
 I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
 If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
 "I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you please to say.
 And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
 For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again;
 So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
 And set his table ready, to dine upon the fly;
 Then went he to his door again, and merrily did sing,
 "Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
 Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head,
 Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas! alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
 Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by:
 With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
 Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue,
 Thinking only of her crested head, poor foolish thing! at last
 Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.
 He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
 Within his little parlor,—but she ne'er came down again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
 To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;
 Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
 And a lesson from this fable take, of the spider and the fly.

254.—HAPPINESS.

ALEXANDER POPE.

O Happiness, our being's end and aim!
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise;
 Plant of celestial seed, if dropped below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair opening to some court's propitious shrine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows? Where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
 Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere;
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;

'Tis never to be bought, but always free;
And, fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this,—that Happiness is Happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all hands conceive.
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, man, "The universal cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws."
And makes what "Happiness" we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
Order is heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness,
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.

255.—THE THREE FISHERS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall and they looked at the shower,
And the nightrack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town ;
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

256.—THE SHIP OF STATE.

WM. P. LUNT.

Break up the Union of these States, because there are acknowledged evils in our system? Is it so easy a matter, then, to make everything in the actual world conform exactly to the ideal pattern we have conceived, in our minds, of absolute right? Suppose the fatal blow were struck, and the bonds which fasten together these States were severed, would the evils and mischiefs that would be experienced by those who are actually members of this vast Republican Community be all that would ensue? Certainly not. We are connected with the several nations and races of the world as no other people has ever been connected. We have opened our doors, and invited emigration to our soil from all lands. Our invitation has been accepted. Thousands have come at our bidding. Thousands more are on the way. Other thousands still are standing a-tiptoe on the shores of the Old World, eager to find a passage to the land where bread may be had for labor, and where man is treated as man. In our political-family almost all nations are represented. The several varieties of the race are here subjected to a social fusion, out of which Providence designs to form a "new man."

We are in this way teaching the world a great lesson—namely, that men of different languages, habits, manners, and creeds, can live together, and vote together, and, if not pray and worship together, yet in near vicinity, and do all in peace, and be, for certain purposes at least, one people. And is not this lesson of some value to the world, especially if we can teach it, not by theory merely, but through a successful example? Has not this lesson, thus conveyed, some connection with the world's progress toward that far-off period to which the human mind looks for the fulfilment of its vision of a perfect social state? It may safely be asserted that this Union could not be dissolved without disarranging and con-

vulsing every part of the globe. Not in the indulgence of a vain confidence did our fathers build the Ship of State, and launch it upon the waters. We will exclaim, in the noble words of one of our poets:

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest-roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

257.—THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A wide plain, where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace. On this mighty tide, the black ships, laden with the freshly-scented fir-planks, with rounded sacks of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glitter of coal, are borne along to St. Ogg's. This town shows its aged, fluted red roofs and the broad gables of its wharves, between the low-wooded hill and the river-brink, tinging the water with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of this February sun.

Far away, on each hand, stretch the rich pastures, and the patches of dark earth made ready for the seed of broad-leaved green crops, or touched, already, with the tint of the tender-bladed autumn-sown corn. The distant ships seem to be lifting their masts and stretching their red-brown sails close

among the branches of the spreading ash. Just by the red-roofed town, the tributary Ripple flows, with a lively current, into the Floss.

How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion, while I wander along the bank, and listen to its low, placid voice, as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving. I remember those large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge; and this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February, it is pleasant to look at it,—perhaps the chill, damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast.

The stream is brimful, now, and lies high in this little withy plantation, and half drowns the grassy fringe of the croft in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water, here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.

The rush of the water and the booming of the mill bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. Now, there is the thunder of the huge covered wagon, coming home with sacks of grain. That honest wagoner is thinking of his dinner's getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour; but he will not touch it, till he has fed his horses,—the strong, submissive, meek-eyed horses.

See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope toward the bridge, with all the more energy, because they are so near home. Look at their grand, shaggy feet, that seem to grasp the firm earth,—at the patient strength of their necks, bowed under the heavy collar,—at the mighty muscles of their struggling haunches! I should like, well, to hear them neigh over their hardly-earned feed of corn, and see them, with their moist necks, freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond. Now, they are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered wagon disappears at the turning behind the trees.

Now, I can turn my eyes toward the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel, sending out its diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it, too. She has been standing on just the same spot, at the edge of the water, ever since I paused on the bridge, and that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual remonstrance with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous, because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so rapt in its movement.

It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her,—the red light shines out under the deepening gray of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge. . . . Oh! my arms are really benumbed. I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair, and dreaming that I was standing on the bridge in front of Dorlcote Mill, and seeing it as it looked one February afternoon many years ago.

258.—PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.

N. P. WILLIS.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
 Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
 Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
 The vulture at his vitals, and the links
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
 And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
 Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
 With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
 And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
 Flash'd with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
 Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
 Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

“Bring me the captive now!
 My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
 From my waked spirit airily and swift,
 And I could paint the bow
 Upon the bended heavens—around me play
 Colors of such divinity to-day.

“Ha! bind him on his back!
 Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!
 Quick—or he faints!—stand with the corc'ial near!
 Now—bend him to the rack!
 Press down the poison'd links into his flesh!
 And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

“So—let him writhe ! How long
 Will he live thus ? Quick, my good pencil, now !
 What a fine agony works upon his brow !
 Ha ! gray-haired, and so strong ?
 How fearfully he stifles that short moan !
 Gods ! if I could but paint a dying groan !

“‘Pity’ thee ! So I do !
 I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
 But does the robed priest for his pity falter ?
 I’d rack thee, though I knew
 A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
 What were ten thousand to a fame like mine ?

“‘Hereafter !’ Ay—*hereafter !*
 A whip to keep a coward to his track !
 What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
 To check the skeptic’s laughter ?
 Come from the grave to-morrow with that story
 And I may take some softer path to glory.

“No, no, old man ! we die
 Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
 Our life upon the chance wind, even as they !
 Strain well thy fainting eye—
 For when that bloodshot quivering is o’er,
 The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

“Yet there’s a deathless name !—
 A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
 And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
 And though its crown of flame
 Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
 By all the fiery stars ! I’d bind it on !

“Ay—though it bid me rifle
 My heart’s last fount for its insatiate thirst—
 Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
 Though it should bid me stifle
 The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
 And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

“All—I would do it all—
 Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
 Thrust foully into earth to be forgot !
 O heavens !—but I appall
 Your heart, old man ! forgive—ha ! on your lives
 Let him not faint !—rack him till he revives !

“Vain—vain—give o’er ! His eye
 Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
 Stand back ! I’ll paint the death-dew on his brow !
 Gods ! if he do not die

But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

“Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death!

Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he **dead**

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unrein'd ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glow with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor, and forget
The thirst of which we perish!

259.—MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong:
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

All-merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near.
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown:
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may **see**
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear:
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred,—here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand,
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture, waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit, strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre;
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

260.—POEMS FROM HOLMES.

CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And the coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair
Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.
Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.
Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born

Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn !

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings,
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea .

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door ;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn ;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
" They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom ;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady ! she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff ;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin
 At him here ;
 But the old three-cornered hat
 And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer !
 And if I should live to be
 The last leaf on the tree
 In the spring,
 Let them laugh as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Where, O where, are the visions of morning,
 Fresh as the dews of our prime ?
 Gone, like tenants that quit without warning,
 Down the back entry of time.
 Where, O where, are life's lilies and roses,
 Nursed in the golden dawn's smile ?
 Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
 On the old banks of the Nile.
 Where the gray colts and the ten-year-old fillies,
 Saturday's triumph and joy ?
 Gone like our friend the swift-footed Achilles,
 Homer's ferocious old boy.
 Die-away dreams of ecstatic emotion,
 Hopes like young eagles at play,
 Vows of unheard-of and endless devotion,
 How ye have faded away !
 Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty river
 Leave our young blossoms to die,
 Let him roll smooth in his current forever,
 Till the last pebble is dry.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Av, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;
 Beneath it rang the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more !
 Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below.

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee ;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave !
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave !
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale !

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Not in the world of light alone,
 Where God has built his blazing throne,
 Nor yet alone in earth below,
 With belted seas that come and go,
 And endless isles of sunlit green,
 Is all thy Maker's glory seen ;
 Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
 Eternal wisdom still the same !

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
 Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
 Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
 Fired with a new and livelier blush,
 While all their burden of decay,
 The ebbing current steals away,
 And red with Nature's flame they start
 From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
 Forever quivering o'er his task,
 While far and wide a crimson jet
 Leaps forth to fill the woven net,
 Which in unnumbered crossing tides
 The flood of burning life divides ;
 Then, kindling each decaying part,
 Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame,
 Behold the outward moving frame ;
 Its living marbles jointed strong
 With glistening band and silvery thong,
 And linked to reason's guiding reins
 By myriad rings in countless chains,
 Each graven with the threaded zone
 Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
 Is braided out of seven-hued light ;

Yet in those lucid globes no ray
 By any chance shall break astray.
 Hark, how the rolling surge of sound,
 Arches and spirals circling round,
 Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
 With music it is heaven to hear!

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
 All thought in its mysterious folds,
 That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
 And flashes forth the sovereign will;
 Think on the stormy world that dwells
 Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
 The lightning gleams of power it sheds
 Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
 To make these mystic temples thine!
 When wasting age and wearying strife
 Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
 When darkness gathers over all,
 And the last tottering pillars fall,
 Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
 And mould it into heavenly forms!

261.—THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

GEORGE ELIOT.

O may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence; live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 Of miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
 To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
 To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.
 So we inherit that sweet purity
 For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
 With widening retrospect that bred despair.
 Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
 A vicious parent shaming still its child,
 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
 Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies
 Die in the large and charitable air.
 And all our rarer, better, truer self,

That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
 That watched to ease the burden of the world,
 Laboriously tracing what must be,
 And what may yet be better,—saw within
 A worrier image for the sanctuary,
 And shaped it forth before the multitude,
 Divinely human, raising worship so
 To higher reverence more mixed with love,—
 That better self shall live till human Time
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
 Unread forever.

This is life to come,
 Which martyred men have made more glorious
 For us, who strive to follow.

May I reach
 That purest heaven,—be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense !
 So shall I join the choir invisible,
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

262.—THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

“Give us a song!” the soldiers cried,
 The outer trenches guarding,
 When the heated guns of the camps allied
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
 Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
 And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :
 “We storm the forts to-morrow ;
 Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery's side,
 Below the smoking cannon :
 Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame :
 Forgot was Britain's glory :

Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

263.—"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever-glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing;
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the Summer shower's pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?

What if no blossom looks upward adoring?
 Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
 Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary;
 Though from its pulses a faint miserere
 Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate,
 Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion;
 Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
 'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean;
 Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
 Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
 Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
 Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
 What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
 What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
 Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
 Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.
 Almost the day of thy giving is over;
 Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
 Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;
 What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
 Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,
 Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking.
 Soon, Heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
 Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

264.—TOM BROWN STARTING FOR RUGBY.

THOMAS HUGHES.

Great was the grief amongst the village school-boys when Tom Brown drove off with the Squire one August morning to meet the coach on his way to school at Rugby. Each of them had given him some little present of the best that he had, and his small private box was full of peg-tops, white marbles, screws, birds' eggs, whip-cord, jews-harps, and other miscellaneous boys' wealth.

Poor Jacob Doodle-calf, in floods of tears, had pressed upon him with spluttering earnestness his lame pet hedge-hog (he had always some poor broken-down beast or bird by him); but this Tom had been obliged to refuse by the Squire's order. He had given them all a great tea under the big elm in their play-ground, for which Madam Brown had supplied the biggest cake ever seen in our village; and Tom was really as sorry

to leave them as they to lose him, but his sorrow was not unmixed with the pride and excitement of making a new step in life.

Tom and his father had alighted at the Peacock Inn, London, at about seven in the evening, and having heard with unfeigned joy the paternal order for supper, and seen his father seated cosily by the bright fire in the coffee-room, with the paper in his hand, Tom had run out to see about him, had wondered at all the vehicles passing and repassing, and had fraternized with the boots and ostler, from whom he ascertained that the Tally-ho coach was a tip-top goer, ten miles an hour including stoppages, and so punctual that all the road set their clocks by her. Then, being summoned to supper, he had regaled himself on beef-steak and oyster-sauce; had at first attended to the excellent advice his father gave him; and then began nodding, from the united effects of the supper, the fire, and the lecture; till the Squire, observing Tom's state, and remembering that it was nearly nine o'clock, and that the Tally-ho left at three, sent the little fellow to bed, with a shake of the hand and a few parting words.

"And now, Tom, my boy," said the Squire, "remember, you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear, with all your troubles before you, earlier than we should have sent you, perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel, blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul, bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

The allusion to his mother made Tom feel rather choky, and he would have liked to hug his father well. As it was, he only squeezed his father's hand, and looked bravely up and said, "I'll try, father." "I know you will, my boy. Is your money all safe?" "Yes," said Tom, diving into one pocket to make sure. "And your keys?" said the Squire. "All right," said Tom, diving into the other. "Well, then, good-night. God bless you! I'll tell Boots to call you, and be up to see you off." Tom was carried off by the chambermaid to a clean little attic; and, still thinking of his father's last words, and the look with which they were spoken, he knelt down and prayed that, come what might, he might never bring shame or sorrow on the dear folks at home.

Indeed, the Squire's last words deserved to have their desired

effect, for they had been the result of much anxious thought. All the way up to London he had pondered what he should say to Tom by way of parting advice,—something that the boy could keep in his head ready for use. To condense the Squire's meditation, it was somewhat as follows: "I won't tell him to read his Bible, and love and serve God; if he don't do that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptations he'll meet with? No, I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good, ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that,—at any rate, not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or the digamma; no more does his mother. What *is* he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling man, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that's all I want," thought the Squire; and upon this view of the case framed his last words of advice to Tom, which were well enough suited to their purpose. For they were Tom's first thoughts as he tumbled out of bed at the summons of Boots, and proceeded rapidly to wash and dress himself.

At ten minutes of three he was down in the coffee room in his stockings, carrying his hat-box, coat, and comforter in his hand; and there he found his father nursing a bright fire, and a cup of hot coffee and a hard biscuit on the table. "Now, then, Tom, give us your things here, and drink that; there's nothing like starting warm, old fellow." Tom addressed himself to the coffee, and prattled away while he worked himself into his shoes and his great-coat, well warmed through. And just as he is swallowing his last mouthful, winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds, Boots looks in and says, "Tally-ho, sir;" and they hear the ring and rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the inn.

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

"Young gen'l'm'n, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper o' game, Rugby," answers Ostler.

"Tell young gen't to look alive," says guard, opening the hind-boot, and shooting in the parcels after examining them by the lamps. "Here, shove the portmanteau up a-top,—I'll fasten him presently. Now then, sir, jump up behind."

“Good-bye, father,—my love at home.” A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps his horn to his mouth, Toot, toot, toot! the ostler lets go their heads, the four bays plunge at the collar, and away goes the Tally-ho forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up.

School Days at Rugby.

265.—ODE TO AN INDIAN COIN.

JOHN LEYDEN.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
 What vanity has brought thee here?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear?—
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,
 For twilight converse, arm in arm;
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
 Whom mirth and music wont to charm.
 By Cheral's dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
 Of Teviot loved while still a child,
 Of castled rocks stupendous piled
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
 Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!
 Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!—
 The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
 That once so bright on fancy played,
 Revives no more in after time.
 Far from my sacred natal clime,
 I haste to an untimely grave;
 The daring thoughts that soared sublime
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.
 Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
 A gentle vision comes by night
 My lonely, widowed heart to cheer;
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine:
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.
 For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that loved me true!

I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my withered heart: the grave
 Dark and untimely met my view,—
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 To memory's fond regrets the prey,
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
 Go, mix thee with thy kindred clay!

266.—OVER THE HILL.

GEO. MACDONALD.

- "Traveler, what lies over the hill?
 Traveler, tell to me:
 I am only a child,—from the window-sill
 Over I cannot see."
- "Child, there's a valley over there,
 Pretty and wooded and shy;
 And a little brook that says, 'Take care,
 Or I'll drown you by and by.'"
- "And what comes next?" "A little town,
 And a towering hill again;
 More hills and valleys, up and down,
 And a river now and then."
- "And what comes next?" "A lonely moor
 Without a beaten way;
 And gray clouds sailing slow before
 A wind that will not stay."
- "And then?" "Dark rocks and yellow sand
 And a moaning sea beside."
- "And then?" "More sea, more sea, more land,
 And rivers deep and wide."
- "And then?" "O, rock and mountain and vale,
 Rivers and fields and men,
 Over and over—a weary tale—
 And round to your home again."
- "And is that all? Have you told the best?"
 "No, neither the best nor the end."

On summer eves, away in the west,
You will see a stair ascend,
"Built of all colors of lovely stones,—
A stair up into the sky,
Where no one is weary and no one moans,
Or wants to be laid by."
"I will go." "But the steps are very steep ;
If you would climb up there,
You must lie at the foot, as still as sleep,
A very step of the stair."

267.—THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"I thought, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. The dear boy slept only a minute—just one little minute, at his post ; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was ! I know he fell asleep only one little second—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine ! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen ! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty ! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said—only twenty-four hours ! Where is Bennie now ?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly. "Yes, yes, let us hope ; God is very merciful !" "I should be ashamed, father !" Bennie said, "when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm"—and he held it out so proudly before me—"for my country when it needed it ! Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow !" "Go, then—go, my boy," I said, "and God keep you !" God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan ! and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them. "Like the apple of His eye, Mr. Owen ; doubt it not."

Blossom sat near them, listening with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said. It was like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers,

and held it toward Mr. Allan with the helplessness of a child. The minister opened it and read as follows:

*"Dear Father,—*When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the field of battle for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! Oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went on double-quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. *"I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."*

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve—given to me by circumstances—'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them that I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-bye, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for His poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour in a better—better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. *"Amen!"* he said, solemnly; *"Amen!"*

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me: but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her: no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him. "Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?" "Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom. "Bennie! Who is Bennie?" "My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand;" and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her

shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too! A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom's mind, but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read. He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back; or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the prayer?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln then said "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "The Lord be praised!"

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268.—ONCE TO EVERY MAN AND NATION.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or
blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
 And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

For humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands,
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
 Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
 To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth;
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

269.—DICKENS IN CAMP.

BRET HARTE.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
 The river sang below;
 The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
 Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
 The ruddy tints of health
 On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
 In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
 A hoarded volume drew,
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
 To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
 And as the firelight fell,
 He read aloud the book wherein the Master
 Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
 Was youngest of them all,—
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
 A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
 Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!

270.—POEMS FROM WHITTIER.

THE PUMPKIN.

O, greenly and fair in the lands of the sun, •
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

O,—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
 When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
 When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
 Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
 When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune,
 Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
 Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,
 In a pumpkin shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
 E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
 Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
 Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine!
 And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
 Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
 That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
 And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
 And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
 Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie!

GONE.

Another hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given;
 And glows once more with angel steps
 The path which reaches heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
 Made brighter summer hours,
 Amid the frosts of autumn time
 Has left us with the flowers.

The light of her young life went down,
 As sinks behind the hill
 The glory of a setting star,—
 Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
 Eternal as the sky;
 And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
 A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
 The changing of her sphere,
 To give to Heaven a Shining One,
 Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
 Fell on us like the dew;
 And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
 Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
 Were in her very look;

We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth fire's light ;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet " Good-night !"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers ;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled ;
That he whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father ! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

WORDSWORTH.

Dear friends, who read the world aright,
And in its common forms discern
A beauty and a harmony
The many never learn !

Kindred in soul of him who found
In simple flower and leaf and stone
The impulse of the sweetest lays
Our Saxon tongue has known,-

Accept this record of a life
As sweet and pure, as calm and good,
As a long day of blandest June
In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained
By strife of sect and party noise,
The brook-like murmur of his song
Of nature's simple joys !

The violet by its mossy stone,
The primrose by the river's brim,
And chance-sown daffodil, have found
Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,
The rosy tints his sunset brought,
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales
And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand ; the works of pride
 And human passion change and fall ;
 But that which shares the life of God
 With him surviveth all.

RAPHAEL.

I shall not soon forget that sight :
 The glow of autumn's westering day,
 A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,
 On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,
 The fair face of a musing boy ;
 Yet, while I gazed, a sense of awe
 Seemed blending with my joy.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,
 O mother, beautiful and mild !
 Enfolding in one dear embrace
 Thy Saviour and thy Child !

Slow passed that vision from my view,
 But not the lesson which it taught ;
 The soft, calm shadows which it threw
 Still rested on my thought :

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,
 E'en in earth's cold and changeful clime,
 Plant for their deathless heritage
 The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
 Of which the coming life is made,
 And fill our future's atmosphere
 With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
 We weave with colors all our own,
 And in the field of Destiny
 We reap as we have sown.

THE VOICE OF THE READER.

O, sweet as the lapse of water at noon
 O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,
 The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,
 Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,
 Or the low soft music, perchance, which seems
 To float through the slumbering singer's dreams,

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone,
 Of her in whose features I sometimes look,
 As I sit at eve by her side alone,
 And we read by turns from the self-same book,

Some tale perhaps of the olden time,
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,—
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar ;
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,
And when the tale is of war and wrong,
A trumpet's summons is in her words,
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,
And see the tossing of plume and spear !

MY SOUL AND I.

Stand still, my soul, in the silent dark
I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark
With God and me !

What, my soul, was thy errand here ?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year ?
"Nay, none of these !"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night :
"To do his will !"

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth
For God and man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth
To life's mid span ?

Go to, go to !—for thy very self
Thy deeds were done :
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,
Your end is one !

And where art thou going, soul of mine ?
Canst see the end ?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend ?

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing ;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

All which is real now remaineth,
 And fadeth never :
 The hand which upholds it now sustaineth
 The soul forever.
 Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness
 His own thy will,
 And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness,
 Life's task fulfil.
 Then of what is to be, and what is done,
 Why quieriest thou ?
 The past and the time to be are one,—
 And both are NOW !

SKETCHES.

Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold
 That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
 Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,
 And the red pennons of the cardinal flowers
 Hang motionless upon their upright staves.
 The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,
 Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,
 Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf
 With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,
 Confesses it. The locust by the wall
 Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.
 A single hay-cart down the dusty road
 Creaks slowly with its driver fast asleep
 On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill
 Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,
 The sheep show white, as if a snow-drift still
 Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
 A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,
 And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette—
 Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
 To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is this for hands long overworn
 To task their strength: and (unto Him be praise
 Who giveth quietness!) the stress and strain
 Of years that did the work of centuries
 Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once more
 Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters
 Make glad their nooning underneath the elms
 With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,
 I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn
 The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming o'er
 Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,
 And human life, as quiet, at their feet.

And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,
 Proud of field-lore and harvest-craft, and feeling

All their fine possibilities, how rich
 And restful even poverty and toil
 Become when beauty, harmony, and love
 Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat
 At evening in the patriarch's tent, when man
 Makes labor noble, and his farmer's frock
 The symbol of a Christian chivalry
 Tender and just and generous to her
 Who clothes with grace all duty; still, I know
 Too well the picture has another side:—

How wearily the grind of toil goes on
 Where love is wanting; how the eye and ear
 And heart are starved amidst the plenitude
 Of nature, and how hard and colorless
 Is life without an atmosphere. I look
 Across the lapse of half a century,
 And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower
 Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,
 Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in the place
 Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose
 And honeysuckle, where the house walls seemed
 Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine
 To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves
 Across the curtainless windows from whose panes
 Fluttered the signal rags of shiftlessness;
 Within, the cluttered kitchen-floor unwashed
 (Broom-clean I think they called it); the best room
 Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the air
 In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless
 Save the inevitable sampler hung
 Over the fireplace, or a mourning piece,
 A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked, beneath
 Impossible willows; the wide-throated hearth
 Bristling with faded pine-boughs half concealing
 The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back.

And, in sad keeping with all things about them,
 Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,
 Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
 With scarce a human interest save their own
 Monotonous round of small economies,
 Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;
 Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,
 Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet,
 For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink
 Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves;
 For them in vain October's holocaust
 Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills,
 The sacramental mystery of the woods.
 Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,

But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,
 Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls
 And winter pork with the least possible outlay
 Of salt and sanctity; in daily life
 Showing as little actual comprehension
 Of Christian charity and love and duty,
 As if the Sermon on the Mount had been
 Outdated like a last year's almanac:
 Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,
 And yet so pinched and bare and comfortless,
 The veriest straggler limping on his rounds,
 The sun and air his sole inheritance,
 Laughed at a poverty that paid its taxes,
 And hugged his rags in self-complacency!

Not such should be the homesteads of a land
 Where whoso wisely wills and acts may dwell
 As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred state,
 With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make
 His hour of leisure richer than a life
 Of fourscore to the barons of old time,
 Our yeoman should be equal to his home
 Set in the fair, green valleys, purple walled,
 A man to match his mountains, not to creep
 Dwarfed and abased below them. I would fain
 In this light way (of which I needs must own
 With the knife-grinder of whom Canning sings,
 "Story, God bless you! I have none to tell you!")
 Invite the eye to see and heart to feel
 The beauty and the joy within their reach,—
 Home, and home loves, and the beatitudes
 Of nature free to all. Haply in years
 That wait to take the places of our own,
 Heard where some breezy balcony looks down
 On happy homes, or where the lake in the moon
 Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as Ruth,
 In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet
 Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine
 May seem the burden of a prophecy,
 Finding its late fulfilment in a change
 Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood up
 Through broader culture, finer manners, love,
 And reverence, to the level of the hills.

O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,
 And not of sunset; forward, not behind;
 Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee bring
 All the old virtues, whatsoever things
 Are pure and honest and of good repute,
 But add thereto whatever bard has sung
 Or seer has told of, when in trance and dream

They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy !
 Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide
 Between the right and wrong ; but give the heart
 The freedom of its fair inheritance ;
 Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so long,
 At Nature's table feast his ear and eye
 With joy and wonder ; let all harmonies
 Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon
 The princely guest, whether in soft attire
 Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,
 And, lending life to the dead form of faith,
 Give human nature reverence for the sake
 Of One who bore it, making it divine
 With the ineffable tenderness of God ;
 Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,
 The heirship of an unknown destiny,
 The unsolved mystery round about us, make
 A man more precious than the gold of Ophir.
 Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
 Should minister, as outward types and signs
 Of the eternal beauty which fulfils
 The one great purpose of creation, Love,
 The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven !

271.—THE HIGH TIDE.

ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers ran by two, by three ;
 "Pull, if ye never pulled before ;
 Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
 "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
 Ply all your changes, all your swells,
 Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—

The Lord that sent it, He knows all ;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall :
 And there was naught of strange, beside
 The flights of mews and pewits pied
 By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,

My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes
 The level sun, like ruddy ore,
 Lay sinking in the barren skies ;
 And dark against day's golden death
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dewes were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.

"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth
 Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 "For the dewes will soon be falling;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
 Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
 When I beginne to think howe long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
 And all the aire it seemeth me
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be scene,
 Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene.
 And lo! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the country side
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
 Till floating o'er the grassy sea
 Came downe that kyndly message free,
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels he,
 And where the lordly steeple shows.
 They sayde, "And why should this thing be,

What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mabléthorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main,
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith,
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang, "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then banks came downe with ruin and rout,—
Then beaten foam flew round about,—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,

Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by:
 I marked the lofty beacon-light
 Stream from the church-tower, red and high,--
 A lurid mark and dread to see:
 And awesome bells they were to me,
 That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor-lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe, who fearless rowed;
 And I—my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 "O come in life, or come in death!
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
 To manye more than myne and me:
 But each will mourn his own (she saith);
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 "Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dewes be falling;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha, Cusha!" all along,
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water winding down
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;

Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
 To the sandy lonesome shore :
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow ;
 Mellow, mellow ;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot ;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow ;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow ;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift the head ;
 Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking-shed."

Jean Ingelow.

272 —CHARACTER OF MR. PITT.

WM. ROBERTSON.

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sank him to the vulgar level of the great ; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party ; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite ; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him ; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories ; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate; peculiar and spontaneous; familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation, nor was he ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of the eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

273.—THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work. He explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer. It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own—and it is safe.

Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake! Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by

shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from Heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its working in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles, with still greater violence, to burst forth. It must be confessed—it will be confessed—there is no refuge from confession but suicide—and suicide is confession!

274.—SCHOOL.

BEFORE SCHOOL.

"Quarter of nine! Boys and girls, do you hear?"

"One more buckwheat, then; be quick, mother dear."

"Where is my luncheon-box?" "Under the shelf,

Just in the place where you left it yourself."

"I can't say my table!" "Oh, find me my cap!"

"One kiss for mamma, and sweet sis in her lap."

"Be good, dear." "I'll try." "Nine times nine's eighty-one."

"Take your mittens!" "All right." "Hurry up, Bill; let's run."

With a slam of the door they are off, girls and boys,
And the mother draws breath in the lull of the noise.

AFTER SCHOOL.

"Don't wake up the baby! Come gently, my dear."
 "Oh, mother! I've torn my new dress; just look here!
 I'm sorry; I only was climbing the wall."
 "Oh, mother! my map was the nicest of all!"
 "And Nelly, in spelling, went up to the head!"
 "Oh, say! can I go on the hill with my sled?"
 "I've got such a toothache!" "The teacher's unfair!"
 "Is dinner most ready? I'm just like a bear!"

Be patient, worn mother, they're growing up fast;
 These nursery whirlwinds, not long do they last;
 A still, lonely house would be far worse than noise—
 Rejoice and be glad in your brave girls and boys.

Merry's Museum.

275.—OVER THE RIVER.

N. A. W. PRIEST.

Over the river they beckon to me—
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view
 We saw not the angels who met him there;
 The gates of the city we could not see:
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another—the household pet:
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
 We know she is safe on the farther side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be:
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
 They cross the stream, and are gone for aye,

We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before:
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

276.—“THAT'S NOT THE WAY AT SEA.”

F. R. HAVERGAL.

“That's not the way at sea, my boys,
That's not the way at sea!”

He stood upon the fiery deck,
Our captain kind and brave!
He would not leave the burning wreck,
While there was one to save.

We wanted him to go before,
And we would follow fast;
We could not bear to leave him there,
Beside the blazing mast.

But his voice rang out in a cheery shout,
And noble words spoke he—
“That's not the way at sea, my boys,
That's not the way at sea!”

So each one did as he was bid,
And into the boats we passed,
While closer came the scorching flame,
And our captain was the last.

Yet once again he dared his life,
One little lad to save;
Then we pulled to shore from the blaze and roar,
With our captain kind and brave.

In the face of death, with its fiery breath,
 He had stood, and so would we !
 For that's the way at sea, my boys,
 For that's the way at sea.

Now let the noble words resound,
 And echo far and free,
 Wherever English hearts are found,
 On English shore or sea.

The iron nerve of duty, joined
 With golden vein of love,
 Can dare to do, and dare to wait,
 With courage from above.

Our captain's shout among the flames
 A watchword long shall be--
 "That's not the way at sea, my boys,
 That's not the way at sea."

277.—THE TRIAL SCENE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Duke. Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
 Are you acquainted with the difference
 That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
 Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
 Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
 Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
 You stand within his danger, do you not? (*To Antonio.*)

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me *that*.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
 It blessing him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomæ
 The throned monarch better than his crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
 Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority:
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established;
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!
 O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
 No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
 Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful;
 Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
 It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
 You know the law; your exposition
 Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily do I beseech the court
 To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation to the penalty,
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true; O wise and upright judge!
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;

So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—
 Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
 The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,—
 To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
 'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little; I am armed, and well prepared.
 Give me your hand, Bassanio! fare you well!
 Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
 For herein fortune shows herself more kind
 Than is her custom; it is still her use,
 To let the wretched man outlive his wealth;
 To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
 An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
 Of such misery doth she cut me off.
 Commend me to your honorable wife;
 Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
 Say, how I loved you; speak me fair in death;
 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
 Repent not you that you shall lose your friend;
 And he repents not that he pays your debt;
 For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
 The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little—there is something else—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh.
Take then thy bond; take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew!—a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bas. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;
The Jew shall have all justice—soft!—no haste—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge! a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh. If thou takest more,
Or less than just a pound—be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel—a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bas. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien,
 That, by direct or indirect attempts,
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou standest;
 For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contrived against the very life
 Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
 The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
 Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
 The other half comes to the general state.

Merchant of Venice.

278.—ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Unborn ages and visions of glory crowd upon my soul: the realization of all which, however, is in the hands and good pleasure of Almighty God; but under His divine blessing, it will be dependent on the character and the virtues of ourselves, and our posterity. If classical history has been found to be, is now, and shall continue to be, the concomitant of free institutions, and of popular eloquence, what a field is opening to us for another Herodotus, another Thucydides, and another Livy!

And let me say, gentlemen, that if we and our posterity shall be true to the Christian religion,—if we and they shall live always in the fear of God, and shall respect His commandments,—if we and they shall maintain just moral sentiments, and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life,—we may have the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country; and if we maintain those institutions of government and that political union, exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associa-

tions, we may be sure of one thing—that, while our country furnishes materials for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no Decline and Fall. It will go on prospering and to prosper.

But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity. Should that catastrophe happen, let us have no history! Let the horrible narrative never be written! Let its fate be like that of the lost books of Livy, which no human eye shall ever read; or the missing Pleiad, of which no man can ever know more than that it is lost, and lost forever!

But, gentlemen, I will not take my leave of you in a tone of despondency. We may trust that Heaven will not forsake us, nor permit us to forsake ourselves. We must strengthen ourselves, and gird up our loins with new resolution; we must counsel each other; and, determined to sustain each other in the support of the Constitution, prepare to meet manfully, and united, whatever of difficulty or of danger, whatever of effort or of sacrifice, the providence of God may call upon us to meet.

Are we of this generation so derelict, have we so little of the blood of our Revolutionary fathers coursing through our veins, that we cannot preserve what they achieved? The world will cry out "shame" upon us, if we show ourselves unworthy to be the descendants of those great and illustrious men, who fought for their liberty, and secured it to their posterity, by the Constitution of the United States.

Gentlemen, inspiring auspices this day surround us and cheer us. It is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. We should know this, even if we had lost our calendars, for we should be reminded of it by the shouts of joy and gladness. The whole atmosphere is redolent of his name; hills and forests, rocks and rivers, echo and re-echo his praises. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that there is one treasure common to them all, and that is the fame and character of Washington. They recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

To the old and the young, to all born in the land, and to all whose love of liberty has brought them from foreign shores

to make this the home of their adoption, the name of Washington is this day an exhilarating theme. Americans by birth are proud of his character, and exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all the world over, more an object of love and regard than on any day since his birth.

Gentlemen, on Washington's principles, and under the guidance of his example, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership our fathers conquered; and under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles, will we also conquer. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it through evil report and through good report. We will meet danger, we will meet death, if they come, in its protection; and we will struggle on, in daylight and in darkness, ay, in the thickest darkness, with all the storms which it may bring with it, till "Danger's troubled night is o'er, and the star of Peace return."

279.—THE BIBLE AND THE ILIAD.

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

Of all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their contemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon the generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But, after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamant basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt among the fluctuations of time, and whose impressions can be traced through successive centuries, on the history of our species!

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the Iliad of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by the incomparable efforts of a single mind? who can tell what Greece owes to this first-born of song? Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius, who, by the very splendor of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave

laws to the artist; it was Homer who inspired the poet; it was Homer who thundered in the senate; and, more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the Iliad became the region of taste, the birthplace of the arts.

Nor was this influence confined within the limits of Greece. Long after the sceptre of empire had passed westward, genius still held her court on the bank of the Ilyssus, and from the country of Homer gave laws to the world. The light, which the blind old man of Scio had kindled in Greece, shed its radiance over Italy; and thus did he awaken a second nation into intellectual existence. And we may form some idea of the power which this one work has at the present day exerted over the mind of man, by remarking, that "nation after nation, century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, name anew his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Where in the Iliad shall we find simplicity and pathos that shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job or David, of Isaiah or St. John? But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shone. Who that has read his poem has not observed how he strove in vain to give dignity to the mythology of his time? Who has not seen how the religion of his country, unable to support the flight of his imagination, sunk powerless beneath him? It is the unseen world where the master spirits of our race breathe freely, and are at home; and it is mournful to behold the intellect of Homer striving to free itself from the conceptions of materialism, and then sinking down in hopeless despair, to weave idle tales about Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Diana. But the difficulties under which he labored are abundantly illustrated by the fact that the light which poured upon the human intellect taught other ages how unworthy was the religion of his day of the man who was compelled to use it. "It seems to me," says Longinus, "that Homer, when he ascribed dissensions, jealousies, tears, imprisonments, and other afflictions to his deities, hath, as much as was in his power, made the men of the Iliad gods, and the gods men."

To men, when afflicted, death is the termination of evils; but he hath made not only the nature, but the miseries, of the gods eternal."

If, then, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by childish mythology, has done so much, what may we hope for from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Spirit?

280.—THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for—let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed if my life has been bearing
 (As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season ;
 I shall still be remembered by what I have done.
I need not be missed if another succeed me
 To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown ;
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
 He is only remembered by what he has done.
Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken—
 Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown ;
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
 Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.
So let my living be, so be my dying ;
 So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown ;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered ;
 Yes—but remembered by what I have done.

281.—THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

FRANCIS MAHONY.

With deep affection and recollection,
 I often think of those Shandon bells ;
 Whose sound so wild would in days of childhood
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;
 With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
 I've heard bells chimin' full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
 While at glib rate brass tongues would vibrate ;
 But all their music spoke naught like thine ;
 For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
 I've heard bells tollin' old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rollin' from the Vatican ;
 And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious,
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ; while on tower and kiosk, O !
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls me to prayer,
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

282.—GOOD MEMORY WORK

The favorite books of Tennyson were the Bible and Shakspeare. He once advised a boy to read daily at least one verse of the former and some lines from the latter. "The Bible," he said, "will teach you how to speak to God ; Shakspeare will teach you how to speak to your fellows." It is well also to commit to memory many of these and other precious things, and thus make them our own in a way that the mere reading of them can never do,—learning and relearning, again and again, the masterpieces of literature, the immortal things, until they have become life of our life, and are of the very substance of our intellectual being.

To what extent should the child memorize ? Of all people perhaps teachers are most to be congratulated upon the opportunities their work affords for good to themselves and others. The best thought, most suggestive and most helpful, of the choice spirits of the ages, in its finest expression, is theirs—if they will have it. But is anything more true of tens of thousands of teachers than that, in the midst of plenty, they starve their own souls and those of their pupils ? Shall the memory be merely a sort of refuse chamber of odds and ends of personal experience, a junk shop collection of things of little value, or shall it be a treasure chamber filled with things of inestimable value, and radiant with light and beauty ?

Let the habit of committing the best things to memory be formed early. Let it be continued through school days, and in all the after years of life. We shall thus become educated in a high and true sense—fed, for that is what the word really means, upon intellectual manna which might well be the food of angels. We shall thus be educated in the truest sense, because widely familiar with the very best prose and verse in the literature of the world, and quickly and gladly responsive to

the thought of the author. Not a few of these gems—"their price above rubies"—are short as to number of lines and occupy but little space in print, as Abou Ben Adhem, Ozymandias, Crossing the Bar, and hundreds of others.

This habit once acquired and steadily followed is one of the most profitable and enjoyable that can be formed by quiet people who never have occasion to make a public address; while to teachers who must frequently address their schools, to school superintendents, clergymen, lawyers, and public speakers generally, it is of immense value. To exercise the memory in the manner suggested is to strengthen it and keep it strong. The imagination is cultivated, the vocabulary improved, and the best expression of the best thought of the masters becomes our own; just as the musician thoroughly at one with his art is what he is because of close sympathy with the tone-masters, and his knowledge both of the letter and spirit of the best things they have written.

How many teachers can repeat accurately a half-dozen hymns or Psalms, or a dozen choice poems of moderate length which the world has taken to its heart, or a like number of fine things in prose? How many enjoy repeating these things to their pupils, and encourage them—imitating, it is hoped, a fairly good model—to learn and recite them in turn? Not in noisy declamation, but in such easy and natural manner as one friend of good taste would use in repeating to another something in literature which he enjoyed—the thought and the literary charm of the selection, and not noise or fancied stage effect, being the end in view. They are the finest of the wheat, and they remain when the chaff and saw-dust of non-essentials in arithmetic, grammar, geography, and other branches are utterly blown away. Securely garnered in the memory these things lift the life by lifting the thought, the love. They elevate the entire being into a finer and purer atmosphere, make distasteful things that are low and mean, and present day by day new ideals and new aspirations. Through them more and more we walk by faith in the unseen. And of all education—all feeding of mind and heart from childhood to old age—this is the rarest and the best.

Often a single poem made one's own in youth influences thought and character and affords gratification for a life-time. A few days since, a gentleman remarked in our hearing: "I thank the teacher who made me commit Bryant's *Thanatopsis* to memory. I didn't want to do it, but he compelled it. I have thanked him ever since, and much more as a man than

when a boy." It is quite possible for pupils to do fairly good work in the ordinary branches of school training, and yet have one or two things like this stand out above everything else, to be remembered for a life time with gladness and gratitude. Is there not a suggestion here for the thoughtful teacher? If in the Hereafter we shall be held to account for sins of omission, as well as those of commission, what a record of lost and wasted opportunities will be that of the Teacher!

We like the practical thought of Tennyson, which makes much of this work all the while moral and religious. Let the selections for the week be two in number, the first, for a time at least, from the Bible—there being so much general ignorance of the Book—or from sacred or patriotic song; and the second from the world of literature, prose or verse, in other directions—say, the ninetyeth psalm and Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg; or Lead, Kindly Light and Longfellow's Psalm of Life; or the twenty-third psalm and Lowell's Once to Every Man and Nation; or the nineteenth psalm and Home, Sweet Home; or My Country, 'tis of Thee and the Chambered Nautilus; or the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians, and the Relief of Lucknow; or Abide with Me and Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud? or Labor is Worship and Procrastination; or the Star Spangled Banner and Among My Books; or any others of hundreds of good things moral religious, patriotic, descriptive, or sentimental in the best sense of the word, that we should all be very glad to have securely lodged in the memory. And let the teacher also commit to memory what is required of the pupil. This is the amount and kind of work that has been done in our own large school, and we have not found it too much; but should two each week seem one too many, let the selections alternate, sacred and secular, one each week, with frequent concert recitation by the school and by classes, to "deepen the grooves," and make the repetition of these things as easy as breathing. Whether much or little of this work is done depends upon the teacher, not upon the pupils. Our ability to do this work grows with the doing of it. Think what memory work is done by those who give performances upon the stage! To sing for a few moments often affords pleasant and profitable relief in many a school room. For the school to recite good things in concert affords similar relief. This is possible in every school, whereas in many the teacher is unable either to sing or to direct the singing. Where singing is taught, such recitation as is here suggested adds still greater variety, profit, and enjoyment.

Any good book of varied and choice selections can and should be supplemented by the Bible, and by a manuscript collection of best things dictated by the teacher, and written down by the pupil. Memorize accurately, just as the author left it, the exact words he used, and each word in its place—"letter perfect." See the capital letters, the spelling, the unusual words, the punctuation marks; so far as possible, try to see the lines, the page projected, pictured before you, by the memory. This power grows with the effort to increase it. The work is definite, and requires care, close observation and thought, and encourages the habit of very close attention, one of the best results of wise school training.

The first great end of education is character. In this we all agree. The entire life of the school should have this end always in view. Thought determines life, and the best things that can be put into the mind of the growing boy or girl are good "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Let our days be so spent that our pupils may not be deaf and blind to these celestial visitants, but courteously "at home" to each worthy thought that comes knocking at the door of their souls. "As if a man were the author of his own thoughts," says Macdonald in one of his happiest moods, "any more than of his own existence! A man can but so live with the life given him that this or that kind of thoughts shall call on him, and to this or that kind he shall not be at home." The teacher can, with many a pupil, so influence taste and inclination that he or she shall be more and more "at home" to higher and better thought. But he should himself be what he would have his pupils become. He must love what they should be taught to love. The worthy teacher must always be a person good to live with. The stronger, the truer, the more generous, the more courageous, the more energetic, the more enthusiastic, the more loving, the more noble—all the fine adjectives—the more wholesome is his influence. This finer training should be carried on through the daily life of the school; for nowhere can thought be more impressed by the steady impact, as it were, of soul upon soul. Thus virtue may pass from one to another, good be communicated, knowledge of truth and the feeling of duty implanted, their growth encouraged, and evil be driven out by the "expulsive power of a new affection."

And what other things will aid the teacher so much in this good work as the best poetry and the best prose, thought about, talked about, committed to memory, pondered in "the

study of the imagination," until the inner meaning of things is felt, their deeper significance seen, and not merely their outer semblance? For the habit of thinking good things, strong things, beautiful things, in the fitting words of the masters—the fine metal of thought bearing the perfect mint-mark of expression—gradually weaves their precious substance into the very warp and woof of individual character, and so insures, in varying degree, intellectual, moral, and spiritual development. As in the old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from danger and from death, so still the angels come. If we, our pupils and ourselves, but trusting put our hands in theirs, they will surely lead us on, day by day, towards their own Delectable Mountains.

Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg committed to memory, and the spirit of this gem of literature imprêsed upon the mind of the pupil, is worth more for its historic setting and suggestiveness, worth more also for its enduring grip upon the fancy of the boy or girl, than months of ordinary text book work in history in many a school-room. Over the Hill, a little poem by George Macdonald, well learned and understood, is worth more than very much of the ordinary work in Geography. The boy or man who can button his coat over fifty or a hundred fine poems and as many choice prose selections, in his heart as well as in his head, is infinitely the better for it. It is matter for universal astonishment and regret that after so many years—six or eight or ten or twelve or more—spent by the pupils in the schools, they should pass out of them unable to recite and to enjoy a dozen good things in literature—often not one—so poor when they might go away with hundreds, rich for life in enduring treasure! This, too, not only without loss, but with positive gain to the three big R's. The fault lies with the teacher.

It is quality we want, first and best of all things; after that quantity. Better a little gold than much copper or iron, however good the latter may be. Better the crown jewels, diamonds and pearls, opals, sapphires and rubies—all of which may be put into a quart cup or gallon measure—than mountains of common stones. The Lord's Prayer is a brief form of words, and the Ten Commandments occupy but little space; but many millions of books interesting and valuable have been written whose influence for good upon the race is not to be compared with these. This higher thought and broader view, held wisely before the mind, is better than

arithmetics and algebras and the ordinary routine of school work, in its influence upon the thought and life of the growing youth; and so in shaping the character of the future man or woman. Nor, as we have said, does any reason exist why the ordinary studies should not go forward even better in this higher atmosphere.

In all our work let our leading purpose be to bring to our aid the most gifted and best men and women of our own and other times,—whose touch has power to open the blind eyes of our pupils and of ourselves to their own glorious vision; to put into other human hearts their own deathless love of beauty and of goodness; and whose words of wisdom teach this saving truth—that whosoever does little wrong what time he lives may one day come to the Land of Peace; that whosoever lives pure, speaks true, rights wrong, follows the King, may one day come where pleasant waters flow, and grassy meads are fair with angel forms and loving eyes; that whoso does well may one day dwell in the Paradise of God, and that ever and forever he may grow wiser, sounding profounder depths and rising to loftier heights of goodness and gratitude, and so to the supremest joy.

From an Address.

283.—PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover City;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied;
 But when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
 They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

At length the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flocking:

"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy,

And as for our Corporation,—shocking

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine

For dolts that can't or won't determine

What's best to rid us of our vermin!"

At this the Mayor and Corporation

Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in counsel,—

At length the Mayor broke silence;

"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;

I wish I were a mile hence!

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain,—

I'm sure my poor head aches again.

I've scratched it so, and all in vain.

O for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap

At the chamber door but a gentle tap?

"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger;

And in did come the strangest figure;

He advanced to the council-table:

And "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,

By means of a secret charm to draw

All creatures living beneath the sun,

That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,

After me so as you never saw!

Yet," said he "poor piper as I am,

In Tartary I freed the Kham,

Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;

I eased in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;

And as for what your brain bewilders,—

If I can rid your town of rats,

Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stept,

Smiling first a little smile,

As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while;

Then, like a musical adept,

To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,

And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,

Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered

You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,—
 Followed the piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser,
 Wherein all plunged and perished.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the piper perked in the market-place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council-dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something to drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 But as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke;
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
 I've promised to visit by dinner time
 Bagdad, and accept the prime
 Of the head-cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,

Of a nest of scorpions no survivor,—
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stepped into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,

As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the piper advanced, and the children followed;
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can’t forget that I’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where the waters gushed and the fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles’ wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!”

284.—THE BETTER WAY.

We too may hear the voice of Wisdom as it comes down to us from God and from the fathers; and in obedience to its calm behest, we will not vainly attempt to give the child instruction in all the subjects of human knowledge. We will teach but a few things, those which are essential, or which seem most desirable. In these few things, which must be made to touch very many things of vast importance and undying interest, we will give definite knowledge. We will do this in a way to attract, so far as we can. So far as we can also, we will give only such knowledge as is worth retaining, and is sure to be approved best by the child grown to the mature life of intelligent manhood or womanhood. Nor will we forget this truth of tremendous importance in the work of the teacher—that it is not one generation only that is before us, it

the school—for in teaching these boys and girls we are, in a degree, teaching their great grandchildren.

Are we teaching the best things? We are everywhere trying to do this. But there is so much blundering theory, so much mistaken practice. There is unrest and dissatisfaction everywhere amongst thoughtful people. They tell us the schools are not doing their work as it ought to be done, either in the matter of sound elementary scholarship, or in moulding thought and character and shaping life to the high ends that may fairly be expected of them; that they are working far too much on the low plane of self-interest and vulgar self-seeking.

And all this is true of very many schools both in city and country. There are schools in which things sweet and noble, generous and beautiful, seem seldom or never to be thought of or spoken of; in which the splendid imagery of the poet is never made to pass before the rapt vision of the child; in which the grandeur of heroic achievement or self-sacrifice is never held up, to be regarded by the growing boy or girl with quickened heart-beat, and imitated humbly afar off. Alas, for the men and women who were children where all this was true! And alas for to-morrow where this is true to day! You have perhaps forgotten some of the teachers who taught you only the alphabet and spelling, penmanship and arithmetic, grammar, geography, and what not—a “dry grammatical cinder” one and another of them may have been, for whom you have neither gratitude nor affection. But the man or woman who gave you glowing thought and noble imagery, the thrill of heroic impulse and high inspiration, he or she is immortal.

Who are the best people you have known? whom you have most enjoyed? from whom you have had most good? Those who knew fine things and loved them, who thought them, and said them, and wrote them, and sang them, and put them deep into your heart of hearts for time and for eternity. Would we be so remembered by some of our pupils when we have “crossed the bar.” the path is open and the way is clear. But it is a way in which none are found to walk, save only unselfish souls of wise purpose and high courage. Unselfishness is the secret of all true success, of all enduring good report, in teaching as in any other worthy field of effort. “He that saveth his life shall lose it.” The self-seeker, working for mere wages, is in the long race a failure, never truly beloved, and soon forgotten. Not “mine” but “thine”

is the animating spirit of the best lives. Think of the influence of a noble life such as this upon a large school !

Teachers such as these are the very elect of God. They are God's angels dispensing heavenly manna to His children. We care little to remember those who directed for us only the dull routine of school life, but we venerate the memory of the sainted ones in our school calendar who were teachers indeed ! For they made real to us the "splendor of grass and flower," the privilege and the glory of living in a world and in an age like this ; the beauty, and the duty, and the promise of human life. How wrought they this miracle of grace ? By giving, without measure or stint, the best they had in their own richly endowed natures, and the best they had gathered from all the world beside, "giving all as though they gave nothing."

"The way to the blessedness that is in music, as to all other blessedness," says George Macdonald, "lies through weary labors, and the master must suffer with the disciple." So, if the best results are to be had in the study of the best thoughts of the masters, the teacher must be willing—glad, indeed—to do this work along with his pupils. These choice things must soon be apart from the printed page, and "in the air ;" and in all this the reward, for both teacher and pupil, is hardly less in the "living present" than in the certain future. Besides, pupils are encouraged to do this work all the better if it be done by the teacher, to whom they look as leader and guide. It is often surprising with what readiness a song, a hymn, a poem of some length, or a prose selection, may be learned by a large school with some help and direction on the part of the teacher, though for the most part they may be committed to memory without such assistance. "We learn to do by doing," and the memory is greatly improved and strengthened by such exercise. There is nothing in the average school curriculum to equal this in its lasting influence upon mind and heart. We must know the ordinary branches of knowledge, but they are largely of "the machine," fitting us the better for the business or professional life of the world ; and this is what they are meant to do. What high thought or noble purpose, moulding life and shaping character, do pupils get out of arithmetic, or algebra, or geometry, or other science, as it is usually taught ? For these better things we must look elsewhere. The time appointed for our school work is short, and the grist that is ground in the schools has in it a very large proportion of bran and "chopped stuff." Let us put in enough good wheat, and run the mill with such

care as to insure at least fairly good Graham flour for human souls to feed upon. Our thoughts come we know not whence or how. Let us put into the mind of youth all the suggestiveness towards good thought that lies in our power. The mind will have something to exercise itself upon; and to rise to good requires more effort and needs more help than to sink downward to the low plane of idle personalities, cheap gossip, evil suggestion, and ignoble aims.

Let us teach the supreme things, things generous and noble, reverent and true. Let us, so far as we can, determine character on high lines, and so make life "worth living," because it looks on towards a blessed immortality. The influence of the good teacher in this direction is incalculable. Learn some good selection in prose, and especially in poetry, each week, the teacher learning it as well as the pupil, for the benefit to himself should be even greater than to his pupils. Let these be assigned a week in advance and appoint a period upon the programme, of one or two hours, during which the selections may be written from memory in books kept for that purpose, with due attention to the arrangement of matter, punctuation, use of capitals, spelling, etc. Our own time for this—a part of which is given to concert recitation and the reading and consideration of new matter assigned—is Tuesday, from 9 to 11 a. m., and nothing is permitted to interfere with this exercise, which we regard the most important of the week. After months and years of this kind of work, even the slowest pupils get great good out of it from increased power of attention and of the memory, and much more good from the side of thought and the literary charm of that with which they are brought so closely into contact. We forget these good things in part, but we go back over them again and again, on weekly declamation days, the pupils being expected to hold many of them as they do the multiplication table.

Therefore during school days let us commit to memory much that is best in our literature. We have all the favorable conditions. The pupils are with us in the schools. The programme of their work is arranged by ourselves as, in our judgment, shall be for their best good. We can thus give to them a vast store of precious treasure—wealth that can never be squandered or lost, like that inherited in the way of bonds and mortgages, city real estate, or paternal acres—wealth that will increase by more than earthly compound interest, and which, either in itself or in its essence, can be taken with them when they go beyond—for is it not immortal treasure?

Regarding this great matter as I do, from the standpoint of human duty, human responsibility, and a confident expectation of the life to come, if I were a superintendent of schools, I would give this subject a prominent place throughout the course from the primary to the high school—if principal of a Normal or Training school it should be my first purpose, whatever else must give way to do this, to put abundantly into the thought and memory of those preparing to be teachers the fine gold of literature, which they having would again pass on to their pupils in after years in unceasing round of benefaction—as a teacher, I would give it (as I do) the place of honor upon the school programme—as Sunday-school superintendent, I would take enough time, though it might be half the time of the session, to teach a hymn or psalm or similar precious thing to the entire school, having concert recitation of others that had previously been taught—everybody, old and young, so far as possible, taking part in the exercise—as secretary or official in charge of a Young Men's Christian Association, or similar organization for the benefit of young men or young women, I would make this one of the leading features of the work to be done. Any one doing this work well would be more than millionaire in ability to confer benefaction upon his kind, just in proportion as spiritual are of greater account than material things.

Do the pupils get great good out of it? Many do, to whom it will be increasing good through all their lives. Anything of which this can be said deserves to be rated essential. Our boys who go to college soon find reason to congratulate themselves upon knowing so many choice things in English literature. And boys who go higher than college! In our last year's class there was a youth of clear brain and steady purpose, who would have entered college this year with better preparation than any of his school fellows. He was taken ill some months before the close of the term, and was confined to the house until his death a few weeks since. When I called to see him a day or two before he died, his voice had sunk to a whisper and he was quietly awaiting the end, glad to think it so near. As I sat on the side of his bed and talked with him of familiar things, I recalled his having learned the ninetieth Psalm, and said, "You know the grand old verse, 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations?'" With a glad smile, "Oh, yes!" he whispered, for he could no longer speak above his breath, and went on with the verses that follow, adding eagerly, in a whisper, when he had ended,

“Oh, how good many of those sweet and noble things that we learned in the High School have been to me when I have been kept in the house all these long months! What pleasure it has been to think them over and over again!” He was dying, but these things out of his school life he recalled with rare gratification even then. Not mathematics or science or Latin or Greek—and he was foremost in all of these studies—only this! Is it good to do such work? I think so.

Do we as teachers hesitate to begin a work so far reaching and influential because it involves unusual effort? Let us rather think of the end; for, like good St. Christopher, we “labor for eternal life”—for them and for ourselves. In the Heart of Midlothian, when Jeanie Deans makes her touching appeal to Queen Caroline for the life of her sister, she says—and the heart of the world has felt that appeal: “When the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—oh, my lady, then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly.”

From an Address.

285.—THE YOUNG SCHOLAR.

C. D. WARNER.

I should think myself a criminal, if I said anything to chill the enthusiasm of the young scholar, or to dash with any skepticism his longing and his hope. He has chosen the highest. His beautiful faith, and his aspiration, are the light of life. Without his fresh enthusiasm, and his gallant devotion to learning, to art, to culture, the world would be dreary enough. Through him comes the ever-springing inspiration in affairs. Baffled at every turn, and driven defeated from an hundred fields, he carries victory in himself. He belongs to a great and immortal army. Let him not be discouraged at his apparent little influence, even though every sally of every young life may seem like a forlorn hope. No man can see the whole of the battle. It must needs be that regiment after regiment, trained, accomplished, gay and high with hope, shall be sent into the field, marching on, into the smoke, into the fire, and be swept away. The battle swallows them, one after the other, and the foe is yet unyielding, and the ever-remorseless trumpet calls for more and more. But not in vain; for some day, and every day, along the line, there is a cry, “They fly, they

fly!" And the whole army advances, and the flag is planted on an ancient fortress, where it never waved before. And even if you never see this, better than inglorious camp-following it is to go in with the wasting regiment, to carry the colors up the slope of the enemy's works, though the next moment you fall and find a grave at the foot of the glacis.

286.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

J. R. DRAKE.

When freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And striped it pure, celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
 Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur-smoke,
 To ward away the bale-stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high,
 When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on.
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn;
 And as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud

Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 The lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
 By angel hands to valor given ;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

287.—TIRED MOTHERS.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
 Your tired knee, that has so much to bear ;
 A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
 From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
 Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
 Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight ;
 You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
 Almost you are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness ! A year ago
 I did not see it as I do to-day—
 We are so dull and thankless ; and too slow
 To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
 And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
 That, while I bore the badge of motherhood,
 I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
 The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
 You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
 This restless curling head from off your breast,
 This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
 If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
 And ne'er would nestle in your palms again;
 If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
 I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
 At little children clinging to their gown;
 Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
 Are ever black enough to make them frown.
 If I could find a little muddy boot,
 Or cap or jacket, on my chamber floor;
 If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
 And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
 To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
 There is no woman in God's world could say
 She was more blissfully content than I.
 - But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
 Is never rumpled by a shining head;
 My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
 The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

288.—WISDOM OF THE AGES.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. . Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. . Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.—*The Bible*.

Children are the to-morrow of society (*Whately*). Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows (*Milton*). Memory is the scribe of the soul (*Aristotle*). No canvas absorbs color like the memory (*Willmott*). Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them (*Mme. de Stael*). The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our childhood may have consequences very important and of a long duration.—*John Locke*.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. . Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord and depart from evil. . The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.—*The Bible*.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. . Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. . Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. . Be not deceived : evil communications corrupt good manners.—*The Bible*.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and everything seen, every word spoken within the hearing of the child, may tend toward the formation of character. Let parents bear this ever in mind (*Ballou*). Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.—*The Bible*.

What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ; how infinite in faculties ; in form and moving how express and admirable ! In action how like an angel ; in apprehension how like a god ; the beauty of the world—the paragon of animals ! (*Hamlet*). Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection (*Holmes*). It chanced—eternal God that chance did guide.

In bringing up a child, think of its old age. Children have more need of models than of critics (*Foubert*). The scenes of childhood are the memories of future years (*Choules*). Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined (*Pope*). The child is father to the man (*Wordsworth*). A child's eyes, those clear wells of undefiled thought, what on earth can be more beautiful ?—*Mrs. Norton*.

For with thee is the fountain of light : in thy light shall we see light. . Then shall I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee. . Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. . The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge : but fools despise wisdom and instruction.—*The Bible*.

The first of all virtues is innocence, the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it (*Addison*). Virtue and decency are so nearly related that it is difficult to separate them from each other, but in our imagination (*Cicero*). The only amaranthine flower that blooms on earth is virtue, the only lasting treasure-truth (*Cowper*). Wisdom sits with children round her knees.

By steps we ascend to God (*Milton*). A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been blind, or in the wrong,

which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday (*Pope*). The best of men who ever wore earth about him was a meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit; the first true gentleman that ever breathed.—*Decker*.

The highway of the upright is to depart from evil. . Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right. . A foolish son is a grief to his father and a bitterness to her that bare him. . The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. . Judgments are prepared for scorners, and stripes for the backs of fools.—*The Bible*.

The fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God." Corrupt are they and have done abominable iniquity. . He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? . Thy word is very sure, therefore thy servant loveth it. . Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. . Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. . A word spoken in due season, how good is it!—*The Bible*.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures (*Cicero*). Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honor and a gentleman, and must take the place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications (*Steele*). Perish discretion, when it interferes with duty! (*More*). For they can conquer who believe they can.—*Dryden*.

He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are an abomination to the Lord. . Thou hast set our iniquities before thee: our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. . The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments; his praise endureth forever.—*The Bible*.

Vice is contagious: there is no trusting the sound and the sick together (*Seneca*). Vice, like disease, floats in the atmosphere (*Fletcher*). Virtue never dwelt long with filth (*Rumford*). A singular fact—that when man is a brute, he is the most sensual and loathsome of all brutes (*Hawthorne*). The words sneak and snake are from the same old Saxon root (*Eliot*). Wherever the speech is corrupted so also is the mind.

The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble. . Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people. . The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord: but the words of the pure are pleasant words. . In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death.—*The Bible*.

The best hearts are ever the bravest, said my Uncle Toby (*Sterne*). There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of the beautiful (*Schlegel*). Even from the body's purity the mind receives secret sympathetic aid.

Virtue is that which must tip the preacher's tongue and the ruler's sceptre with authority (*South*). Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be; such thy deeds as thy affections; such thy life as thy deeds (*Socrates*). I would give nothing for the Christianity of a man whose very dog and cat were not better for his religion.—*Rowland Hill*.

God made the human body, and it is by far the most exquisite and wonderful organization which has come to us from the Divine hand. It is a study for one's whole life. If an undevout astronomer is mad, an undevout physiologist is still madder (*Beecher*). Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep (*Milton*). The mind is the atmosphere of the soul.—*Foubert*.

Vicious habits are so odious and degrading that they transform the individual who practices them into an incarnate demon (*Cicero*). Age has deformities enough of its own; do not add the deformity of vice (*Cato*). Modesty is the conscience of the body (*Balzac*). "One soweth and another reapeth" is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.

Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world! yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world (*Mrs. Jameson*). Breed is stronger than pasture (*Eliot*). Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty (*Consin*). Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament.—*Milton*.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image (*Goethe*). Common sense, alas! in spite of our educational institutions, is a rare commodity (*Bovee*). Ye may be aye stickin' in a tree, Jock; it will be growin' when ye're sleepin' (*Scotch Farmer*). He who plants a tree plants a hope.

He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small;
For the dear Lord that loveth us, He made and loveth all.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song. "A Farewell," Charles Kingsley.

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
 Life is but a means to an end ; that end
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind : We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded by a sleep. *Tempest.*

289.—BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

J. W. WATSON.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow !
 Filling the sky and the earth below ;
 Over the house-tops, over the street,
 Over the heads of the people you meet ;
 Dancing, flirting, skimming along,
 Beautiful snow ! it can do nothing wrong ;
 Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
 Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak—
 Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
 Pure as an angel, and fickle as love !

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow !
 How the flakes gather and laugh as they go !
 Whirling about in its maddening fun,
 It plays in its glee with every one.
 Chasing, laughing, hurrying by,
 It lights up the face, and it sparkles the eye ;
 And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
 Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
 The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
 To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
 Hailing each other with humor and song !
 How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
 Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye !
 Ringing, swinging, dashing they go,
 Over the crest of the beautiful snow ;
 Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
 To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by—
 To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
 Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go !
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain !
Fainting, freezing, dying—alone !
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming down ;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow !

290 —THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

F. M. FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Under the one, the Blue ;
Under the other, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Under the roses, the Blue ;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done ;
 In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won ;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;—
 Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red ;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead !
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;—
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

291.—WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth,
 And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailôr,
 Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
 "I pray thee, put into yonder port,
 For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
 And to-night no moon we see!"
 The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
 And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
 A gale from the Northeast,
 The snow fell hissing in the brine,
 And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"

"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be:
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool ;
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.
 Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board ;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !
 At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.
 The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.
 Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

292.—AT THE LAST.

JAS. B. BENSEE.

There must be something after all this woe ;
 A sweet fruition from the harrowed past ;
 Rest some day for this pacing to and fro ;
 A tender sunbeam and dear flowers at last.
 There will be something when these days are done,
 Something more fair by far than starry nights—
 A prospect limitless, as one by one
 Embodied castles crown the airy heights.
 So cheer up, heart, and for that morrow wait !
 Dream what you will, but press toward the dream ;
 Let fancy guide dull effort through the gate,
 And face the current, would she cross the stream.
 Then when that something lies athwart the way—
 Coming unsought, as good things seem to do—
 'Twill prove beneath the flash of setting day
 A nobler meed than now would beckon you.
 For lifted up by constant, forward strife,
 Hope will attain so marvelous a height,
 There can be nothing found within this life,
 After this day to form a fitting night.

So Heaven alone shall ever satisfy,
 And God's own light be ever light enough
 To guide the purified, ennobled eye
 Toward the smooth which lies beyond the rough.

There will be something when these clouds skim by—
 A bounteous yielding from the fruitful past;
 Sweet peace and rest upon the pathway lie,
 E'en though but death and flowers at the last.

293.—A MORNING HYMN.

BY JOHN MILTON.

These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lower works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne, rejoicing; ye, in heaven,
 On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world, both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou falls't;
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise

From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author rise !
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolored sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines.
 With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds
 That singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise ;
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, Universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Has gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

294.—THE CHILD IN THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

MRS. E. R. CHARLES.

Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweetheart,
 That thy brow is burdened and sad ?
 The Master's work may make weary feet,
 But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
 Or scorched with the mid-day glare ?
 Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
 That thy face is so full of care ?

"No pleasant garden toils were mine,
 I have sate on the judgment seat,
 Where the Master sits at eve, and calls
 The children around his feet."

How camest thou on the judgment seat,
 Sweetheart, who set thee there ?
 'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
 And well might fill thee with care.

"I climbed on the judgment seat myself ;
 I have sate there alone all day,

For it grieved me to see the children around,
Idling their life away.

“They wasted the Master’s precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruit,
And they trampled the sweet meek flowers.”

And what didst thou on the judgment seat,
Sweetheart, what didst thou there?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
Did the garden mend for thy care?

“Nay, that grieved me more; I called and I cried,
But they left me there forlorn;
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn.”

Ah! the judgment seat was not for thee,
The servants were not thine;
And the eyes which fix the praise and the blame,
See farther than thine or mine.

The voice that shall sound there at eve, sweetheart,
Will not strive nor cry to be heard;
It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word.

“Should I see the Master’s treasures lost,
The gifts that should feed his poor,
And not lift my voice (be it as weak as it may)
And not be grievéd sore?”

Wait till the evening falls, sweetheart,
Wait till the evening falls;
The Master is near, and knoweth all,
Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden plot, sweetheart,
Whilst thou sat on the judgment seat?
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet?

“Nay! that is saddest of all to me,
That is saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall.”

Go back to thy garden plot, sweetheart,
Go back till the evening falls,
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine,
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next shall copy his, sweetheart,
 Till all grows fair and sweet;
 And when the Master comes at eve,
 Happy faces his coming will greet.
 Then shall thy joy be full, sweetheart,
 In thy garden so fair to see,
 In the Master's voice of praise to all,
 In a look of his own for thee.

295.—FRETTING JENNIE.

ANONYMOUS.

Little Jennie, fretful, sitting in a tree,
 Worried at the buzzing of a bumble-bee.
 Said she had a headache, wished it would be still,
 Knew it buzzed on purpose to defy her will.

Buzzing bee was happy, busy at its work,
 Gathering stores of honey—never thought to shirk;
 Never thought of Jennie fretting in the tree,
 It was such a happy, busy little bee.

Jennie grew more fretful when it answered not,
 Said 'twas really hateful—that was what she thought.
 Still the bee kept buzzing, glad its sphere to fill,
 Discontented Jennie may be fretting still.

Are there not some Jennies, boys and girls, you know
 Who to fret at others are not slack or slow?
 Forth to duty, children! like the busy bee,
 Minding not cross Jennie, on her fretting tree.

296.—THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
 If we only would stop to take it,
 And many a tone from the better land,
 If the querulous heart would wake it!
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
 Though the wintry storm prevaieth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eyes still lifted;
 For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
 When the ominous clouds are rifted!
 There was never a night without a day,
 Or an evening without a morning;

And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure:
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks,
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

297.—A SINGING LESSON.

JEAN INGELow.

A nightingale made a mistake—
She sang a few notes out of tune—
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought that this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

"Oh, nightingale," cooed a dove,
"Oh, nightingale, what's the use?
You, a bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight
Like a common contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?"

"Only think of all you have done—
 Only think of all you *can* do ;
 A false note is really fun
 From such a bird as you !
 Lift up your proud little crest ;
 Open your musical beak ;
 Other birds have to do their best,
 But *you* need only *speak*."

The nightingale shyly took
 Her head from under her wing,
 And giving the dove a look,
 Straightway began to sing.
 There was never a bird could pass—
 The night was divinely calm—
 And the people stood on the grass
 To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care—
 She only sang to the skies ;
 Her song ascended there,
 And there she fixed her eyes.
 The people who listened below
 She knew but little about—
 And this tale has a moral, I know,
 If you'll try to find it out:

298.—FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul that slumbered,
 To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful firelight
 Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door ;
 The beloved, the true hearted,
 Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the roadside fell and perished,
 Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

299.—SACRED INFLUENCES.

JOSEPH COOK.

Looking around the globe to-day, we see an unbroken line of Christian influences in the near future, stretching from the Yosemite to the Sandwich Islands, to Australia, Japan, India, past the Suez Canal, thence to the Bosphorus, to Germany, to England, and then across that little brook we call the Atlantic, only two seconds wide now for electricity. There are no foreign lands. Christianity at this hour reads her Scriptures, and lifts up her anthems, in two hundred languages. One-half of the missionaries of the globe may be reached from Boston by telegraph in twenty-four hours. God is making commerce his missionary.

It is incontrovertible that it was predicted ages ago, that a chosen man called yonder out of Ur of the Chaldees should become a chosen family, and this a chosen nation, and that in this nation should appear a chosen Supreme Teacher of the

race, and that he should found a chosen church, and that, to his chosen people, with zeal for good works, should ultimately be given all nations and the isles of the sea. In precisely this order world-history has unrolled itself, and is now unrolling. No man can deny this. No man can meditate adequately on this without blanched cheeks. What are the signs of the times which I have recounted on this festal morn, but added waves in this fathomlessly mysterious gulf-current? We know it began with the ripple we call Abraham. It is now almost as broad as the Atlantic itself.

What providence does, it from the first intends to do. We see what it has done. We know what it intended. It has caused this gulf-current to flow in one direction two thousand, three thousand, four thousand years. Good tidings, this gulf-current, if we float with it!—good tidings which are to be to all peoples! A Power not ourselves makes for righteousness. It has steadily caused the fittest to survive, and thus has executed a plan of choosing a peculiar people. The survival of the fittest will ultimately give the world to the fit. Are we, in our anxiety for the future, to believe that this law will alter soon? or to fear that He whose will the law expresses, and who never slumbers nor sleeps, will change his plan to-morrow, or the day after?

300.—SELECTIONS IN VERSE.

WINDING MY WATCH.

I wind my watch in the low lamp-light,
As I've wound it up how many a night!
To measure me out the hours to be,
As the future were mine through this little key.

Yet, winding my watch, I well may muse,
How this thing of pins and wheels and screws,
With my own name cut in its golden curve,
Will outlast the life it was set to serve.

How an hour will come of the low lamp-light
Burning low for my dying sight,
When to wind my watch no need will be,
Because Time will forever be done with me.

Who will wind it after I cannot know,
Who wear it for love's sake, what shall show
In the whirl of fates? But beyond these bounds
Shall I see why it beat me out such rounds?

Days all whose moments were counted on,
 As if drops of agony, one by one,
 Bled slow at each stroke from my heart within;
 Ah! shall I see why these days have been?

Throb, little hands, through your circling ways,
 Make up my measure of mortal days,
 All the strange seasons ye have told,
 Not here is your riddle dark unrolled.

But oh! somewhere in the high heaven set,
 May God's great dial, marking yet
 All our times by the bright sun of love,
 Show even my times to that sun to move.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
 Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains?
 It seems a story from the world of spirits
 When any man obtains that which he merits,
 Or any merits which he obtains."

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
 What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
 Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
 Or heap of corpses which his sword hath slain?
 Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man? Three treasures,—love, and light
 And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
 And three fast friends, more sure than day or night,—
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die,
 Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
 A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
 Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,
 And life all pure is love; and love can reach
 From Heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
 Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead:
 A friend he has whose face will never change—
 A dear communion that will not grow strange:
 The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath
 Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years,
 For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears:
 She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Who loves the graybeard as he loved the youth,
Through twenty years of death.

THEY COME NOT BACK.

Remember, three things come not back ;
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed ; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee ; but it has perished not ;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee,
In vain thou weep'st, in vain dost yearn,
These three will nevermore return.

ISLE OF YEW.

Nay, it may not be otherwise, darling,
For this chart of our life is true,
And every ship that saileth
Must touch at the Isle of Yew.

I know not when we shall reach it,
In a stormy day or fair,
Nor what of our priceless cargo
We shall under the yew-tree bear.

We shall land on the desolate island
Where only the yew-tree grows,
And our souls must bow in the shadow
That only the yew-tree throws.

"Certain?" Yes, darling, certain,
For this chart of our life is true,
And He who hath said, "I love you,"
Hath sailed for that Isle of Yew.

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

DEAD CALM AT SEA.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.
 Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea!
 All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.
 Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.
 Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink
 Water, water, everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink.

FINIS.

An arm of aid to the weak,
 A friendly hand to the friendless,
 Kind words, so short to speak,
 But whose echoes are endless;
 The world is wide, these things are small;
 They may be nothing, but they are all.







